



# Carols of Hope



THE ADVENT CHRISTIAN  
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# CAROLS OF HOPE

A COMPILATION OF SELECT SACRED SONGS  
FOR USE IN

## SUNDAY SCHOOLS, PRAISE AND YOUNG PEOPLE'S SERVICES

EDITED BY

CLARENCE M. SEAMANS, FREDERICK S. STANTON  
FRANCIS A. BLACKMER



### SYNOPSIS OF CONTENTS

*More than one hundred new compositions never  
before published.*

*About one hundred standard hymns by well-  
known and popular composers of the day.*

*New compositions for Christmas, Easter, Rally  
Day, Children's Day, etc., etc.*



BOSTON  
THE ADVENT CHRISTIAN PUBLICATION SOCIETY  
160 WARREN STREET  
1906

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## PREFACE.

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"Of making many books there is no end." Thus wrote a wise man of long ago. If he was among us to-day, he would see his statement confirmed to an extent of which he never dreamed. Books, there are in plenty, but *good* books are comparatively rare.

The foregoing is just as true of hymn books, as of other publications. Because good singing books are few, however, there is always room among the appreciative for one that is full of life and expressive of Christian faith. It has been our aim and prayer that such hymns should be selected for this work as would enable us to publish such a book. How well we have succeeded we leave to the judgment of our friends into whose hands it may fall.

More than one hundred and fifty new hymns not published in any other book, besides many others by well-known authors, but lately published, contribute to make our new book one which we trust will find a welcome place in many hearts. Particular attention has been given to providing good songs for the Sunday School, Young People's meetings, and for special occasions.

We wish to express our thanks to all who have granted us permission to use their hymns, or have in any way assisted us in this work.

If but little is said in commendation of the book, we shall be satisfied if those who use it "sound its praises" by singing with real enjoyment its "Carols of Hope."

CLARENCE M. SEAMANS,	} Committee.
FRED'K S. STANTON, Mus. Bac.,	
FRANCIS A. BLACKMER,	

# CAROLS OF HOPE.



## The Christian's Hope.

3

C. M. S.

C. M. SEAMANS.

1. While trav'ling thro' this drear-y land, O'er mountain heights or des-erts sand;  
 2. This Bless-ed Hope is dear to me, It lifts me up till I can see  
 3. This world no Hope like this can give, Nor life so sweet as this to live;

Hope makes the drooping spir-its rise And cheers me on to reach the prize.  
 That jas-per cit-y bright and fair, Be-yond this world of toil and care.  
 No long-er I in darkness grope, For now I walk by light of Hope.

### CHORUS.

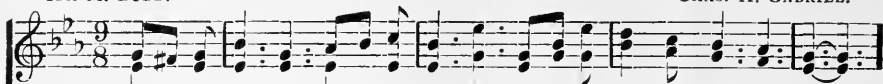
Oh blessed hope! Oh precious hope! It lifts the vail and now I see  
 blessed hope! precious hope!

That land of light where comes no night Where I shall live e-ter-nal-ly.  
 land of light no night I shall live

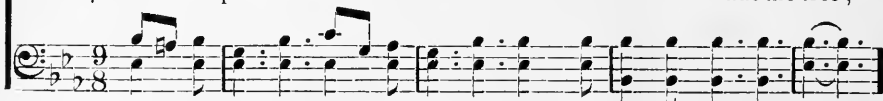
# Leaving All to Follow Jesus.

IDA M. BUDD.

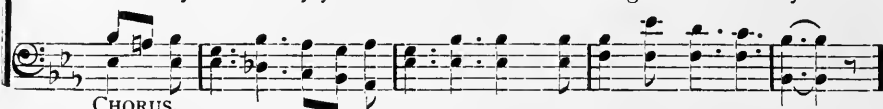
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Leav-ing all to fol-low Je-sus, Turn-ing from the world a-way,
2. Naught re-serv-ing, on the al-tar All I lay, and wait the hour
3. Tak-ing up the cross for Je-sus, Glad for him to suf-fer shame,
4. Praise his pre-cious name for-ev-er That his blood hath made me free;



Step-ping out up-on his promise, All I have is his to-day.  
 When the fire from heav'n descending Shall at-test his glo-rious pow'r.  
 All my gain I count but loss-es For the glo-ry of his name.  
 Now my soul shall joy to tell it Thro' the long e-ter-ni-ty.



## CHORUS.



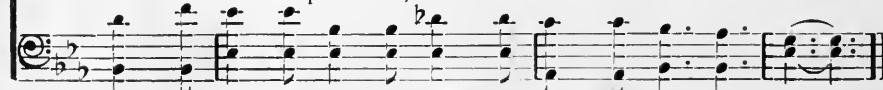
Leav-ing all to fol-low Je-sus, Turn-ing  
 Leav-ing all to fol-low, fol-low Je-sus,



from the world a-way, . . . Step-ping out up-  
 Turn-ing, turn-ing from the world a-way, Step-ping out up-



on his prom-ise, All I have is his to-day.  
 on his bless-ed prom-ise,



# Keep Step With Jesus.

5

C. M. S.

C. M. SEAMANS.

1. Un - derneath the banner of the Lord our King, Marching to vic - to - ry to -  
 2. Tho' the way be drea - ry, let us nev - er fear, While we are marching to the  
 3. When the bat - tle ra - ges let us on - ward press, Shrink not nor fal - ter in dis -

day ; Let us as with hap - py voi - ces now we sing, Keep step with  
 fray ; Nev - er mind the hardships, let us per - se - vere : Keep step with  
 may ; Crowns of fade - less glory we shall soon pos - sess ; Keep step with

## CHORUS.

Je - sus all the way. Keep step with Je - sus all the way,  
 all the way,

Let us now his voice o - bey ; While we march steadily on, till the  
 voice o - bey ;

bat - tle we have won, Keep step with Je - sus all the way.

## We Praise Thee.

F. S. S.

F. S. STANTON, Mus. Bac.

*Animato.*

1. We praise thee, O Lord, For the com-forts of home, While lit-tle ones  
 2. We praise thee, O Lord, For our kin-dred so dear, Who pray and de-  
 3. We praise thee, O Lord, For the Sun-day School care, Where we are in-  
 4. We praise thee, O Lord, We have heard of thy name, While far the poor

homeless In hun-ger do roam; Our needs are sup-plied, Thy  
 sire That we walk in thy fear. Who watch o'er our steps And  
 struct-ed Our hearts to pre-pare For Je-sus our Lord, Who  
 hea-then Are wand'r-ing in shame. We'll help with our mites The

bles-sings we share, Oh, bring to the hun-gry Thy com-forts so rare.  
 teach us the right, While some have no kind ones To show them the light.  
 waits to come in To dwell with us dai-ly, And save us from sin.  
 gos-pel con-vey, That those now in darkness May hear and o-bey.

## CHORUS.

We praise thee, O Lord, We praise thee, O Lord,

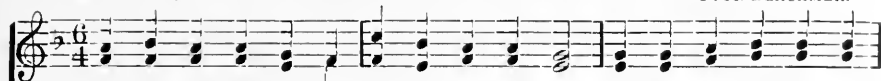
Oh, help us to love thee, And fol-low thy word.

# Safely Abiding.

7

SAMUEL BECK.

F. A. BLACKMER.



1. Un-der his wings I am safe - ly a - bid - ing; Tho' the night deepens and
2. Un-der his wings, what a ref - uge in sor - row! How the heart yearn-ing-ly
3. Un-der his wings, O what precious en - joyment! There will I hide till life's



tem - pests are wild, Still I can trust him, I know he will keep me;  
turns to its rest! Of - ten when earth has no balm for my heal - ing,  
tri - als are o'er; Sheltered, pro-tect-ed, no e - vil can harm me;



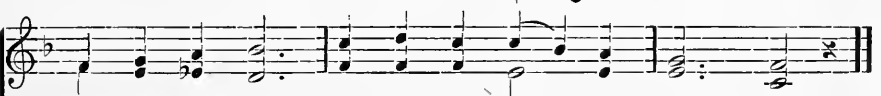
CHORUS. *m*



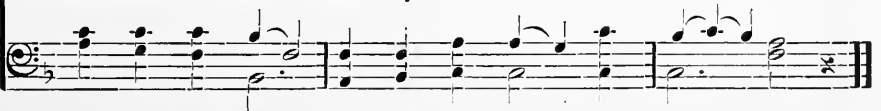
He has re-deemed me and I am his child. Un-der his wings, un-der his  
There I find comfort, and there I am blest. Un-der his wings, un-der his  
Rest-ing in Je - sus I'm safe ev - er-more. Un-der his wings, un-der his



wings, Who from his love can sev - er? Un-der his wings my



soul shall a - bide, Safe - ly a - bide for - ev - - er.

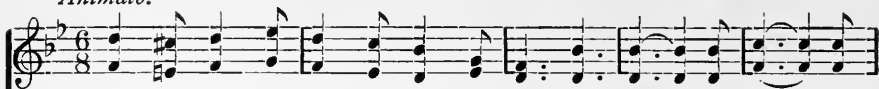


## Who Will Work For Jesus.

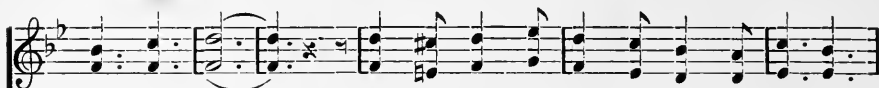
C. M. S.

*Animato.*

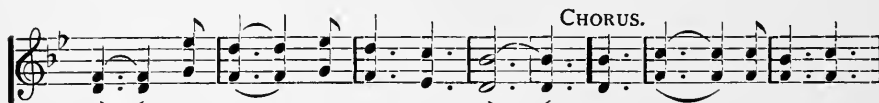
C. M. SEAMANS.



1. Who will work for Je - sus in the har - vest field, The sheaves to
2. Ev - 'ry sin - gle cor - ner of this world-wide field Is white with
3. See the host a-round us who the Lord's might be! Oh do . . not
4. There's a crown a - wait - ing ev - 'ry faith - ful one Who lends a

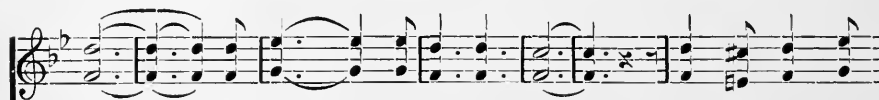


gar - ner in ? . . Who to - day will join us and the sic - kle  
 ri - pened grain, . Faith - ful, ear - nest ef - fort will a har-vest  
 now de - lay! . . Think of wait - ing mil - lions far a - cross the  
 help - ing hand; . Je - sus soon is com - ing and will say "Well

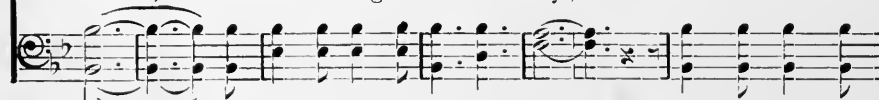


## CHORUS.

wield, These pre - cious souls to win? . Go, gath - er in the  
 yield, God's work is not in vain. .  
 sea! Go forth and work to - day. .  
 done" To all the mis - sion band. . Go, gather in the ri-pened



sheaves, . . O haste, . O haste a - way; Go and work for  
 sheaves, . . O do not long-er now de - lay;





Je - sus in the har - vest field, Go forth and work to - day.

## Jesus, Smile Upon Us.

C. M. S.

C. M. SEAMANS.

1. Bless - ed Je - sus, smile up - on us now, Gath - ered here to praise thy name ;  
 2. In this world so dark with clouds of sin May we shine with heav'nly light ;  
 3. May we ev - er kind and gen - tle be, Pure in heart and filled with love ;  
 4. When in king - ly robes thou shalt ap - pear Com - ing down the flam - ing sky,

Hear us as be - fore thy throne we bow, Keep thy lambs from sin and shame.  
 Pre - cious souls from danger help us win, To be thine in glo - ry bright.  
 So that those a - round us all may see We are like our Lord a - bove.  
 May we dwell with thee, O Saviour dear, In that bless - ed bye and bye.

## CHORUS.

Je - sus, Saviour, come with us a - bide, Fill our hearts with love divine ;

Keep us close - ly by thy pre - cious side, Let us ev - er - more be thine.

## While the Moments Linger.

F. A. B.

F. A. BLACKMER.

1. Oh, while the mo - ments lin - ger, There's work for us to do;  
 2. Oh, plead not vain ex - cus - es, There's work for ev - 'ry one;  
 3. Oh, let us do each du - ty. As God shall make it plain;  
 4. Our work will soon be end - ed. Our tri - als soon be o'er;

The Mas - ter bids us la - bor, And in his cause be true.  
 There are kind words to be spok - en, And kind deeds to be done.  
 If he shall bless our la - bor, It can - not be in vain.  
 And then we'll rest in glo - ry With Je - sus ev - er - more.

CHORUS.

Oh, while the mo - ments lin - ger. Oh, while the mo - ments lin - ger,

There's work to do. There's work to do. There's work for us to do.

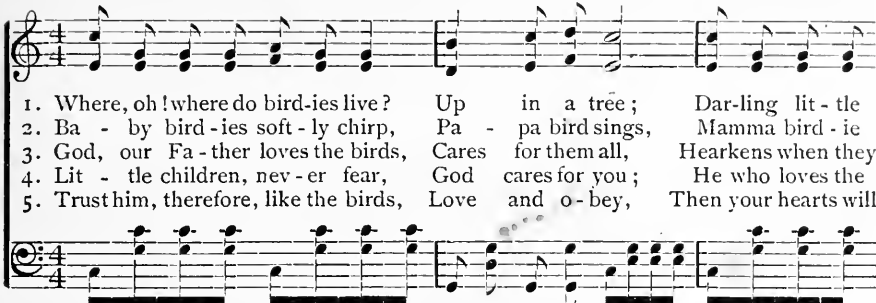
# Spring Carol.

11

## Motion Song for Infant Class.

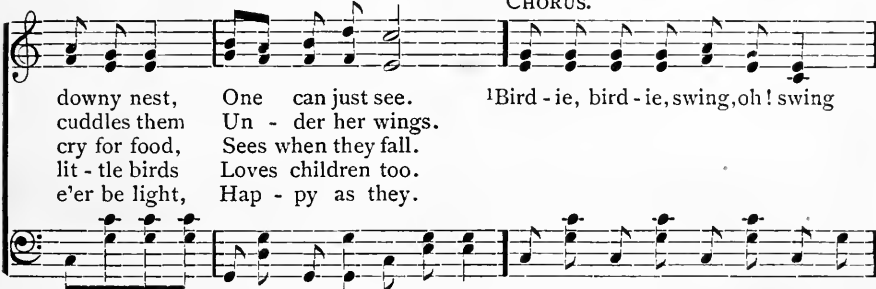
MRS. E. F. S.  
DUET.

MRS. EMMA FISK SMITH.

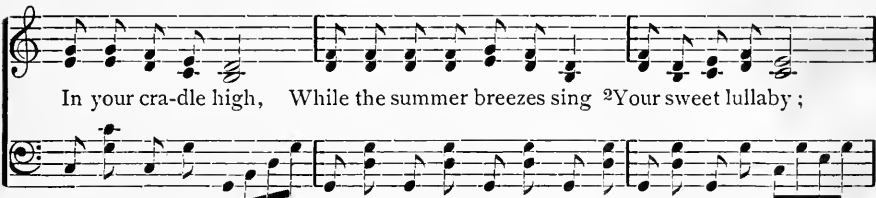


1. Where, oh! where do bird-ies live? Up in a tree; Dar-ling lit-tle  
2. Ba-by bird-ies soft-ly chirp, Pa-pa bird sings, Mamma bird-ie  
3. God, our Fa-ther loves the birds, Cares for them all, Hears when they  
4. Lit-tle children, nev-er fear, God cares for you; He who loves the  
5. Trust him, therefore, like the birds, Love and o-bey, Then your hearts will

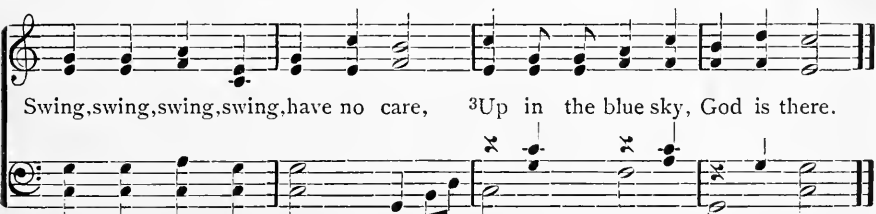
CHORUS.



downy nest, One can just see. <sup>1</sup>Bird-ie, bird-ie, swing, oh! swing  
cuddles them Un-der her wings.  
cry for food, Sees when they fall.  
lit-tle birds Loves children too.  
e'er be light, Hap-py as they.



In your cra-dle high, While the summer breezes sing <sup>2</sup>Your sweet lullaby;



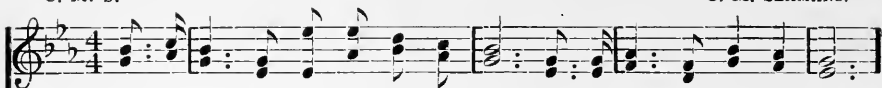
Swing, swing, swing, swing, have no care, <sup>3</sup>Up in the blue sky, God is there.

MOTIONS.—From 1 to 3 swing hands like rocking cradle, marking time. At 2 part of the children may sing this measure to the syllable "sh," imitating wind. At 3 right hands point upward.

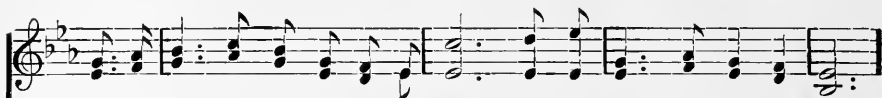
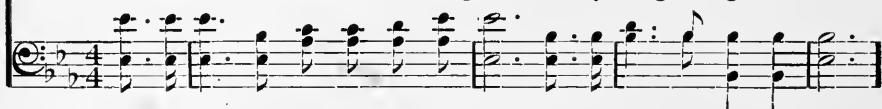
Copyright, 1905, by CHAS. H. WOODMAN.

C. M. S.

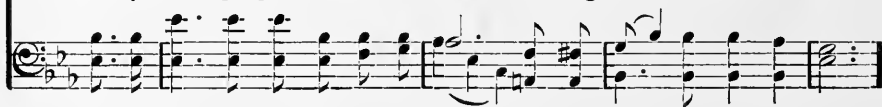
C. M. SEAMANS.



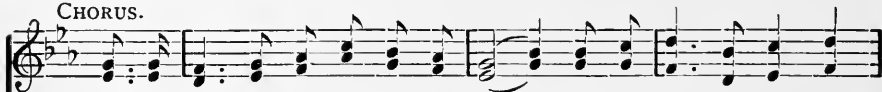
1. To the bus - y Sav-iour long a - go, Mothers brought their jew-els rare ;
2. By the shores of love - ly Gal - i - lee, Some would have the Mas-ter tell
3. Je - sus called a lit - tle child and said, Ye must all con - vert - ed be ;
4. At the Fa-ther's bless-ed throne of grace, Ho - ly an - gels bright and fair,



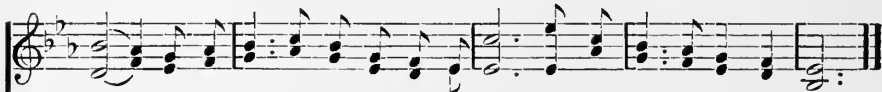
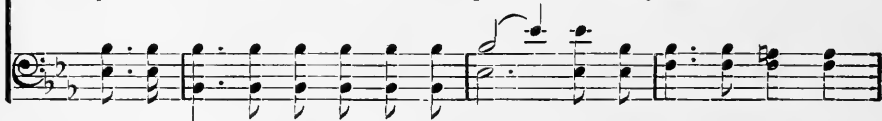
While dis-ci - ples would not have it so, Je - sus blessed them then and there.  
 Who should greatest in his kingdom be — Who in hon - or should ex - cel.  
 And as hum - biy as this child be led If you would my king-dom see.  
 Dai - ly do ap - pear be - fore his face, Guarding them with watch-ful care.



## CHORUS.



Je - sus finds for lit - tle ones a place, Where they rest from all a -



larms ; Beams of pleasure shine upon his face, As he takes them in his arms.



# Voices O'er the Sea.

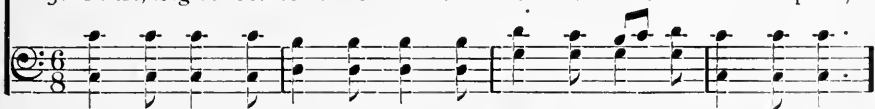
13

MRS. E. A. B. MITCHELL.

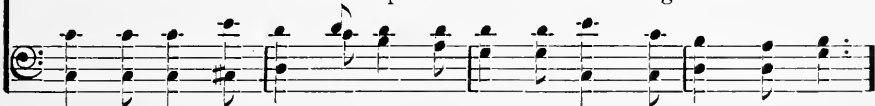
F. S. STANTON, Mus. Bac.



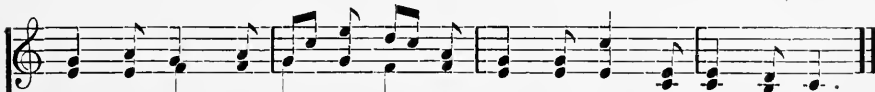
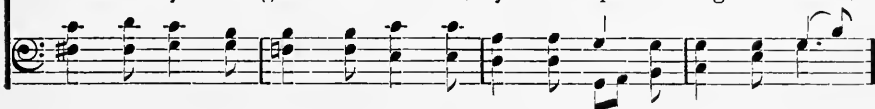
1. Oft they break the midnight stillness,— Voi - ces float-ing o'er the sea,
2. We, who nev - er knew a sor - row God's dear smile could not il - lume,
3. Christ, forgive the souls so faith-less To the trust thou didst re-pose ;



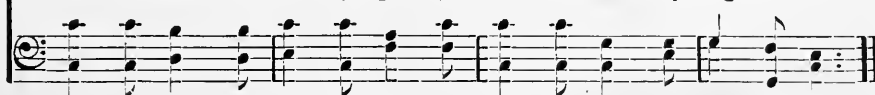
Voi - ces filled with ten - der pa - thos, Ask - ing help from you and me.  
 Lit - tle dream how dense the dark-ness Shrouding heath-en souls in gloom.  
 For this sin let not Heaven's portals At the last a-against us close.



And I know my Christ, my Bi - ble, Is as tru - ly theirs as mine ;  
 And the Sav-iour's last com-mis - sion Was in lov-ing thought of them ;  
 Bless, and by our gold and sil - ver, By our lips no long - er dumb,



And I know that I de-fraud them, Not to share these gifts di - vine.  
 How his ten - der, sweet com-pas - sion Doth our cold neg - lect con-demn !  
 We will spread a-broad thy gos - pel, Till on earth thy king-dom come.

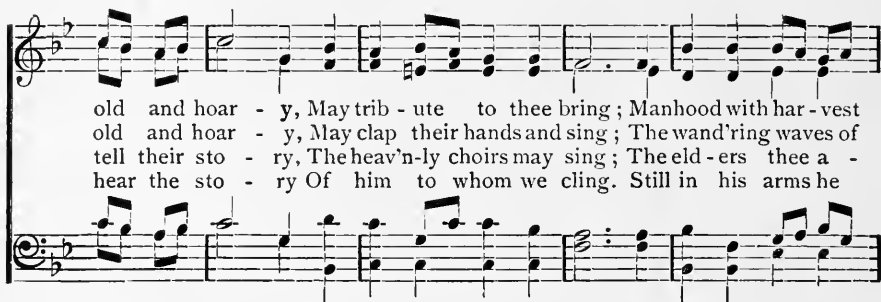


MOSES TEGGART.

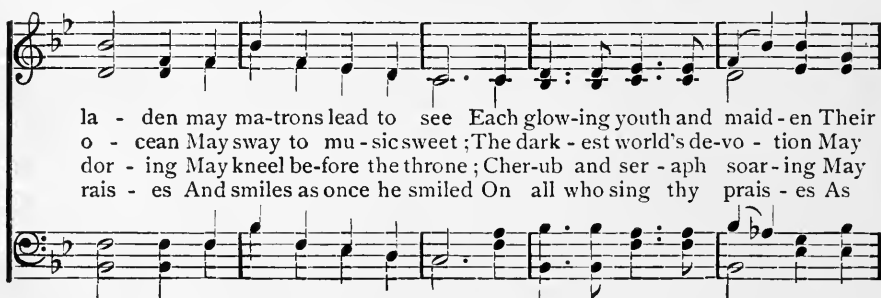
F. A. BLACKMER.



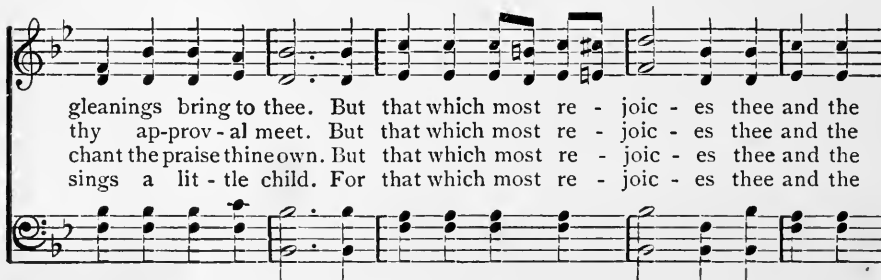
1. O Lord, the King of glo - ry! O great and might-y King! The pil-grim  
 2. O Lord, the King of glo - ry! O great and might-y King! The hills, tho'  
 3. O Lord, the King of glo - ry! O great and might-y King! The stars may  
 4. O Lord, the King of glo - ry! O great and might-y King! We love to



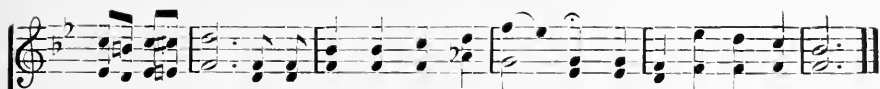
old and hoar - y, May trib - ute to thee bring; Manhood with har - vest  
 old and hoar - y, May clap their hands and sing; The wand'ring waves of  
 tell their sto - ry, The heav'n-ly choirs may sing; The eld - ers thee a -  
 hear the sto - ry Of him to whom we cling. Still in his arms he




la - den may ma-trons lead to see Each glow-ing youth and maid - en Their  
 o - cean May sway to mu - sic sweet; The dark - est world's de - vo - tion May  
 dor - ing May kneel be - fore the throne; Cher - ub and ser - aph soar - ing May  
 rais - es And smiles as once he smiled On all who sing thy prais - es As



gleanings bring to thee. But that which most re - joic - es thee and the  
 thy ap - prov - al meet. But that which most re - joic - es thee and the  
 chant the praise thine own. But that which most re - joic - es thee and the  
 sings a lit - tle child. For that which most re - joic - es thee and the



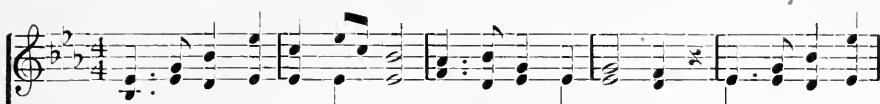
host a - bove, Is when children lift their voi - ces, And sing the Saviour's love.



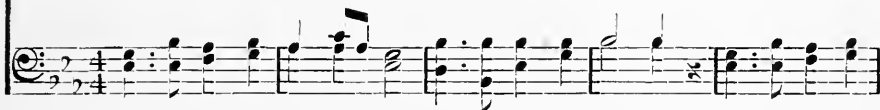
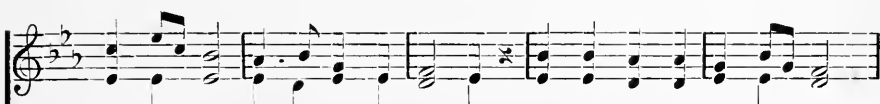
## Jesus Leads.

E. PAXTON HOOD.


GERMAN.



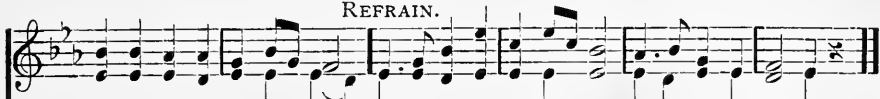
1. Je - sus lives and Je - sus leads ; Tho' the way be dear - y, Morn to dark-est  
2. All the words he ev - er spoke Still to us he speaketh ; And the bread of  
3. Je - sus lives, and ev - 'ry grace Comes because he giv-eth ; Life and love in


night succeeds : Courage then, ye wea-ry ! Still the faith - ful Shep-herd feeds,  
life he broke Still for us he break-eth. Still our faith - ful Shep-herd feeds,  
ev - 'ry place Live because he liv - eth. All our thoughts his love ex-ceeds ;



## REFRAIN.




Jesus lives and Je-sus leads. Jesus lives and Jesus leads : Courage then, ye weary !



C. M. S.

C. M. SEAMANS.



1. "Go ye in - to all the world," Was Je - sus' last com - mand;  
 2. To all peo - ple preach the word, Bap - tiz - ing ev - 'ry one;  
 3. Preach the gos - pel ev - ery - where, Till Christ to all is known;  
 4. "Lo I'm with you all the way," The bless - ed Sav - iour said;

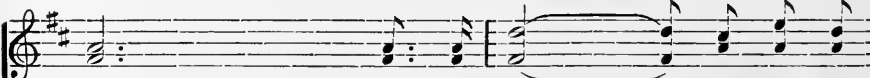
CHORUS.




Let his ban - ner be un - furled In ev - 'ry dark - ened land. "Preach the  
 Lin - ger not till all have heard The mes - sage of God's Son.  
 Tell them of the man - sions fair Pre - pared for all his own.  
 To the realms of end - less day His loved ones shall be led.



word," . . . "repent, be - lieve;" Tell the world . . . the Saviour's  
 "Preach the word," "repent, believe, repent, believe;" Tell the world the Saviour's



love;  
 love, the Sav - iour's love; Free - ly give . . . . . as ye re -  
 Free - ly give as ye re -



ceive . . . . . Count - less bless - ings from a - bove.  
 ceive, as ye re - ceive,



# The Lord's Prayer.

17

D. S. T.

D. S. TAYLOR.

*Moderato con espressione.*

1. Teach us to pray, O God, our King, As Je - sus taught his own ;  
2. Our Fa - ther who in heav - en art, All hal - low'd be thy name ;

*cres - - - - - cen - - - - - do.*

Help us thy love and grace to sing, Un - til we reach the heav'nly throne.  
Thy king - dom come, thy will be done In heav'n and earth al - ways the same.

*p* The pray'r our Sav - iour bids us say, "Our Fa - ther," words so sweet,  
Give us this day our dai - ly bread, And par - don all our sin ;

*a tempo.*

May we re - peat it day by day, Till Christ and Christians meet.  
And in temp - ta - tion leave us not, May we o'er e - vil win.

*Adagio.*

Un - til he come and take us home, Be this our prayer: A - men.  
Thine be the kingdom and the power, And endless praise: A - men.

## Be A Little Sunbeam.

C. M. S.

C. M. SEAMANS.

1. In this world of sad-ness There are hearts to win, Where no ray of  
 2. Would you help to light-en Bur-dened hearts to-day? Would you seek to  
 3. Tell the gos-pel sto-ry Ev-ery-where you go; Flash the Saviour's

glad-ness Ev-er en-ters in. Homes are cold and drear-y  
 bright-en Paths a-long the way? Scat-ter deeds of kind-ness—  
 glo-ry In this world of woe. When the toil and sor-row

Needing sunshine bright; Darkened lives are wea-ry. Wait-ing for the light.  
 Be a sunbeam bright; Lift the pall of blindness With a heavenly light.  
 Of the night is o'er, You may on the mor-row Shine for ev-er-more.

## CHORUS.

Be a lit-tle sun-beam, shin-ing ev-'ry day; Scat-ter Heav-en's

sun-shine all a-long the way. Glow in ev-'ry cor-ner.

drive the gloom a - way ; Be a lit - tle sunbeam shining ev - ry day.

## A Child's Song.

SELECTED.

F. S. STANTON, Mus. Bac.

1. God gave me a lit - tle light To car - ry as I go ;  
 2. God gave me a lit - tle song To sing up - on my way ;  
 3. God gave me a lit - tle heart To love what-e'er he made ;

Bade me keep it clean and bright, Shin - ing high and low ;  
 Rough may be the road and long, Dark may be the day ;  
 Gave me strength to bear my part Glad and un - a - fraid.

Bear it stead-fast with - out fear, Shed its ra-diance far and near ;  
 Yet a lit - tle bird can wing, Yet a lit - tle flower can spring,  
 Thro' thy world so fair, so bright, Fa - ther, guide my steps a - right !

Make the path be - fore me clear With its friend - ly glow.  
 Yet a lit - tle child can sing, And make the whole world gay.  
 Thou my song and thou my light— So my trust is stayed.

J. A. LIBBY.

WINN MACOMBER.

1. Out thro' the dark - ness the gleam - ing of morn - ing Glad - dens our  
 2. Beau - ti - ful fields with their beau - ti - ful flow - ers, Beau - ti - ful  
 3. Beau - ti - ful mu - sic the val - leys are fill - ing, An - gels are

eyes so wea - ry with night. So man - y o - mens fore - to - ken its  
 trees with their fruitage and shade, Beau - ti - ful walks to the turf - seat - ed  
 list - 'ning to hear the new strain Waft - ed from lips out of hearts that are

dawn - ing, Preach it and sing it as al - most in sight. Com - eth this  
 bow - ers, Where beau - ti - ful hills slope a - way to the glade. Beau - ti - ful  
 thrill - ing With rap - ture im - mor - tal for Him that was slain. Beau - ti - ful

day o'er earth's hill - tops and moun - tains Bright - er than time ev - er  
 cit - y and beau - ti - ful riv - er, Mor - tals have fail - ed their  
 King on the throne of his glo - ry Smil - ing a wel - come to

brought to our eyes. Joy in the sun-shine, and peace in the  
parts to fore-tell. Ev-'ry-thing per-fect, a-bid-ing for-  
all that shall come. Saved thro' be-liev-ing re-demp-tion's sweet

shad-ows, Play-ing to-geth-er 'neath lov-li-er skies.  
ev-er, So shall the new earth this old earth ex-cel.  
sto-ry, Out of earth's dark-ness to glad-ness and home.

## There's a Wideness in God's Mercy.

FREDERICK W. FABER.

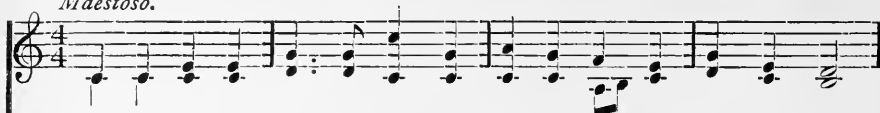
LIZZIE S. TOURJEE.

1. There's a wide-ness in God's mer-cy, Like the wide-ness of the sea ;  
2. There's a wel-come for the sin-ner, And more gra-cies for the good ;  
3. For the love of God is broad-er Than the meas-ure of man's mind ;  
4. If our love were but more sim-ple, We should take him at his word ;

There's a kind-ness in his jus-tice, Which is more than lib-er-ty.  
There is mer-cy with the Sav-iour ; There is heal-ing in his blood.  
And the heart of the E-ter-nal Is most won-der-ful-ly kind.  
And our lives would be all sun-shine In the sweet-ness of our Lord.

E. C. SNELL.

F. S. STANTON, Mus. Bac.

*Maestoso.*

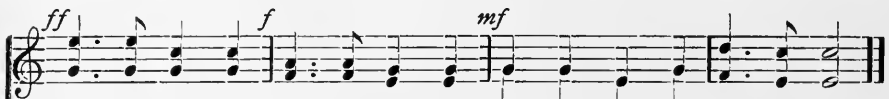
1. Glo-ry! Glo-ry! God Al-might-y! Thou of heaven and earth the King!
2. From the isl-ands of the o-cean, Set like jew-els in the deep;
3. Glo-ry to the King of Glo-ry, He who rules the sea and land—



Let the Prince of dark-ness trem-ble, While the hills and moun-tains ring  
 From the lands far to the northward, Where the snows of a-ges sleep,  
 He who holds the might-y wa-ters In the hol-low of his hand!

*cresc.*

With the sound of myr-iad voi-ces, In an an-them full and free,  
 From each land that claims the ris-ing And the set-ting of the sun  
 Praise him! all ye peo-ple, praise him! Join ye in the glad re-frain;



Sing-ing prais-es, God e-ter-nal, Sing-ing prais-es un-to thee.  
 Voi-ces come to swell the cho-rus Which is on-ly now be-gun.  
 Je-sus is o'er all vic-to-rious, And he shall for-ev-er reign.



# The Missionary Saviour.

23

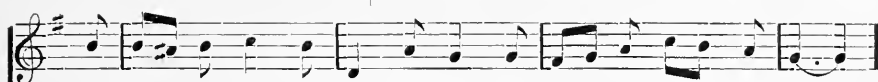
C. M. S.

DUET FOR ALTO AND TENOR.

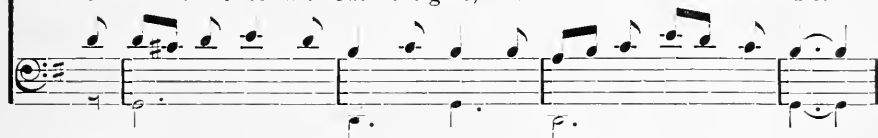
C. M. SEAMANS.



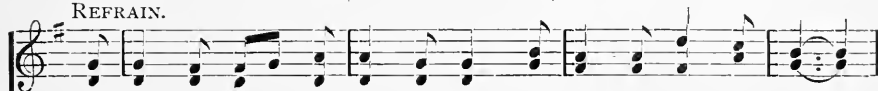
1. A world in aw - ful dark-ness lay, No ray of hope shone in ;
2. With-in the shad - ow, dark and deep, Of death, dwelt all the race ;
3. If Christ was will - ing thus to come Down from his home on high—
4. Still ma - ny souls in dark-ness wait, And still is heard the cry



And not a soul the price could pay To can - cel earth's dark sin.  
 Fear in - to ev - ery heart did creep While Mer-cy hid her face.  
 To leave his Fa-ther's glo-rious throne For for - eign - ers to die—  
 From sin - ful ones with-out the gate, "O save us ere we die."



## REFRAIN.



No eye was found with pit - ying love ; No arm to save the lost,  
 But when a - mong the host a - bove Was heard the plead - ing cry,  
 Shall those who claim his own to be, Re - fuse to send the light,  
 Then may the love of Christ in - spire Our souls with sa - cred zeal ;



Till Je - sus came from realms a - bove To pay the fear - ful cost.  
 For one to go to men in love, Our Lord said "Here am I."  
 To for - eign lands a - cross the sea Long wrapt in shades of night?  
 Till melt - ing hearts with ho - ly fire Be - fore his throne shall kneel.



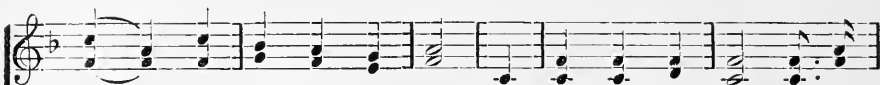
## Hope of the Ages.

Harmonized by F. S. STANTON, Mus. Bac.

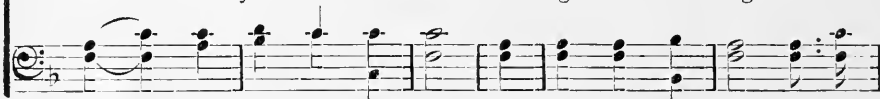
W. H. SAMPSON, 1904.



1. Je - sus, King of Glo - ry is com - ing a - gain, He's com - ing with
2. The saints who have slept thro' the a - ges will come, The dead in Christ
3. The saints will u - nite Je - sus' glo - ry to share, And dwell in that
4. O hast - en, un - saved ones, to seek his dear face, Be - lieve in his
5. For - ev - er to dwell in fair E - den re - stored, With the im - mor - tal



pow - er for - ev - er to reign; The heav - ens will part, from his  
 Je - sus, first rise from the tomb; Then we shall with them be caught  
 cit - y he's gone to pre - pare; No night e'er shall come in that  
 prom - ise and trust his free grace; For soon time shall end in the  
 host . and Je - sus our Lord; To sing the new song with the



pres - ence be hailed, When Je - sus ap - pears as the Judge of the world.  
 up in the air, Tri - um - phant in glo - ry, im - mor - tal and fair.  
 cit - y of gold, We'll walk in the light and will nev - er grow old.  
 great judgment day And Je - sus will bear all his cho - sen a - way.  
 an - gels so fair, O, Hope of the A - ges! we long to be there.



## CHORUS.



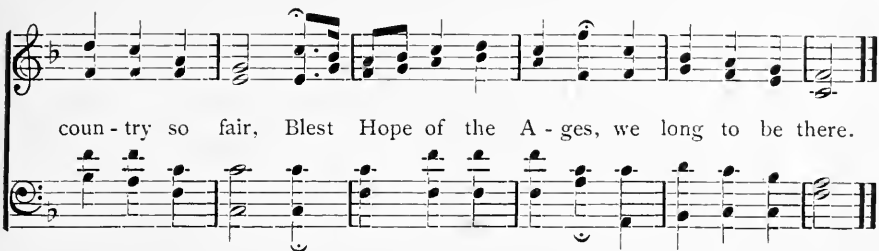
The Redeem - er once came the lost ones to seek, He is com - ing a -







gain his saved ones to greet; Be read - y to dwell in that

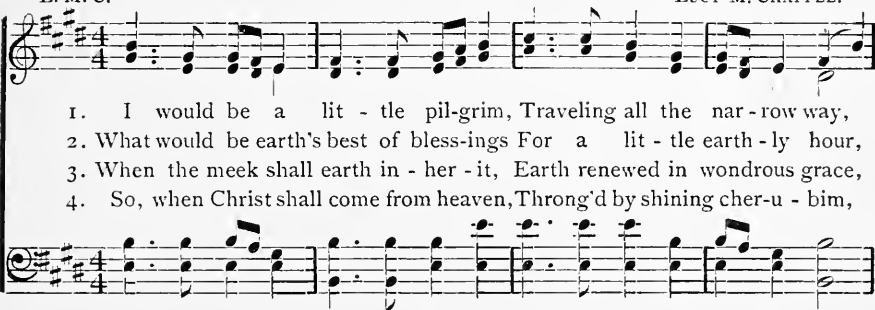


coun - try so fair, Blest Hope of the A - ges, we long to be there.

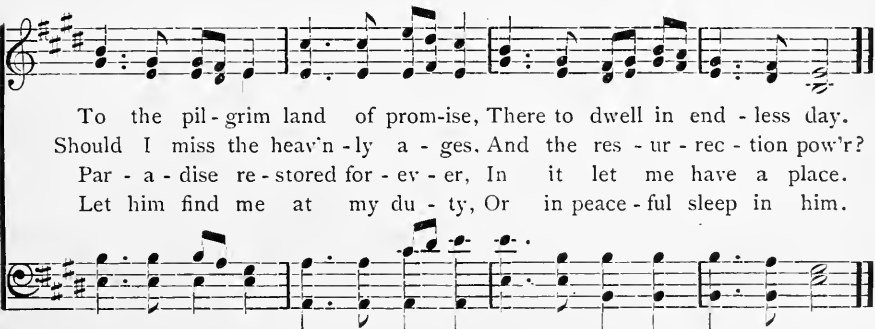
### Little Pilgrim.

L. M. C.

LUCY M. CHAFFEE.



1. I would be a lit - tle pil-grim, Traveling all the nar - row way,
2. What would be earth's best of bless - ings For a lit - tle earth - ly hour,
3. When the meek shall earth in - her - it, Earth renewed in wondrous grace,
4. So, when Christ shall come from heaven, Throng'd by shining cher-u - bim,

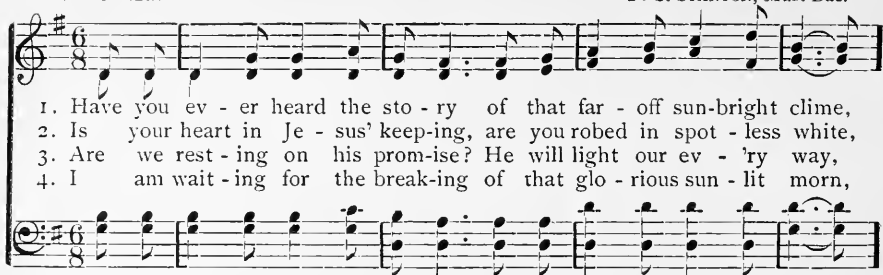


To the pil - grim land of prom - ise, There to dwell in end - less day.  
 Should I miss the heav'n - ly a - ges, And the res - ur - rec - tion pow'r?  
 Par - a - dise re - stored for - ev - er, In it let me have a place.  
 Let him find me at my du - ty, Or in peace - ful sleep in him.

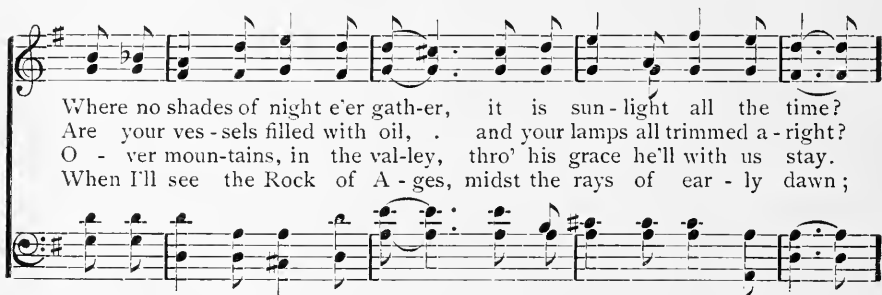
## The Sun-bright Clime.

R. F. CHALK.

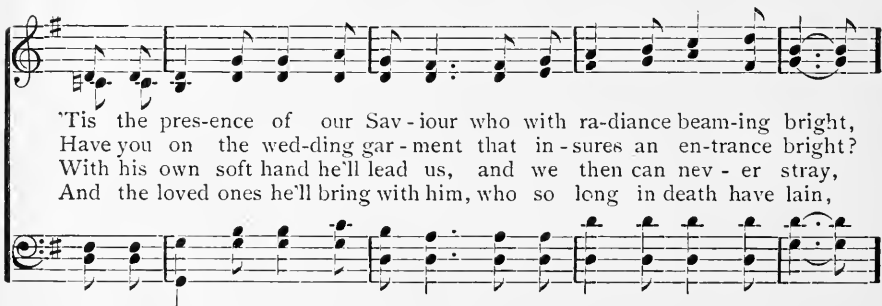
F. S. STANTON, Mus. Bac.



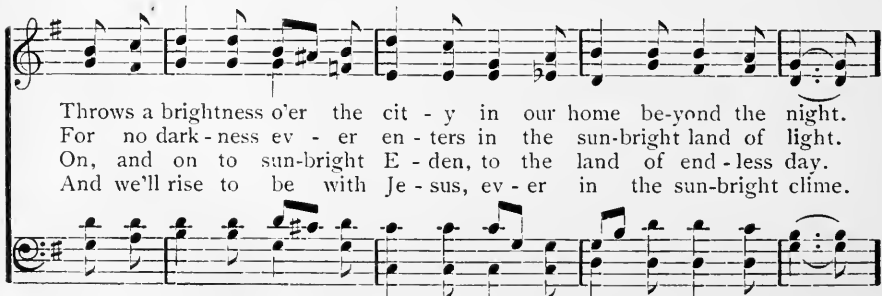
1. Have you ev - er heard the sto - ry of that far - off sun-bright clime,  
 2. Is your heart in Je - sus' keep-ing, are you robed in spot - less white,  
 3. Are we rest-ing on his prom-ise? He will light our ev - 'ry way,  
 4. I am wait-ing for the break-ing of that glo - rious sun - lit morn,



Where no shades of night e'er gath-er, it is sun-light all the time?  
 Are your ves-sels filled with oil, . and your lamps all trimmed a - right?  
 O - ver moun-tains, in the val-ley, thro' his grace he'll with us stay.  
 When I'll see the Rock of A - ges, midst the rays of ear - ly dawn;



'Tis the pres-ence of our Sav-iour who with ra-diance beam-ing bright,  
 Have you on the wed-ding gar-ment that in-sures an en-trance bright?  
 With his own soft hand he'll lead us, and we then can nev - er stray,  
 And the loved ones he'll bring with him, who so long in death have lain,

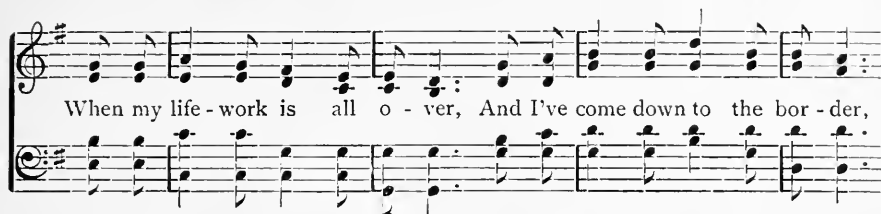


Throws a brightness o'er the cit - y in our home be-yond the night.  
 For no dark-ness ev - er en - ters in the sun-bright land of light.  
 On, and on to sun-bright E - den, to the land of end-less day.  
 And we'll rise to be with Je - sus, ev - er in the sun-bright clime.

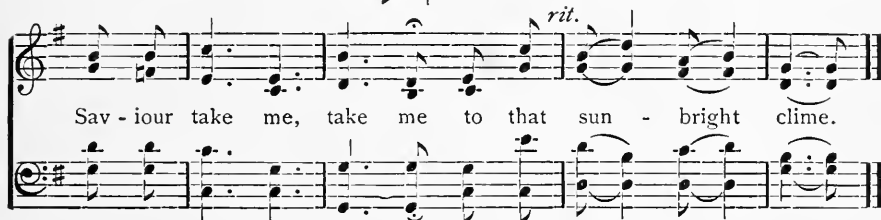
CHORUS.



Oh, then take me to that clime, Sav-iour, take me, I am thine;



When my life-work is all o-ver, And I've come down to the bor-der,

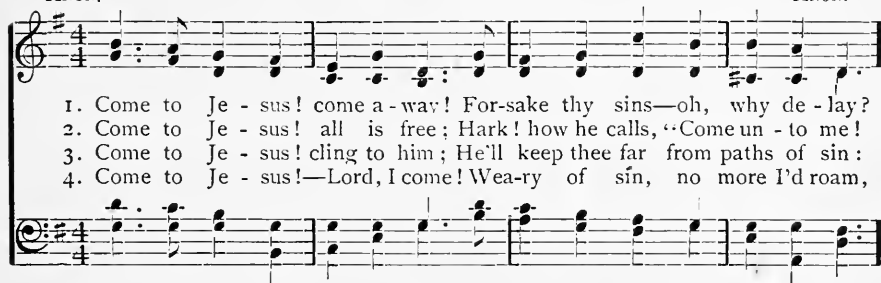


Sav-iour take me, take me to that sun-bright clime.

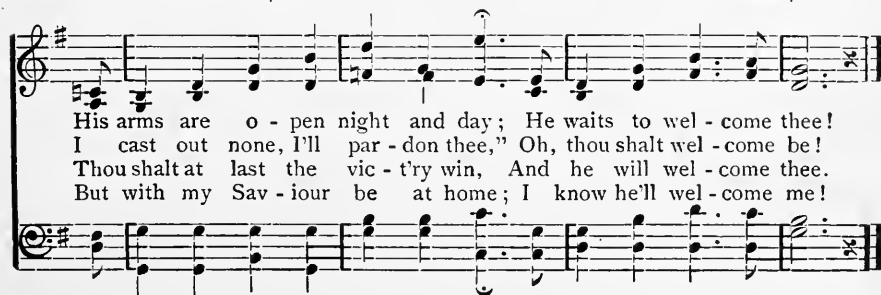
Come to Jesus! Come Away!

ANON.

ANON.



1. Come to Je-sus! come a-way! For-sake thy sins—oh, why de-lay?  
 2. Come to Je-sus! all is free; Hark! how he calls, "Come un-to me!  
 3. Come to Je-sus! cling to him; He'll keep thee far from paths of sin:  
 4. Come to Je-sus!—Lord, I come! Wea-ry of s'n, no more I'd roam,

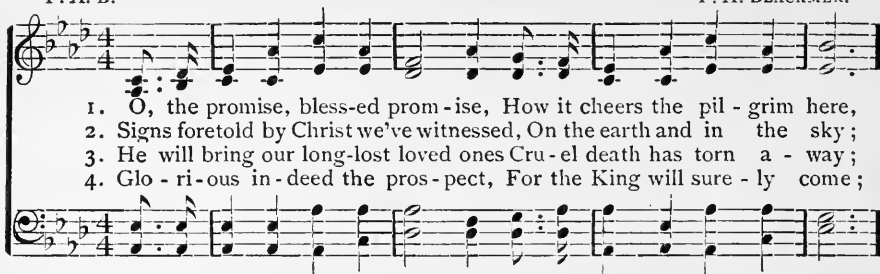


His arms are o-pen night and day; He waits to wel-come thee!  
 I cast out none, I'll par-don thee," Oh, thou shalt wel-come be!  
 Thou shalt at last the vic-t'ry win, And he will wel-come thee.  
 But with my Sav-iour be at home; I know he'll wel-come me!

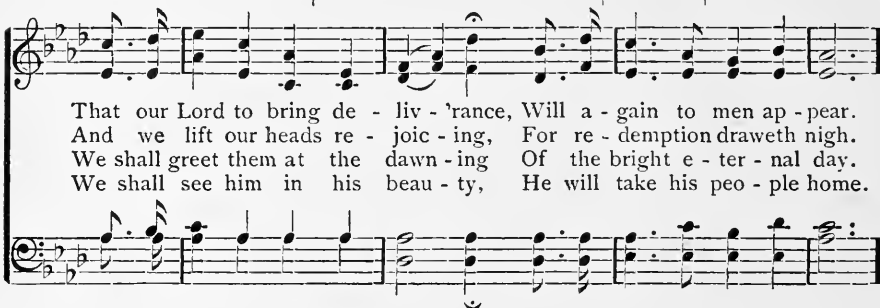
## Tell the Joyful Story.

F. A. B.

F. A. BLACKMER.

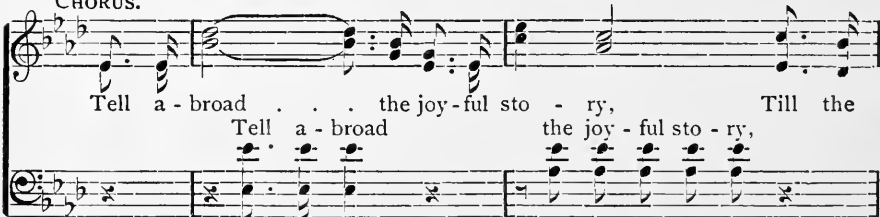


1. O, the promise, bless-ed prom-ise, How it cheers the pil-grim here,  
 2. Signs foretold by Christ we've witnessed, On the earth and in the sky;  
 3. He will bring our long-lost loved ones Cru-el death has torn a-way;  
 4. Glo-ri-ous in-deed the pros-pect, For the King will sure-ly come;

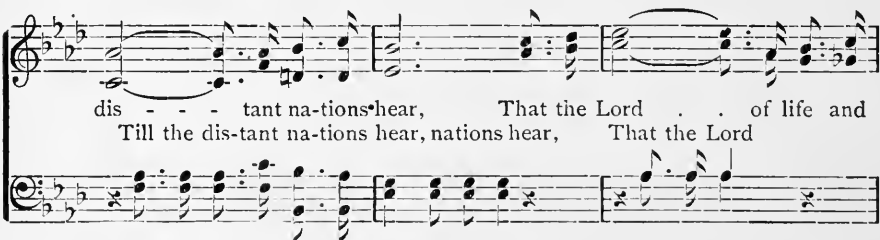


That our Lord to bring de-liv-'rance, Will a-gain to men ap-pear.  
 And we lift our heads re-joic-ing, For re-demption draweth nigh.  
 We shall greet them at the dawn-ing Of the bright e-ter-nal day.  
 We shall see him in his beau-ty, He will take his peo-ple home.

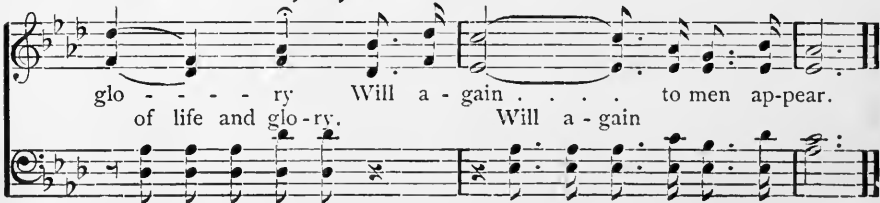
## CHORUS.



Tell a-broad . . . the joy-ful sto-ry, Till the  
 Tell a-broad the joy-ful sto-ry,



dis-tant na-tions'hear, That the Lord . . . of life and  
 Till the dis-tant na-tions hear, nations hear, That the Lord



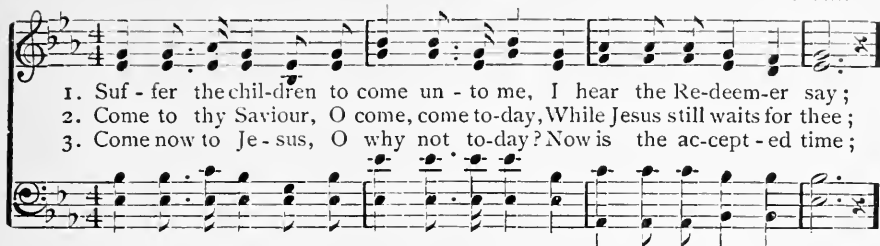
glo-ry Will a-gain . . . to men ap-pear.  
 of life and glo-ry. Will a-gain

# Suffer the Children to Come.

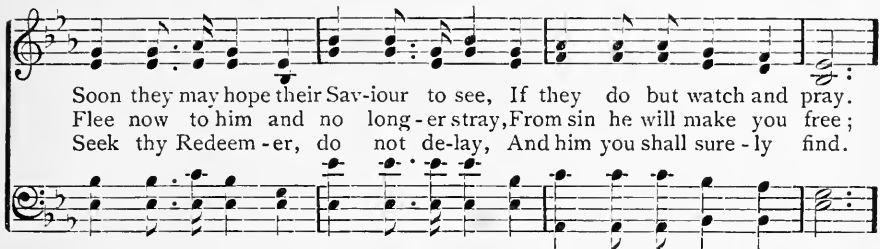
29

F. D. B.

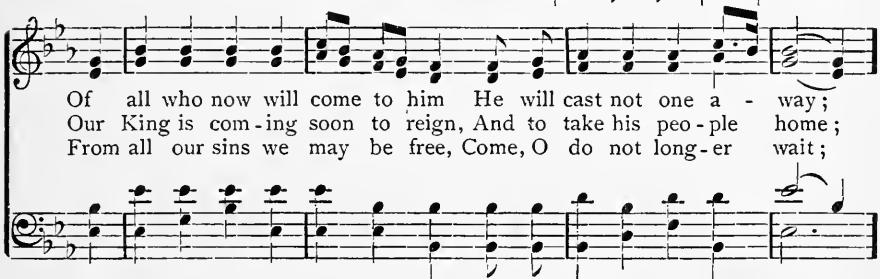
F. D. BARNES. Arr.



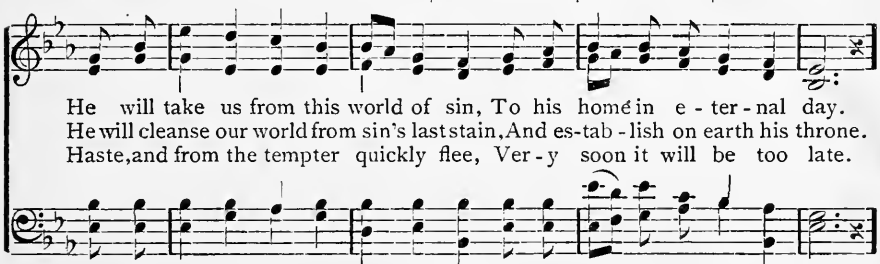
1. Suf - fer the chil-dren to come un - to me, I hear the Re-deem-er say ;  
 2. Come to thy Saviour, O come, come to-day, While Jesus still waits for thee ;  
 3. Come now to Je - sus, O why not to-day? Now is the ac-cept-ed time ;



Soon they may hope their Sav-iour to see, If they do but watch and pray.  
 Flee now to him and no long-er stray, From sin he will make you free ;  
 Seek thy Redeem-er, do not de-lay, And him you shall sure - ly find.

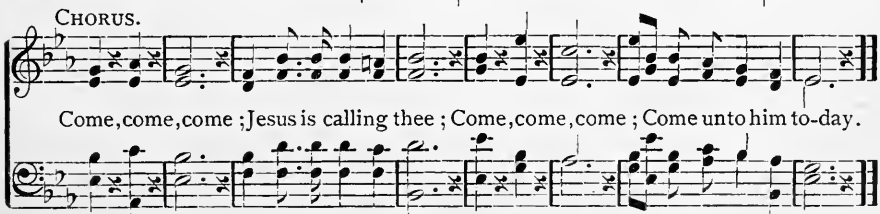


Of all who now will come to him He will cast not one a - way ;  
 Our King is com-ing soon to reign, And to take his peo - ple home ;  
 From all our sins we may be free, Come, O do not long-er wait ;



He will take us from this world of sin, To his home in e - ter - nal day.  
 He will cleanse our world from sin's last stain, And es-tab - lish on earth his throne.  
 Haste, and from the tempter quickly flee, Ver - y soon it will be too late.

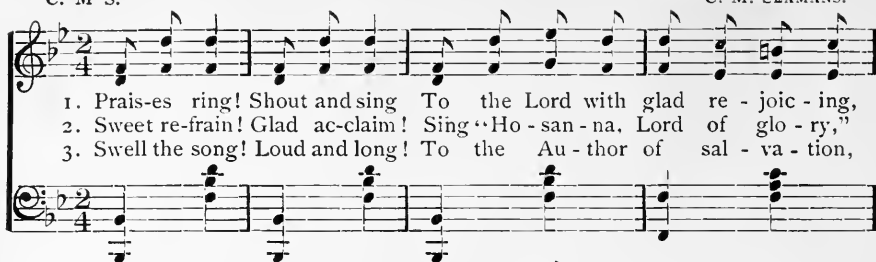
## CHORUS.



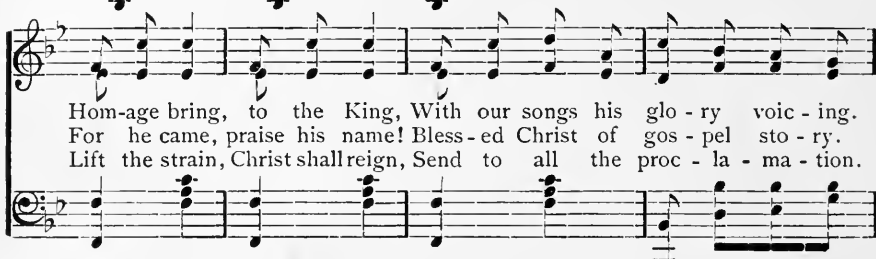
Come, come, come ; Jesus is calling thee ; Come, come, come ; Come unto him to-day.

C. M. S.

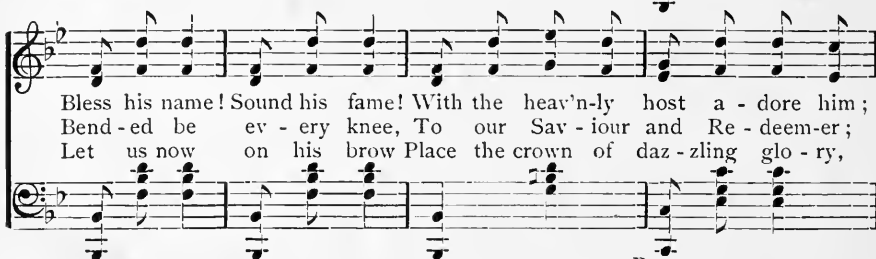
C. M. SEAMANS.



1. Prais-es ring! Shout and sing To the Lord with glad re-joic-ing,  
 2. Sweet re-frain! Glad ac-claim! Sing "Ho-san-na, Lord of glo-ry,"  
 3. Swell the song! Loud and long! To the Au-thor of sal-va-tion,

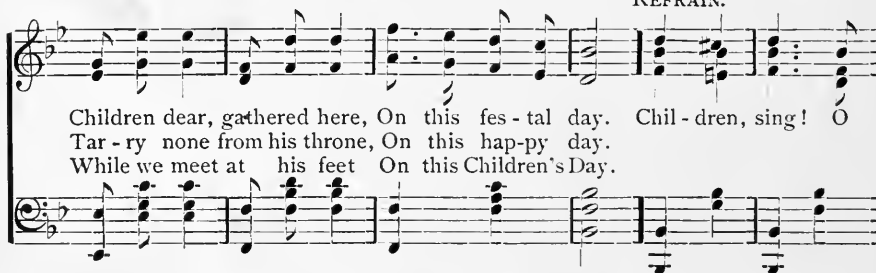


Hom-age bring, to the King, With our songs his glo-ry voic-ing.  
 For he came, praise his name! Bless-ed Christ of gos-pel sto-ry.  
 Lift the strain, Christ shall reign, Send to all the proc-la-ma-tion.



Bless his name! Sound his fame! With the heav'n-ly host a-dore him;  
 Bend-ed be ev-ery knee, To our Sav-iour and Re-deem-er;  
 Let us now on his brow Place the crown of daz-zling glo-ry,

## REFRAIN.



Children dear, gathered here, On this fes-tal day. Chil-dren, sing! Ó  
 Tar-ry none from his throne, On this hap-py day.  
 While we meet at his feet On this Children's Day.



hail the Lord of glo-ry! Christ our King is com-ing soon to reign;

Shout for joy! re - peat the bless-ed sto - ry, On this Children's Day.

## Daily Work.

ANON.

F. S. STANTON, Mus. Bac.

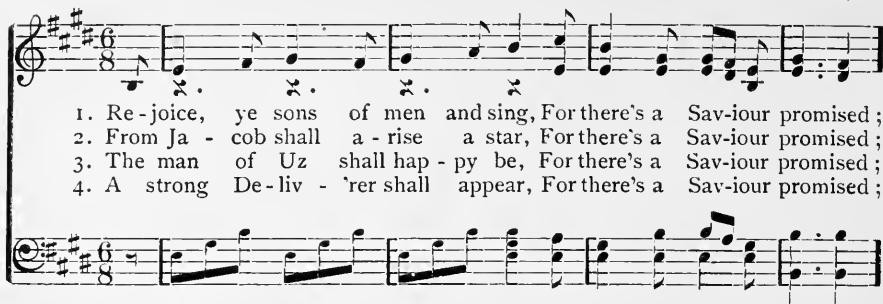
1. In the vine-yard of our Fa - ther, Dai - ly work we find to do;  
 2. Toil-ing in the ear - ly morn - ing, Catch-ing moments thro' the day;  
 3. Not for sel - fish praise or glo - ry, Not for ob - jects noth-ing worth,

Scat-tered gleanings we may gath - er Though we are so young and few.  
 Noth - ing small or low - ly scorn - ing As a - long our path we stray;  
 But to send the bless-ed sto - ry Of the gos - pel o'er the earth.

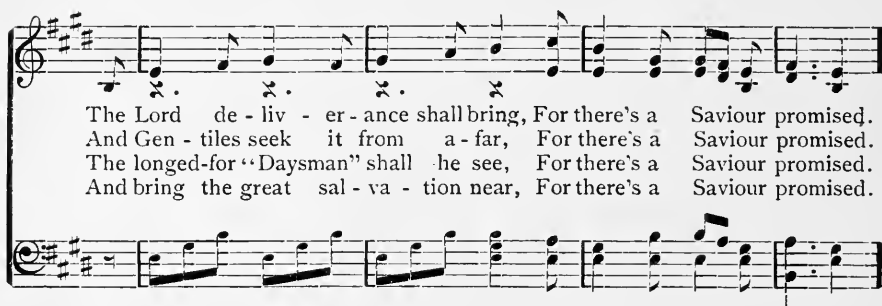
Lit - tle handfuls, Lit - tle hand-fuls, Help to fill the garn - ers, too.  
 Giv - ing glad-ly, Giv - ing glad-ly, Free - will offer-ings by the way.  
 Tell the heath-en, Tell the heath-en Of the Lord and Sav-iour's birth.

F. A. B.

F. A. BLACKMER.



1. Re-joyce, ye sons of men and sing, For there's a Sav-iour promised;  
 2. From Ja - cob shall a - rise a star, For there's a Sav-iour promised;  
 3. The man of Uz shall hap - py be, For there's a Sav-iour promised;  
 4. A strong De - liv - 'rer shall appear, For there's a Sav-iour promised;

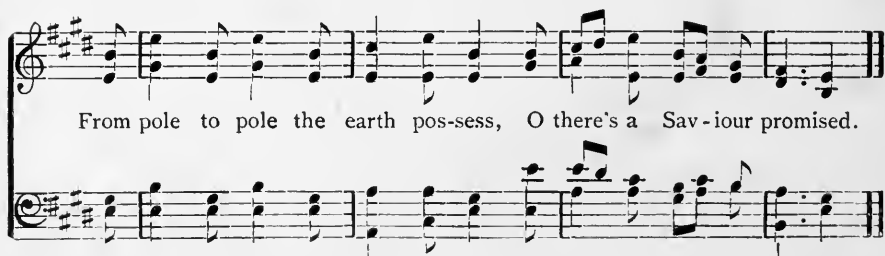


The Lord de - liv - er - ance shall bring, For there's a Saviour promised.  
 And Gen - tiles seek it from a - far, For there's a Saviour promised.  
 The longed-for "Daysman" shall he see, For there's a Saviour promised.  
 And bring the great sal - va - tion near, For there's a Saviour promised.

## CHORUS.



Re-joyce, a King in right-eous-ness Shall reign and all the peo-ple bless,



From pole to pole the earth pos-sess, O there's a Sav-iour promised.

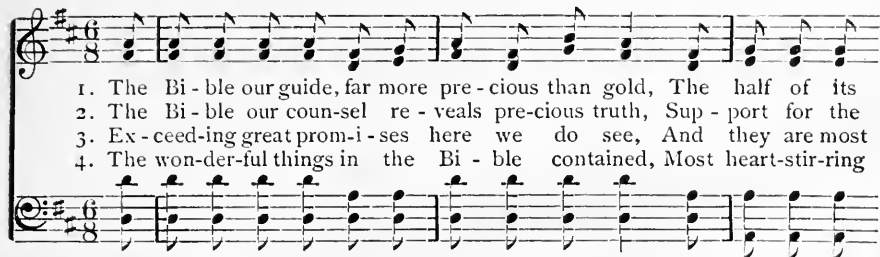


# Far More Precious Than Gold.

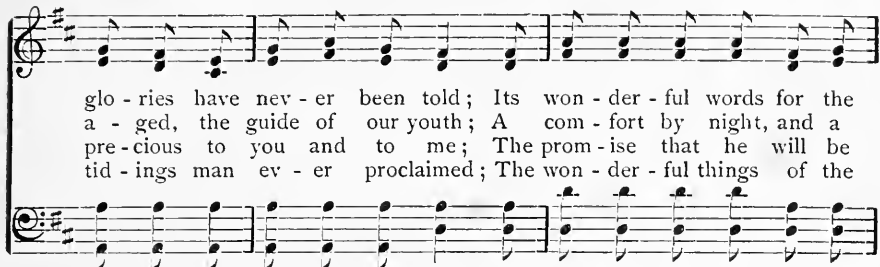
33

F. D. B.

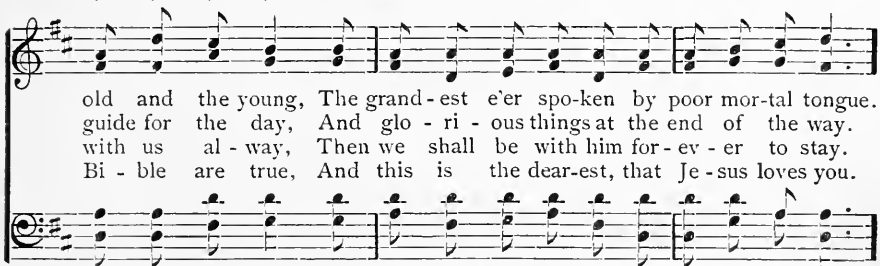
F. D. BARNES.



1. The Bi - ble our guide, far more pre - cious than gold, The half of its  
 2. The Bi - ble our coun - sel re - veals pre - cious truth, Sup - port for the  
 3. Ex - ceed - ing great prom - i - ses here we do see, And they are most  
 4. The won - der - ful things in the Bi - ble contained, Most heart - stir - ring



glo - ries have nev - er been told; Its won - der - ful words for the  
 a - ged, the guide of our youth; A com - fort by night, and a  
 pre - cious to you and to me; The prom - ise that he will be  
 tid - ings man ev - er proclaimed; The won - der - ful things of the



old and the young, The grand - est e'er spo - ken by poor mor - tal tongue.  
 guide for the day, And glo - ri - ous things at the end of the way.  
 with us al - way, Then we shall be with him for - ev - er to stay.  
 Bi - ble are true, And this is the dear - est, that Je - sus loves you.

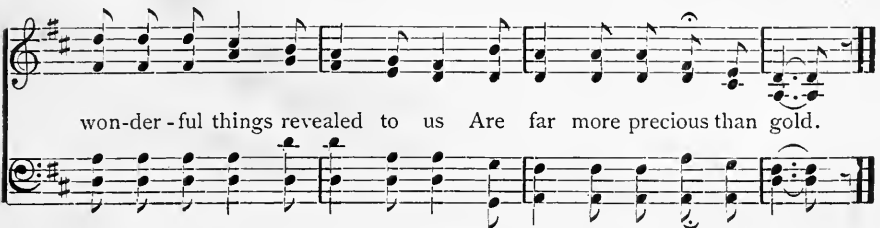
CHORUS.

More



Far more pre - cious than gold, Far more pre - cious than gold, The

More



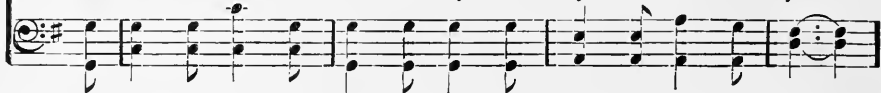
won - der - ful things revealed to us Are far more precious than gold.



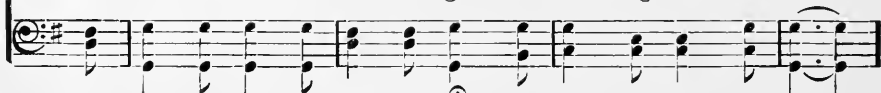
1. Oh hap - py, hap - py Chil - dren's Day! A - gain we wel - come thee;  
 2. The birds are sing - ing in the trees, How green the sha - dy bowers!  
 3. Oh hap - py, hap - py Chil - dren's Day! Once more we greet thee here,



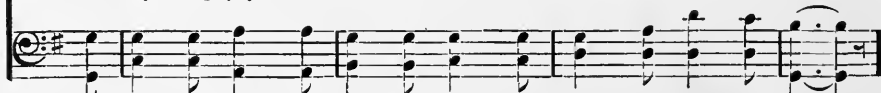
An - oth - er year has passed a - way, Once more thy joys we see.  
 Sweet per - fume floats up - on the breeze From sum - mer's sweet - est flowers.  
 Thou art the best, we some - times say, Of days in all the year.



Cold win - ter now is past and gone— Its frost and chill - y blast;  
 All Na - ture sings a glad - some song, Dark clouds have rolled a - way;  
 But as the sea - sons come and go Un - fold - ing Heav - en's love,



We hail this bright and hap - py morn, 'Tis Chil - dren's Day at last.  
 Join in the cho - rus loud and strong, 'Tis hap - py Chil - dren's Day.  
 Each day brings joy to those who know The peace of God a - bove.



CHORUS. (*Unison.*)



Hail, hail, hap - py morn! Wel - come Chil - dren's Day;



Sing, sing the joy - ful song, Bid sor - row flee a - way. . .

Let us all our voi - ces raise, And the heav - en - ly Fa - ther praise,

On this day, on this day, This hap - py Chil - dren's Day.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of staves. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The third system concludes the piece with a final vocal line and piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4.

## Go, Labor On.

HORATIUS BONAR, Abr.

F. S. STANTON, Mus. Bac.

1. Go, la-bor on; spend and be spent, Thy joy to do the Father's will;  
 2. Go, la-bor on while it is day; The world's dark night is hastening on;  
 3. Toil on, faint not, keep watch and pray, Be wise the err-ing soul to win;  
 4. Toil on, and in thy toil re-joice; For toil comes rest, for ex-ile, home;

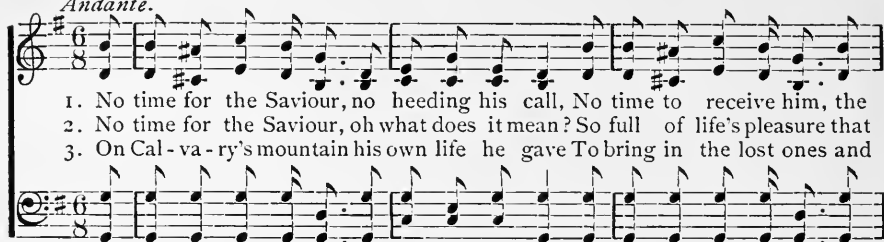
It is the way the Mas - ter went, Should not the ser - vant tread it still?  
 Speed, speed thy work, cast sloth a-way, It is not thus that souls are won.  
 Go forth in - to the world's highway, Com-pel the wand'rer to come in.  
 Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice, The midnight peal, " Behold, I come."

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of staves. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The third system concludes the piece with a final vocal line and piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (Bb), and the time signature is 3/4.

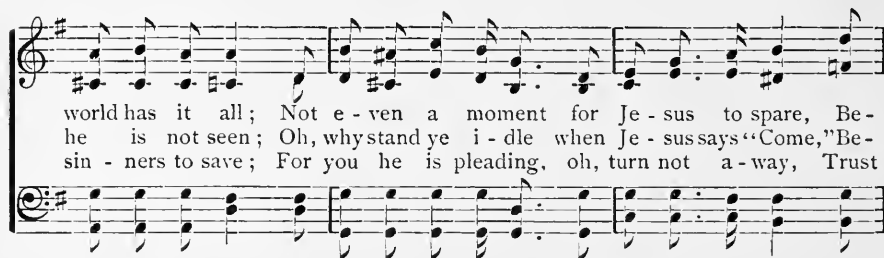
F. L. P.

FRANK L. PARSHLEY.

May be sung as DUET. Sop. and Alto.

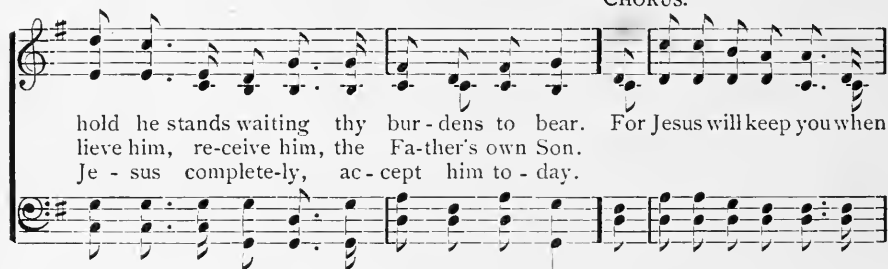
*Andante.*


1. No time for the Saviour, no heeding his call, No time to receive him, the  
 2. No time for the Saviour, oh what does it mean? So full of life's pleasure that  
 3. On Cal - va - ry's mountain his own life he gave To bring in the lost ones and

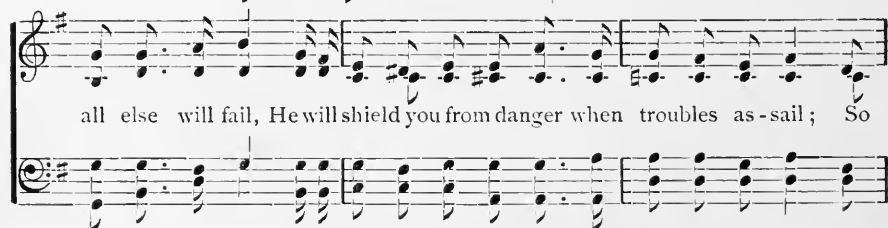


world has it all; Not e - ven a moment for Je - sus to spare, Be -  
 he is not seen; Oh, whystand ye i - dle when Je - sus says "Come," Be -  
 sin - ners to save; For you he is pleading, oh, turn not a - way, Trust

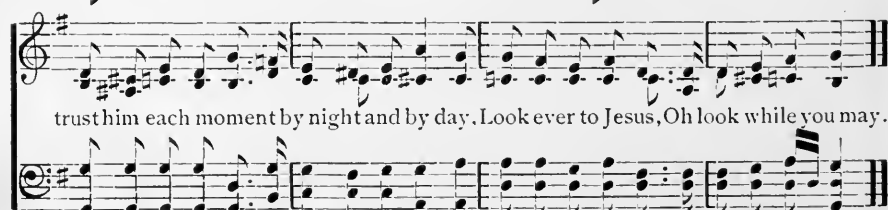
CHORUS.



hold he stands waiting thy bur - dens to bear. For Jesus will keep you when  
 lieve him, re - ceive him, the Fa - ther's own Son.  
 Je - sus complete - ly, ac - cept him to - day.



all else will fail, He will shield you from danger when troubles as - sail; So



trust him each moment by night and by day. Look ever to Jesus, Oh look while you may.

# Let Me Live for Thee.

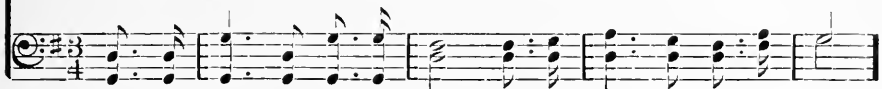
37

C. M. S.

C. M. SEAMANS.



1. In the straight and nar-now way Help me walk, dear Lord, I pray.
2. Help me ev - ery day to see Lit - tle things to do for thee;
3. All thou se - est that is mine, Take it, Lord, it shall be thine;
4. When my work on earth is done, And life's race at last is run,



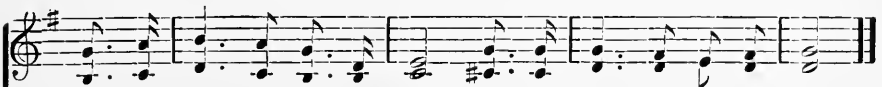
Keep me from all sin - ful strife—Lead me to e - ter - nal life.  
 May I help - ful be to all Whoshall for my ser-vice call.  
 May I be a shin-ing light Point-ing oth - ers to the right.  
 May I dwell in mansions bright, Clothed with spot - less rai-ment white.



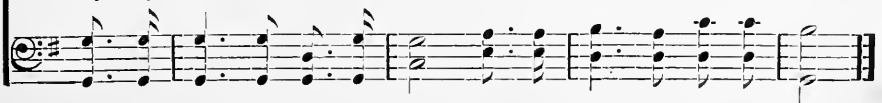
## CHORUS.



Let me live, dear Lord, for thee, May I ev - er use - ful be;  
 use - ful be ;



May thy Spir - it dwell in me, Let me live, dear Lord, for thee.

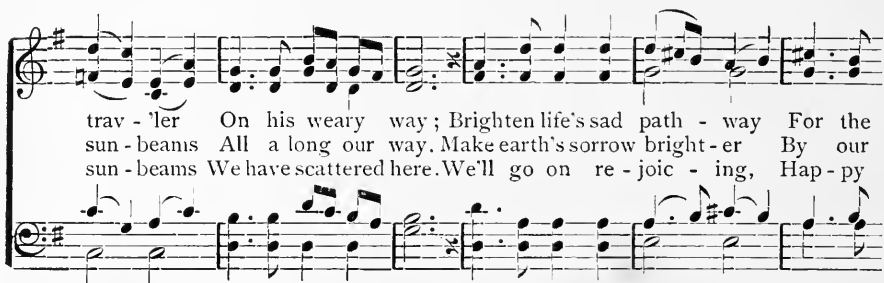


MRS. A. W. WEST.

F. S. STANTON, Mus. Bac.



1. If we scat-ter sunbeams All the sun-ny day, It will cheer some  
 2. Let us not be wea-ry, Sing-ing all the day, Shedding bless-ed  
 3. When we reach the por-tals And the Saviour's near, We shall reap the

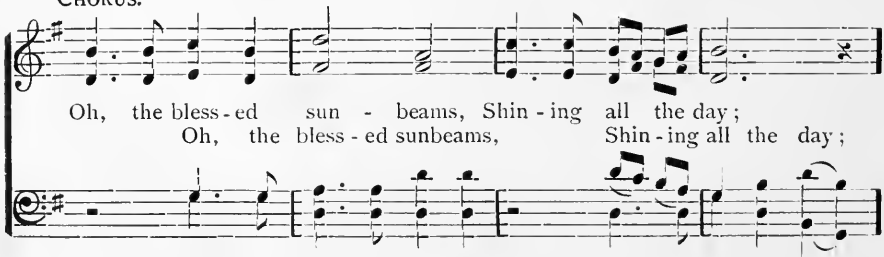


trav-ler On his weary way; Brighten life's sad path-way For the  
 sun-beams All a long our way. Make earth's sorrow bright-er By our  
 sun-beams We have scattered here. We'll go on re-joic-ing, Hap-py



wea-ry one, Cheer him with the sun-beams, 'Till the day is done.  
 hap-py song, Bear our tri-als light-ly. It will not be long.  
 all the day, For the blessed sun-shine Scatters gloom a-way.

## CHORUS.



Oh, the bless-ed sun-beams, Shin-ing all the day;  
 Oh, the bless-ed sunbeams, Shin-ing all the day;

Guide the wea - ry wan - d'rer, To the heav-en-ly way.  
Guide the wea-ry wand'rer,

## Founded On the Rock.

F. D. B.

F. D. BARNES. Arr.

1. On the Rock of A - ges founded, Safe re-treat for souls oppressed ;  
2. On the Rock of A - ges founded, 'Mid the storms and wrecks of time ;  
3. On the Rock of A - ges founded, Here my house se-cure - ly stands ;

Long in des-ert wilds I wandered, Here at last I found my rest.  
On this Rock now safe-ly stand-ing, Great Re-deem-er, thou art mine.  
Would you have a sure foun-da-tion? Do not build up - on the sands.

## CHORUS.

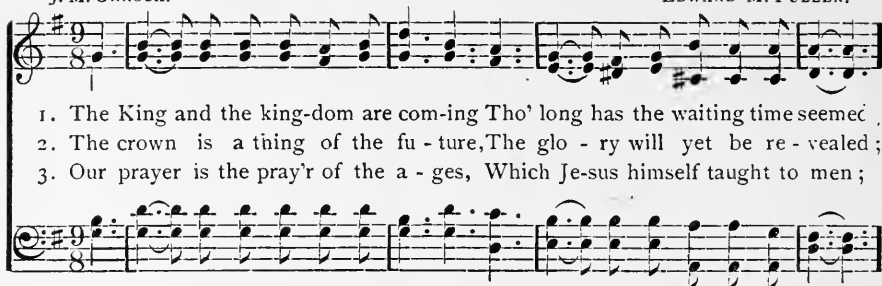
Rock of A - ges! Rock of A - ges! How se-cure on thee we stand ;

Rock of A - ges! Rock of A - ges! Save us from the sink-ing sand.

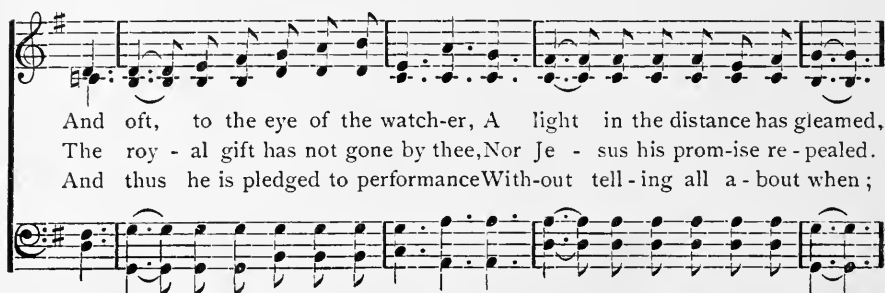
## The Waiting Time.

J. M. ORROCK.

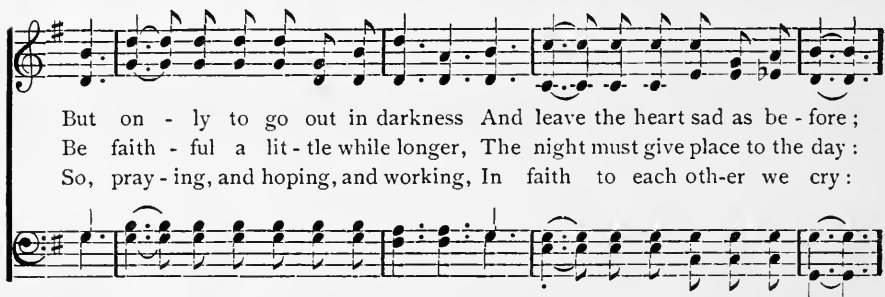
EDWARD M. FULLER.



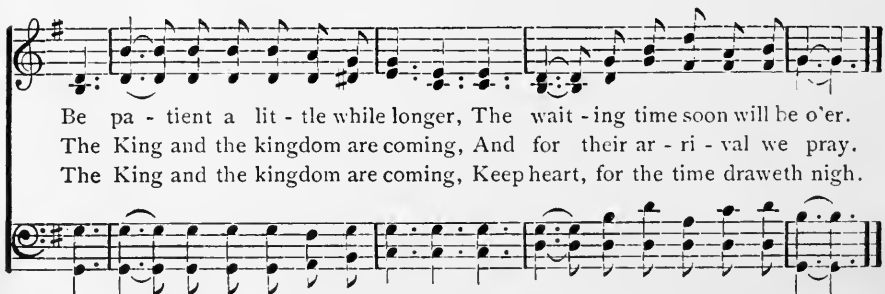
1. The King and the king-dom are com-ing Tho' long has the waiting time seemed ;  
 2. The crown is a thing of the fu-ture, The glo-ry will yet be re-vealed ;  
 3. Our prayer is the pray'r of the a-ges, Which Je-sus himself taught to men ;



And oft, to the eye of the watch-er, A light in the distance has gleamed,  
 The roy-al gift has not gone by thee, Nor Je-sus his prom-ise re-pealed.  
 And thus he is pledged to performance With-out tell-ing all a-bout when ;



But on-ly to go out in darkness And leave the heart sad as be-fore ;  
 Be faith-ful a lit-tle while longer, The night must give place to the day :  
 So, pray-ing, and hoping, and working, In faith to each oth-er we cry :



Be pa-tient a lit-tle while longer, The wait-ing time soon will be o'er.  
 The King and the kingdom are coming, And for their ar-ri-val we pray.  
 The King and the kingdom are coming, Keep heart, for the time draweth nigh.

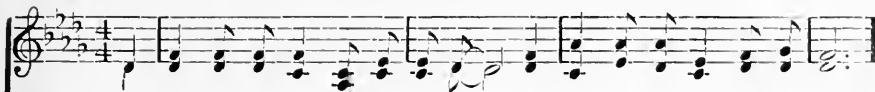


# Swing Open, Fair Portals.

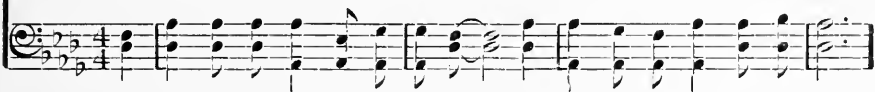
41

F. A. B.

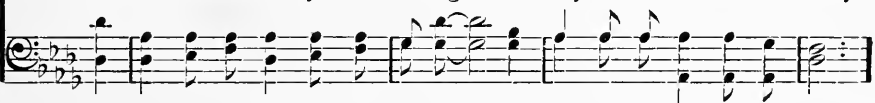
F. A. BLACKMER.



1. Swing back for one moment, fair por-tals, Of that wondrous cit - y, we pray ;
2. One glimpse shall our courage embolden, And brighten the whole of our way ;
3. We've read of that cit - y's bright glo-ry, That knows not the darkness of night ;
4. We've read of the Tree and the Riv-er, Life's wa-ter and fruit ev - er fair ;
5. Those gates we're approaching, how cheering ! Oh, let us prove faithful al - way ;



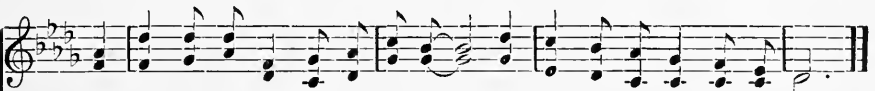
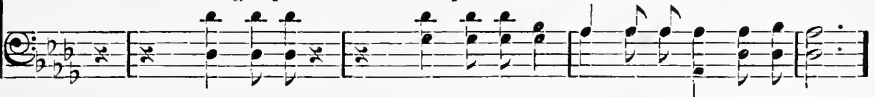
One glimpse and the fears of these mortals Shall van-ish for - ev - er a - way.  
 Oh, why should the sight be withholden? By faith we would view it to - day.  
 And read - ing that won - der - ful sto - ry, Has ravished our souls with de - light.  
 We've look'd up in faith to the Giv - er, And pray'd that we might enter there.  
 And know as the cit - y we're nearing, That they shall to us some sweet day



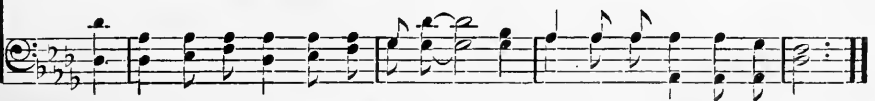
## CHORUS.



- 1-4. Swing o - pen, fair por - tals, A moment, and let us look thro' ;
  5. Swing o - pen, those por - tals, And we shall in triumph go in,
- Swing o - pen, fair portals,  
 Swing o - pen, those portals,



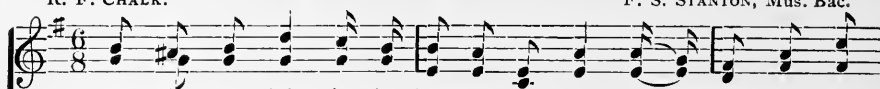
One glimpse, and we, fal - ter - ing mor - tals, To en - ter, shall press on a - new.  
 Where we shall as ransom'd im - mor - tals, E - ter - ni - ty bless - ed be - gin.



## No Night When Jesus Comes.

R. F. CHALK.

F. S. STANTON, Mus. Bac.



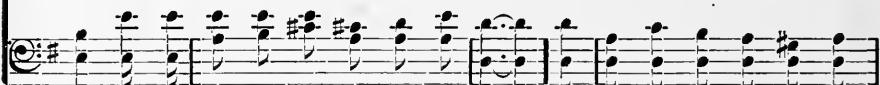
1. There'll be no night in that beau-ti - ful land That the sweet by and  
 2. There'll be no night in that beau-ti - ful home That our Sav - iour has  
 3. There'll be no night,—when our Saviour shall come, For the dark-ness will  
 4. There'll be no night when the earth is made new And robed in per-



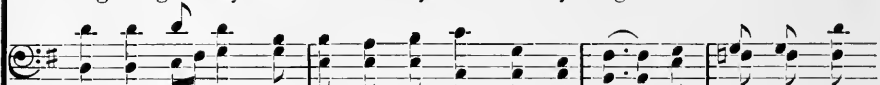
by will un - fold; For the light of his pres-ence so bright and so  
 gone to pre-pare, For the ra - di-ance beam-ing from Christ on the  
 all dis-ap-pear, And the mists and the shad - ows, the sor - row and  
 en - ni - al light; While the flow - ers of Par - a - dise blos-som and



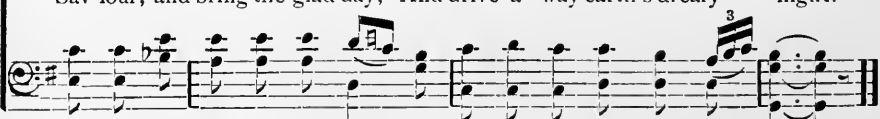
CHORUS.  
 grand, Will il - lu-mine with glories un - told. Then hasten, blest Saviour, and  
 throne Will outshine all of earth's beauties rare.  
 gloom, Will all van - ish when he shall ap - pear.  
 grow On and on thro' e - ter - ni - ty bright.



bring the glad day, And drive a-way earth's dreary night; Then hasten, blest



*rit.*  
 Sav-iour, and bring the glad day, And drive a - way earth's dreary night.

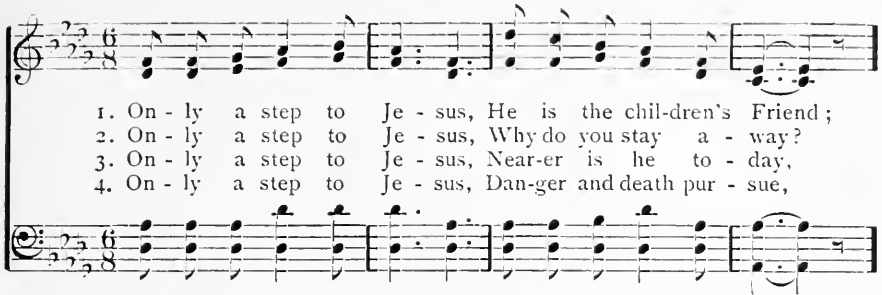


# Only a Step.

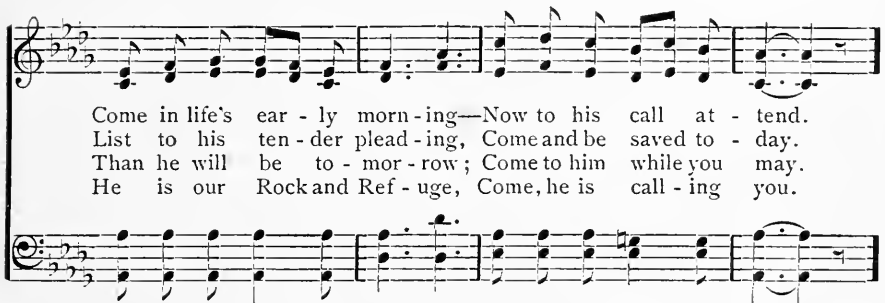
43

C. M. S.

C. M. SEAMANS.



1. On - ly a step to Je - sus, He is the chil-dren's Friend ;  
 2. On - ly a step to Je - sus, Why do you stay a - way ?  
 3. On - ly a step to Je - sus, Near-er is he to - day,  
 4. On - ly a step to Je - sus, Dan-ger and death pur - sue,

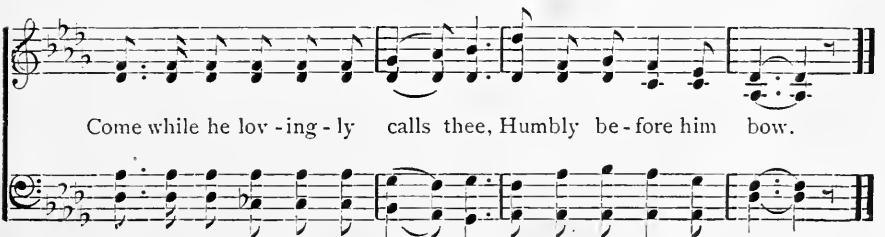


Come in life's ear - ly morn-ing—Now to his call at - tend.  
 List to his ten - der plead - ing, Come and be saved to - day.  
 Than he will be to - mor - row ; Come to him while you may.  
 He is our Rock and Ref - uge, Come, he is call - ing you.

CHORUS.



On - ly a step, On - ly a step, Why not take it now?

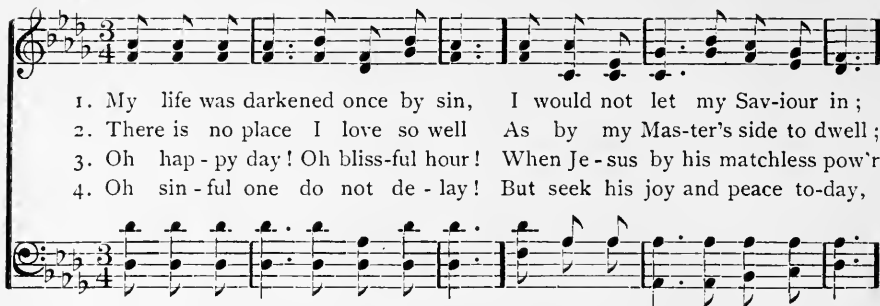


Come while he lov - ing - ly calls thee, Humbly be - fore him bow.

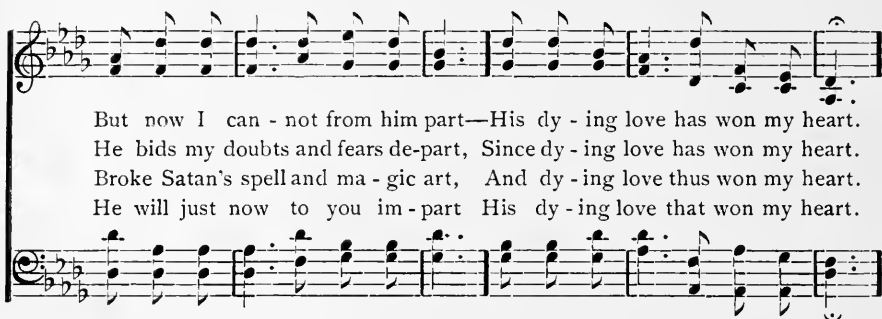
## His Dying Love.

C. M. S.

C. M. SEAMANS.



1. My life was darkened once by sin, I would not let my Sav-iour in;  
 2. There is no place I love so well As by my Mas-ter's side to dwell;  
 3. Oh hap-py day! Oh bliss-ful hour! When Je-sus by his matchless pow'r  
 4. Oh sin-ful one do not de-lay! But seek his joy and peace to-day,



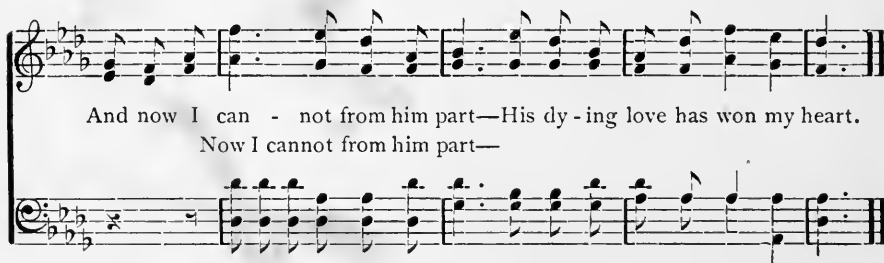
But now I can - not from him part—His dy - ing love has won my heart.  
 He bids my doubts and fears de-part, Since dy - ing love has won my heart.  
 Broke Satan's spell and ma - gic art, And dy - ing love thus won my heart.  
 He will just now to you im-part His dy - ing love that won my heart.

## CHORUS.

His dy - ing love . . . . . has won my heart, . . . . .



His dy - ing love has won my heart,



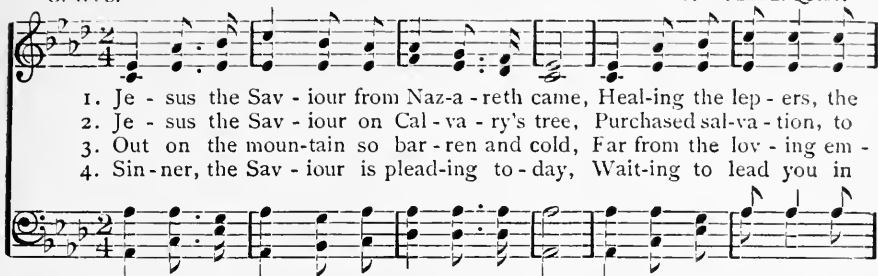
And now I can - not from him part—His dy - ing love has won my heart.  
 Now I cannot from him part—

# The Mighty to Save.

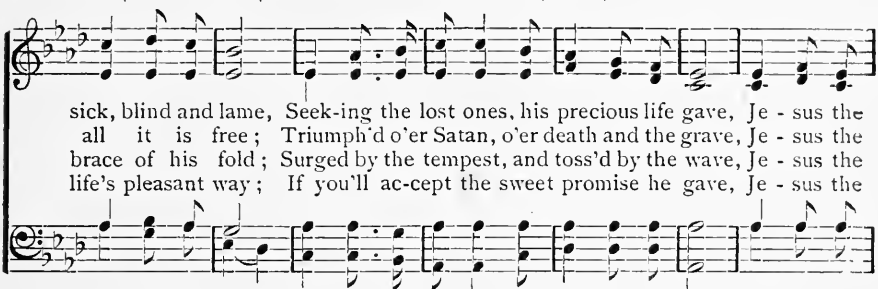
45

G. W. S.

G. W. SEDERQUIST.



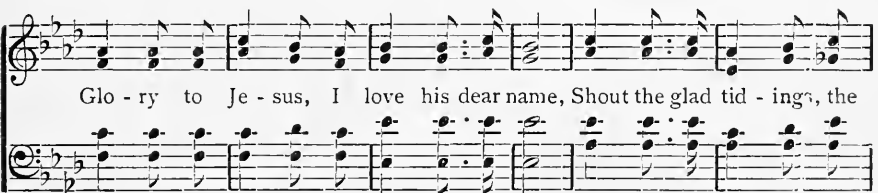
1. Je - sus the Sav - iour from Naz-a - reth came, Heal-ing the lep - ers, the  
 2. Je - sus the Sav - iour on Cal - va - ry's tree, Purchased sal - va - tion, to  
 3. Out on the moun-tain so bar - ren and cold, Far from the lov - ing em -  
 4. Sin - ner, the Sav - iour is plead-ing to - day, Wait-ing to lead you in



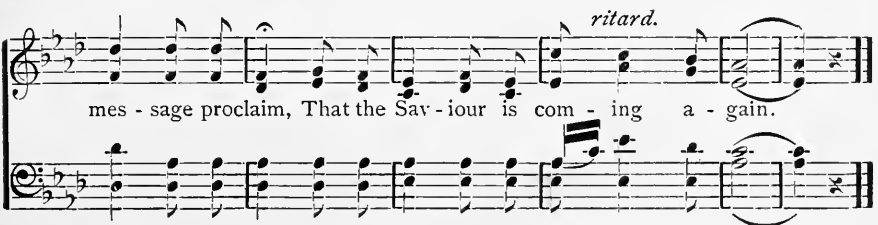
sick, blind and lame, Seek-ing the lost ones, his precious life gave, Je - sus the  
 all it is free; Triumph'd o'er Satan, o'er death and the grave, Je - sus the  
 brace of his fold; Surged by the tempest, and toss'd by the wave, Je - sus the  
 life's pleasant way; If you'll ac-cept the sweet promise he gave, Je - sus the



*rit.* CHORUS.  
 Might - y to save. Glo - ry to Je - sus, the lamb that was slain.



Glo - ry to Je - sus, I love his dear name, Shout the glad tid - ing's, the

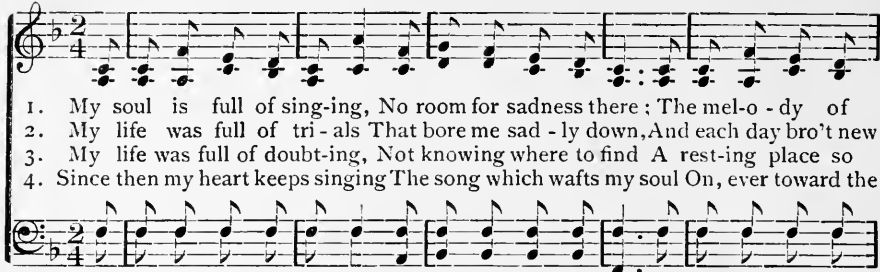


*ritard.*  
 mes - sage proclaim, That the Sav - iour is com - ing a - gain.

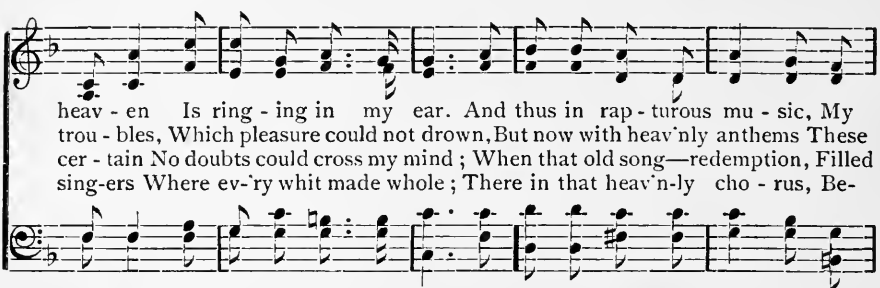
## The Song I've Loved So Long.

R. F. CHALK.

F. S. STANTON, Mus. Bac.



1. My soul is full of sing-ing, No room for sadness there ; The mel-o - dy of  
 2. My life was full of tri - als That bore me sad - ly down, And each day bro't new  
 3. My life was full of doubt-ing, Not knowing where to find A rest-ing place so  
 4. Since then my heart keeps singing The song which wafts my soul On, ever toward the

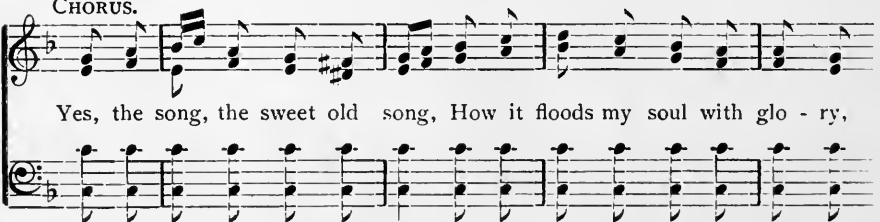


heav - en Is ring - ing in my ear. And thus in rap - turous mu - sic, My  
 trou - bles, Which pleasure could not drown, But now with heav'nly anthems These  
 cer - tain No doubts could cross my mind ; When that old song—redemption, Filled  
 sing-ers Where ev-ry whit made whole ; There in that heav'n-ly cho - rus, Be-



soul sings on its song, The blessed, sweet old sto-ry, That I have loved so long.  
 woes my soul makes strong, And day by day I'm singing The song I've loved so long.  
 me with strains that bring The vict'-ry o-ver doubting, The song I love to sing.  
 yond the land of wrong, I'll sing the song—redemption, The song I've loved so long.

## CHORUS.



Yes, the song, the sweet old song, How it floods my soul with glo - ry,

As I sing re - demption's sto - ry, 'Tis the song I've loved so long.

## We Will Learn.

MABEL REYNOLDS MAKEPEACE.

F. S. STANTON, Mus. Bac.

1. We must thank our Fa - ther dear For this Sab-bath morn-ing,  
 2. We must learn like him to be, Al - ways kind and lov - ing;  
 3. We will try to keep this day, Put a - way our play-ing,

For the time he gives us here From the Bi - ble learn-ing.  
 Those a - round us then will see From his Word we're learn-ing.  
 Sing and stud-y, read and pray, Ho - ly Sab - bath keep-ing.

### CHORUS.

We will learn, we will learn All the les - sons taught us ;

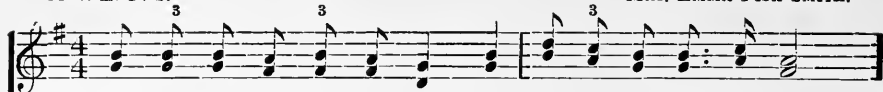
Then each Sab-bath we will know More and more of Je - sus.

## March Song.

(Children may march up and down aisles with banner.)

MRS. E. F. S.

MRS. EMMA FISK SMITH.



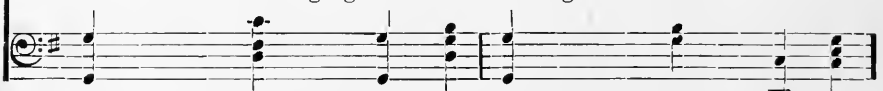
1. Cheer - i - ly on-ward we're march - ing, Un - der our ban - ners bright,
2. Man - y the gi - ants that meet us, Try - ing to bar our way,
3. Sloth - ful-ness is a great gi - ant, He must be con - quered first,
4. Un - truth will try to e - vade us, Af - ter him we must search,
5. Jeal - ous - y, Tat - tle, and En - vy, Now must be put to flight,



We are an ar - my of chil - dren, Brave-ly 'gainst wrong we fight;  
 Striv - ing to hin - der our prog - ress On to the gates of day;  
 Sure - ly of all the bad gi - ants, Sloth-ful-ness must be worst;  
 Where he is hid - den is al - ways Marked with an ug - ly smirch.  
 An - ger, Im - pa-tience and Mal - ice, En - e-mies hard to fight.



Nev - er a no - blar ar - my, Charged on the hosts of sin,  
 Fear-less - ly we will en - gage them, Tho' they are bold and strong,  
 "Do it to - morrow" must fol - low, Sel - fish - ness then be slain,  
 Hate is a ter - ri - ble gi - ant, Dead - ly his poi - soned darts,  
 On - ward we're marching a - gainst them, Look - ing for no de - feat.



Faith - ful to Je - sus, our Cap - tain, Vic - to - ry we shall win.  
 "For - ward to con - quer," our watch - word, "Onward," our bat - tle song.  
 Then ov - er Pride so dis - dain - ful Vic - to - ry we must gain.  
 Fight him we must to the fin - ish, Guard from him well our hearts.  
 Trust - ing in Je - sus to help us Conquer each foe we meet.





CHORUS.

On - ward, on - ward, on - ward to the fray, Won't you come and  
 join our ranks, en - list with us to - day? Fall in, fall in, and  
 join this ar - my grand, Forward march to vict'ry at our Lord's command.

**Uplift the Banner!**

G. W. DOANE.

J. B. CALKIN.

1. Up - lift the ban - ner! Let it float Skyward and sea - ward, high and wide ;  
 2. Up - lift the ban - ner! An - gels bend in anx - ious si - lence o'er the sign,  
 3. Up - lift the ban - ner! Let it float Skyward and sea - ward, high and wide ;  
 4. Up - lift the ban - ner! Wide and high, Skyward and seaward, let it shine ;

The sun shall light the shin - ing folds, The cross on which our Sav - iour died.  
 And vain - ly seek to com - pre - hend The wonder of the love di - vine.  
 Our glo - ry on - ly in the cross, Our on - ly hope the Cru - ci - fied.  
 Nor skill, nor might, nor mer - it ours ; We conquer on - ly in that sign.

1. I am rest-ing, sweet-ly rest-ing On the prom-is-es of God ;  
 2. I am hap-py, yes, I'm hap-py, Tho' I dwell in house of clay ;  
 3. I am hop-ing, glad-ly hop-ing For the com-ing of the Lord,

All the pre-cious mer-it test-ing Of the Saviour's cleansing blood.  
 And I look for some-thing bet-ter When shall dawn the per-fect day :  
 For there can be no re-vok-ing Of his true and faith-ful word:

All my tears and prayers and fast-ing For my sins could not a-tone ;  
 Then the meet-ing and the part-ing With the friends we dear-ly love  
 He who went a-way to glo-ry Shall re-turn to claim his own,

So my-self on Je-sus cast-ing Peace I found, in him a-lone.  
 Shall for-ev-er more be end-ed, In the meet-ing place a-bove.  
 And the saved shall tell the sto-ry Of his grace be-fore the throne.

## CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! For the grace of God to me!

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! For sal - va - tion full and free!

## Jesus Christ is Passing By.

J. DENHAM SMITH.

MRS. JOS. F. KNAPP.

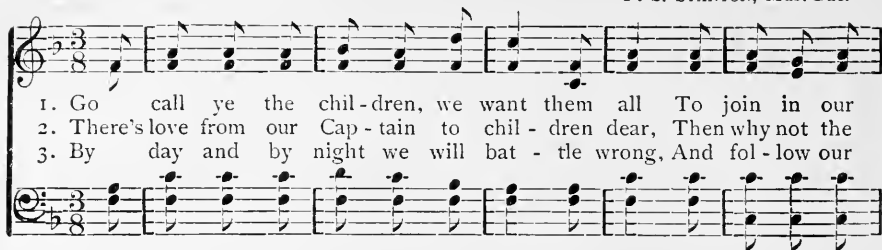
1. Je - sus Christ is pass-ing by, Sin - ner, lift to him thine eye;  
 2. Lo! he stands and calls to thee, "What wilt thou then have of me?"  
 3. "Lord, I would thy mer-cy see; Lord, re - veal thy love to me;  
 4. Oh, how sweet the touch of power Comes,—and is sal - va-tion's hour:

As the pre-cious mo-ments flee, Cry, be mer - ci - ful to me!  
 Rise, and tell him all thy need; Rise, he call - eth thee in-deed.  
 Let it pen - e - trate my soul, All my heart and life con-trol."  
 Je - sus gives from guilt re - lease, "Faith hath saved thee, go in peace!"

## Come, all ye Children.

MAHEL REYNOLDS MAKEPEACE.

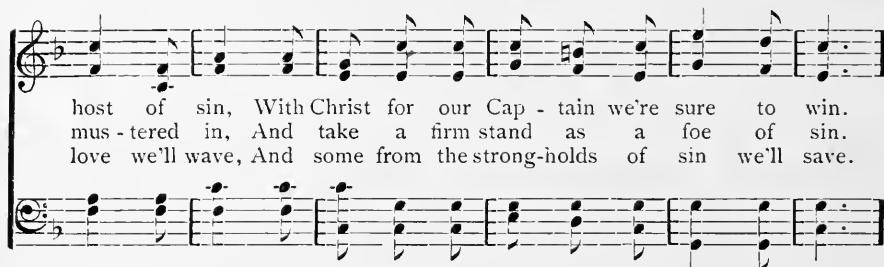
F. S. STANTON, Mus. Bac.



1. Go call ye the chil-dren, we want them all To join in our  
 2. There's love from our Cap-tain to chil-dren dear, Then why not the  
 3. By day and by night we will bat-tle wrong, And fol-low our

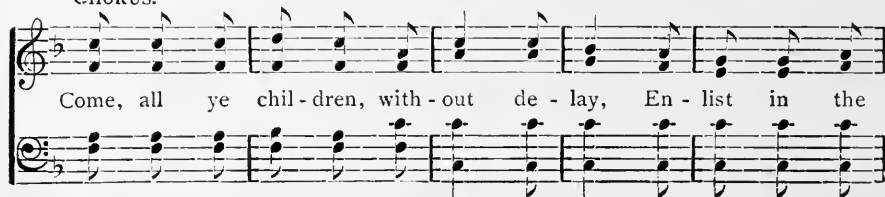


ar-my both great and small; We're fight-ing to con-quer the  
 call to his ar-my hear? Be read-y to-day to be  
 Lead-er with shout and song; Then come and his ban-ner of

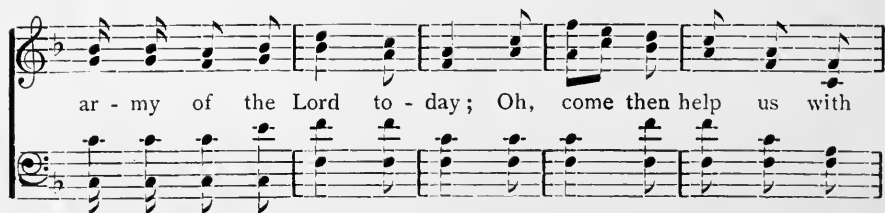


host of sin, With Christ for our Cap-tain we're sure to win.  
 mus-tered in, And take a firm stand as a foe of sin.  
 love we'll wave, And some from the strong-holds of sin we'll save.

## CHORUS.



Come, all ye chil-dren, with-out de-lay, En-list in the



ar-my of the Lord to-day; Oh, come then help us with

*rit.*

all your might. To con - quer e - vil by do - ing right.

## Praise Ye the Father.

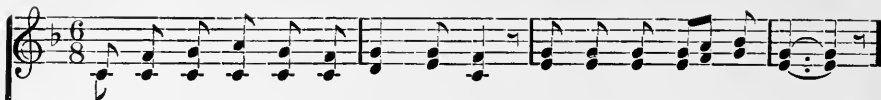
MRS. ELIZABETH CHARLES.

F. F. FLEMMING.

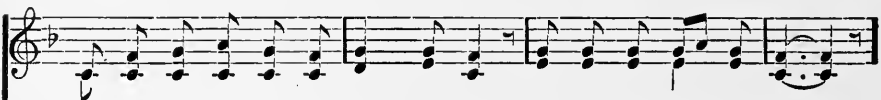
1. Praise ye the Fa - ther, for his lov - ing kind - ness,  
 2. Praise ye the Sav - iour, great is his com - pas - sion,  
 3. Praise ye the Spir - it, Com - fort - er of Is - rael,

Ten - der - ly cares he for his lov - ing chil - dren; Praise him, ye  
 Gra - cious - ly cares he for his cho - sen peo - ple; Young men and  
 Sent of the Fa - ther and the Son to bless us; Praise ye the

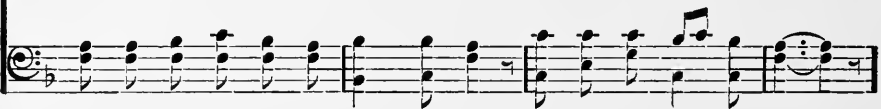
an - gels, praise him in the heav - ens, Praise ye Je - ho - vah!  
 maid - ens, ye old men and chil - dren, Praise ye the Sav - iour!  
 Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Spir - it, Praise ye the Tri - une God!



1. Who are those pilgrims in plain at-tire, Trav'ling the King's high-way?
2. Torn are their feet from the thorn-y path, Still they do not com-plain;
3. Stones that are precious must pol-ished be, Well do they un-der-stand;
4. "They shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts," Cheered by that word are they;
5. Thought of his com-ing so near at hand Each to new ef-fort stirs;



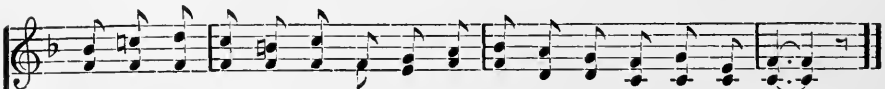
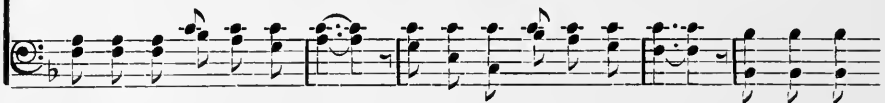
Some wondrous hope must their hearts inspire, Here they re-fuse to stay.  
 Cheer-ful-ly ev-er they press their way On-ward the prize to gain.  
 Pil-grims must look not for home and cheer, While in a hos-tile land  
 "When I shall make up my jew-els" fair, Brightly to shine for aye.  
 Thro' him that loves them right soon shall they Be more than con-quer-ors.



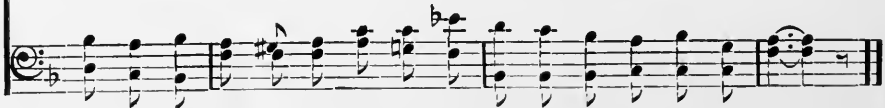
## CHORUS.



They are the jew-els of God, They are the jew-els of God; Rough stones made



beau-ti-ful, Reb-els made du-ti-ful, They are the jew-els of God.



# Jesus, Saviour, Love Divine.

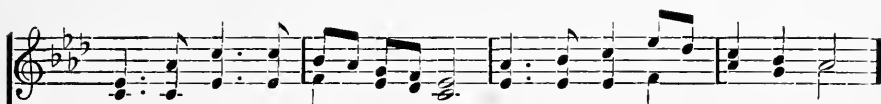
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F. S. S.

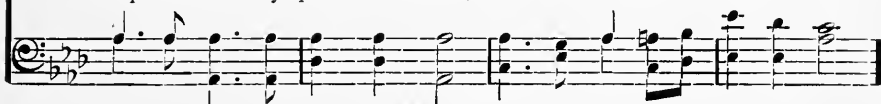
F. S. STANTON, Mus. Bac.




1. Je - sus Saviour, Love di - vine, Come and keep this heart of mine ;  
 2. May thy Spirit's ten - der glow, Thro' its ev - ery feel - ing flow ;  
 3. Waiting for the com - ing day, When all sin shall pass a - way ;  
 4. Till that day, dear Je - sus, be Ev - ery-thing I need, to me ;

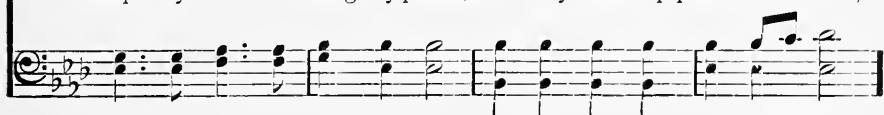

Free it from its weight of care, Keep it ten - der, full of prayer.  
 Point-ing lost ones to his blood, With its cleans-ing, heal-ing flood.  
 When the faith - ful, saved by grace, Ev - er shall be - hold his face.  
 Keep me in thy pre - cious love, Till I view thee from a - bove.




## CHORUS.



Kept by thine al - mighty power, Feel thy blood ap-plied each hour ;

Sweet - ly in thy love a - bide, Saved by keep-ing near thy side.



C. M. S.

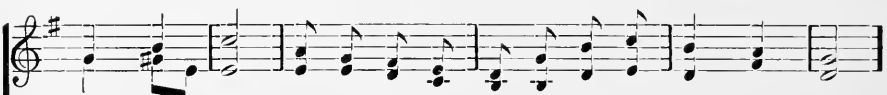
C. M. SEAMANS.



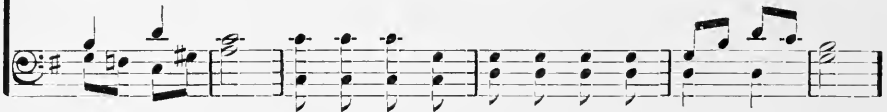
1. See the lit - tle flow - ers nod - ding in the sun, From the ear - ly
2. In the leaf - y for - est rise the state - ly trees, Swing - ing gi - ant
3. Watch the lit - tle bird - ies take their dai - ly bread; See them drink - ing
4. Let us learn the les - son of a grate - ful heart. In the songs of



morn - ing till the day is done. Lis - ten! do you hear them? this is  
 branch - es in the gen - tle breeze. Do you hear their mu - sic? Hark! the  
 wa - ter with up - lift - ed head. Do you hear them tell - ing what you  
 na - ture let us take our part. Tho' we may have tri - als, still 'tis



what they say: "Let us all be thank - ful to the Lord to - day."  
 glad re - frain: "Thank the Heav'nly Fa - ther" is their joy - ful strain.  
 ought to do? "Thank the Heav'nly Fa - ther for his love to you."  
 sweet to say: "We are ver - y thank - ful, thank - ful all the day."



## CHORUS.



Let us all be joy - ful, thank - ful ev - 'ry day, For the count - less





bless - ings all a - long our way. Let us cease com-plain-ing and with  
 glad - ness say: "We are ver - y thank - ful—thank - ful ev - 'ry day.

Consecration Prayer.

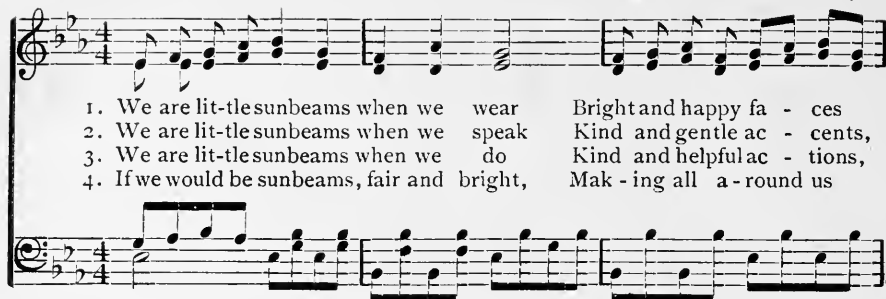
C. M. S.

C. M. SEAMANS.

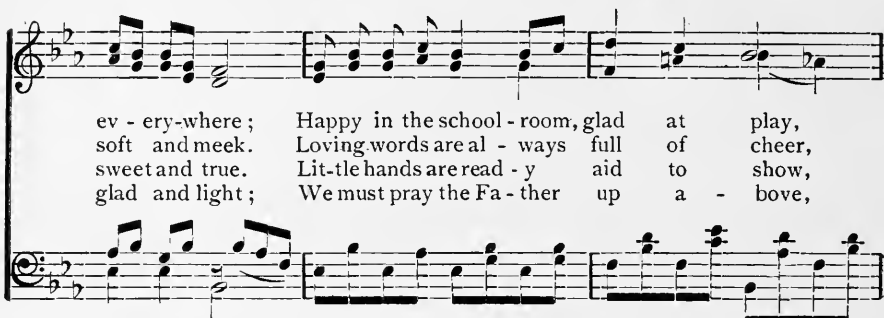
1. Come Ho - ly Spir - it, gift di - vine, Come dwell with-  
 2. Oh make me pure and clean with - in! Thy tem - ple  
 3. Not for a mom - ent, hour, nor day, And then to  
 in this heart of mine; Teach me the truths that  
 cleansed and free from sin— That I may kind and  
 take thy flight a - way; But may my heart for -  
 I should know, And lead in paths where I should go.  
 gen - tle be,— Come quick - ly and a - bide with me.  
 ev - er be, A wel - come dwell - ing place for thee.

MRS. E. F. S.

MRS. EMMA FISK SMITH.



1. We are lit-tle sunbeams when we wear Bright and happy fa - ces  
 2. We are lit-tle sunbeams when we speak Kind and gentle ac - cents,  
 3. We are lit-tle sunbeams when we do Kind and helpful ac - tions,  
 4. If we would be sunbeams, fair and bright, Mak - ing all a - round us

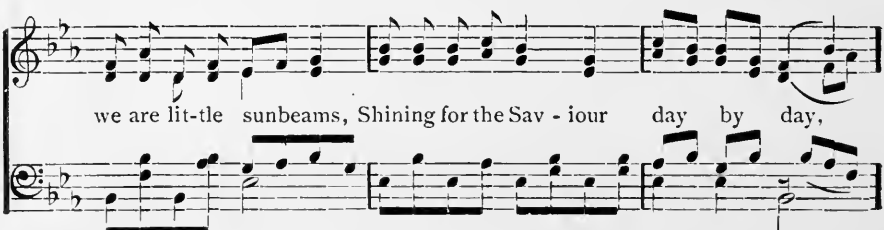


ev - ery-where ; Happy in the school - room, glad at play,  
 soft and meek. Loving words are al - ways full of cheer,  
 sweet and true. Lit-tle hands are read - y aid to show,  
 glad and light ; We must pray the Fa - ther up a - bove,

CHORUS.



Cheer-y at our du - ties ev - ery day. Sun - beams, sun - beams,  
 Blessing like the sun - shine those who hear.  
 Lit - tle feet are will - ing, swift to go.  
 That we may be ev - er filled with love.



we are lit-tle sunbeams, Shining for the Sav - iour day by day,

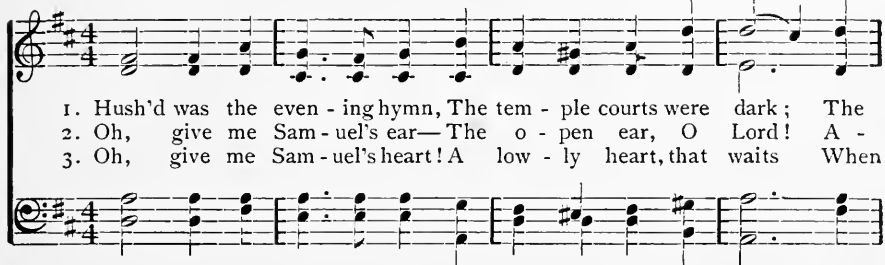


Sunbeams, sunbeams, merry little sunbeams, Chasing gloomy shadows all away.

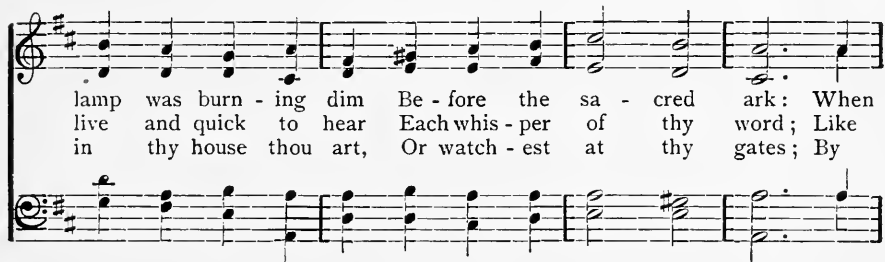
## Hushed Was the Evening Hymn.

REV. JAMES D. BURNS.

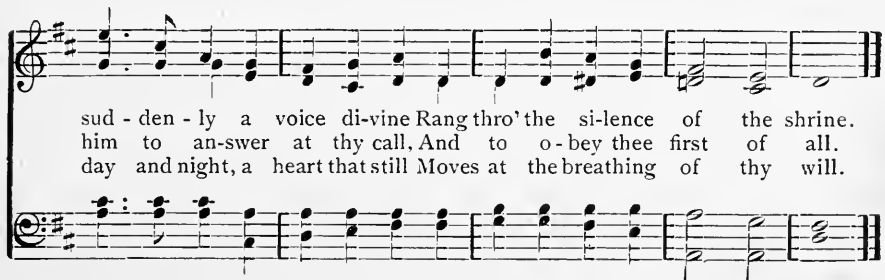
A. S. SULLIVAN.



1. Hush'd was the even - ing hymn, The tem - ple courts were dark ; The
2. Oh, give me Sam - uel's ear—The o - pen ear, O Lord! A -
3. Oh, give me Sam - uel's heart! A low - ly heart, that waits When



lamp was burn - ing dim Be - fore the sa - cred ark : When  
live and quick to hear Each whis - per of thy word ; Like  
in thy house thou art, Or watch - est at thy gates ; By




sud - den - ly a voice di-vine Rang thro' the si-lence of the shrine.  
him to an-swer at thy call, And to o-bey thee first of all.  
day and night, a heart that still Moves at the breathing of thy will.


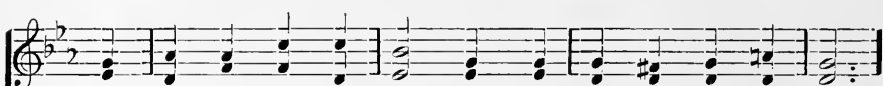
## Suffer the Children.

CARRIE WEED.


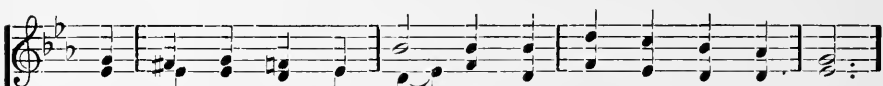
F. S. STANTON, Mus. Bac.



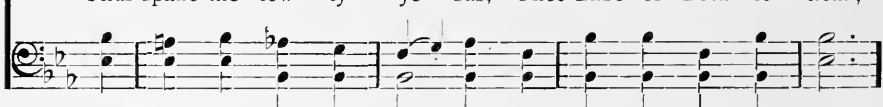

1. The moth - ers brought their chil-dren, Ar - rayed in fes - tive dress ;  
 2. The moth - ers of the chil-dren With glad-ness watched the sight ;  
 3. Suf - fer the lit - tle chil-dren, The Sav - iour said that day ;  
 4. Suf - fer the lit - tle chil-dren Of such the king - dom is ;


They clus - tered round the Sav - iour, And in his arms did rest.  
 Trust - ing that Je - sus' bless - ing Might make their young lives bright.  
 To come un - to me ev - er, Thou shalt not tell them nay.  
 If you would gain its por - tals, You must be such as these.

All ea - ger for his bless - ing, They passed their eld - ers by ;  
 Why trou - ble ye the Mas - ter? Re - buked, they sad - ly gaze ;  
 For al - ways do their an - gels, Be - fore the Fath - er stand ;  
 Thus spake the low - ly Je - sus, Once Babe of Beth - le - hem ;

The sight was like a rain - bow, New - fal - len from the sky.  
 Perchance he may be wea - ry, With chil-dren's art - less praise.  
 The shin - ing white-robed guar - dians Of child-hood's hap - py band.  
 Au - thor of full sal - va - tion, Worth more than an - y gem.

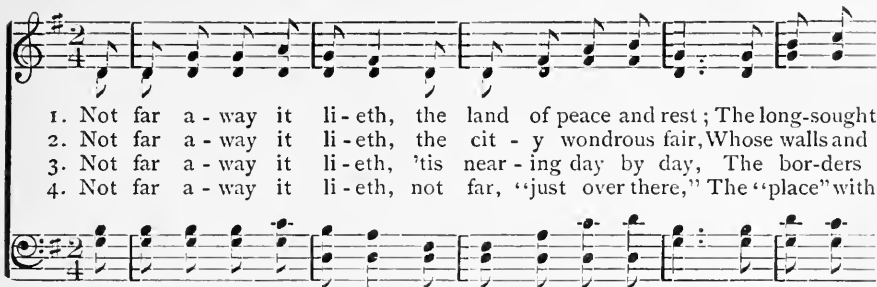


# Not Far Away.

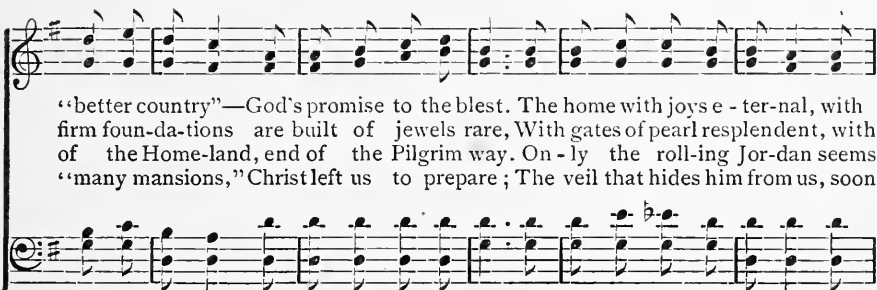
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MRS. E. E. MILES.

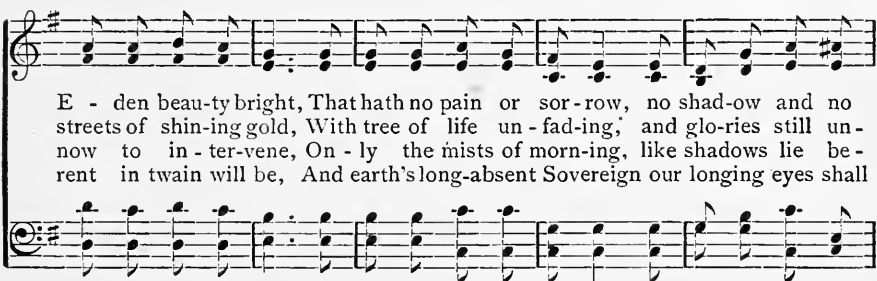
F. A. BLACKMER.



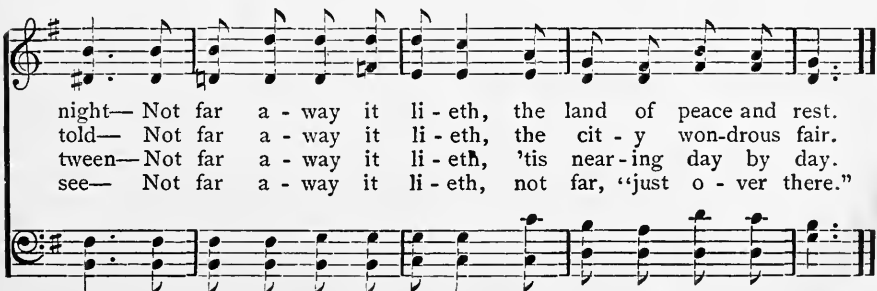
1. Not far a - way it li - eth, the land of peace and rest ; The long-sought  
 2. Not far a - way it li - eth, the cit - y wondrous fair, Whose walls and  
 3. Not far a - way it li - eth, 'tis near - ing day by day, The bor - ders  
 4. Not far a - way it li - eth, not far, "just over there," The "place" with



"better country"—God's promise to the blest. The home with joys e - ter - nal, with  
 firm foun-da-tions are built of jewels rare, With gates of pearl resplendent, with  
 of the Home-land, end of the Pilgrim way. On - ly the roll-ing Jor-dan seems  
 "many mansions," Christ left us to prepare ; The veil that hides him from us, soon



E - den beau-ty bright, That hath no pain or sor-row, no shad-ow and no  
 streets of shin-ing gold, With tree of life un - fad-ing, and glo-ries still un -  
 now to in - ter-vene, On - ly the mists of morn-ing, like shadows lie be -  
 rent in twain will be, And earth's long-absent Sovereign our longing eyes shall



night— Not far a - way it li - eth, the land of peace and rest.  
 told— Not far a - way it li - eth, the cit - y won-drous fair.  
 tween— Not far a - way it li - eth, 'tis near - ing day by day.  
 see— Not far a - way it li - eth, not far, "just o - ver there."

E. O. B. G.

EVA OTTARSON BROWN GILBERT.

1. Darkness lies on Gal - i - lee Where our Lord's di - ci - ples sail,  
 2. When thick darkness shrouds our path, Sight can pierce no space a - round,  
 3. In that night when yawns the grave Just be - fore our trembling feet,  
 4. When that day dawns bright and clear On a long - ing, wait - ing world,

When the Mas - ter's form they see And their hearts with - in them fail,  
 Un - known ter - rors shake our faith And our foot - hold seems un - sound,  
 May the prom - is - es he gave Be a rec - ol - lec - tion sweet;  
 When our Mas - ter shall ap - pear And his ban - ner be un - furled,

But a - cross the wind - swent night Comes a mes - sage sweet - ly said,  
 There is death 'and dan - ger near, Still close by our Lord brings aid,  
 Tho' each in - stinct thrills with fear, May our faith on him be stayed,  
 May we rise in new - er life, At his feet our bur - dens laid,

Still - ing all their sud - den fright, "It is I, be not a - afraid."  
 Say - ing, "Child, be of good cheer, It is I, be not a - afraid."  
 When his lov - ing voice we hear, "It is I, be not a - afraid."  
 When his voice shall still our strife, "It is I, be not a - afraid."

# When Jesus Comes Again.

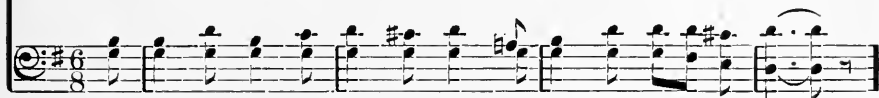
63

B. A. M., 1905.

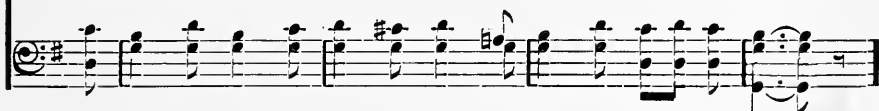
B. A. MERRELL.



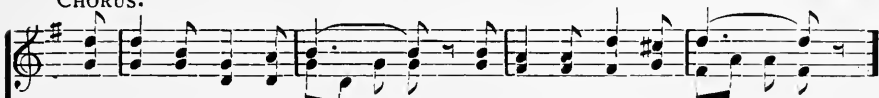
1. When Je - sus comes on earth to reign We'll meet our loved a - gain,
2. Like wand'ring sheep o'er mountains cold, Our pil - grim - age may be ;
3. O hap - py day, the saints at home, No sor - row trouble the throng ;



And while the a - gessweet - ly roll, We'll sing the new re - frain.  
But by and by we shall be-hold Our home from sin made free.  
Yes, then thro' E - den's fields we'll roam, And sing a beautiful song.



## CHORUS.



When Je - sus comes a - gain, . . . When Je - sus comes a - gain, . . .  
to earth, to reign,



E - ter - nal life the faith - ful share, When Je - sus comes a - gain.



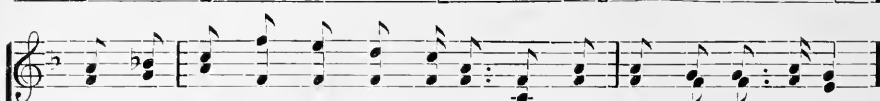
## May I Be a Jewel.

C. M. S.

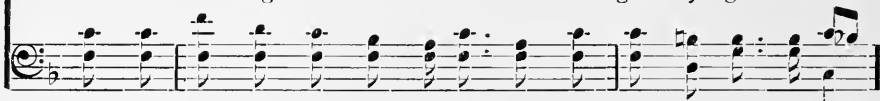
C. M. SEAMANS.



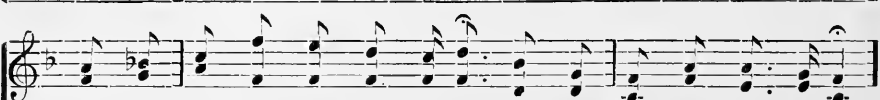
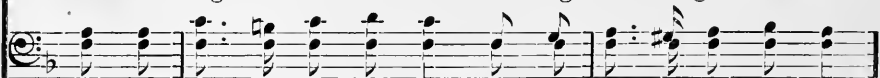
1. When the day of days shall come, And our Lord re- turns a - gain—  
 2. Here my light may not be seen By the care - less world-ly throng,  
 3. In the Bi - ble I have read How his peo - ple then shall shine,



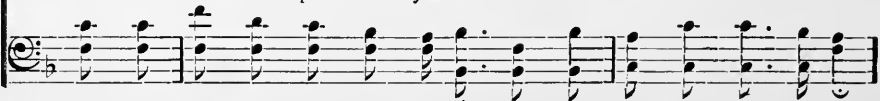
Comes in clouds of shin - ing glo-ry All his faith - ful ones to claim—  
 And they may be few who lis - ten As I sing my hap - py song;  
 As the flash - ing stars of heav - en Midst the glo - ry light di - vine.



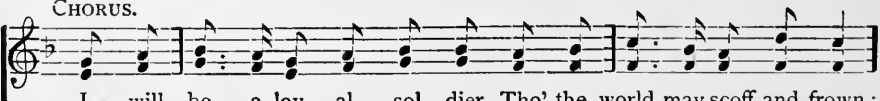
When the vic - to - ry is gained, And we lay our tro - phies down,  
 But when an - gels for his own Come the part - ed skies a - down,  
 If a - mong the wise I work, Seek - ing souls to gain re - nown,



May I be a lit - tle jew - el In the bless - ed Saviour's crown.  
 I would be a shin - ing jew - el In the bless - ed Saviour's crown.  
 I shall be a pre - cious jew - el In the bless - ed Saviour's crown.



## CHORUS.



I will be a loy - al sol - dier, Tho' the world may scoff and frown;





*ritard.*

On - ly let me be a jew - el In the bless - ed Saviour's crown.

This block contains the musical score for the first song. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff. The piece concludes with a 'ritard.' (ritardando) marking.

## I Think, When I Read.

JEMIMA LUKE.

ANON.

1. I think, when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When  
2. I wish that his hands had been placed on my head, That his  
3. Yet still to his foot-stool in pray'r I may go, And

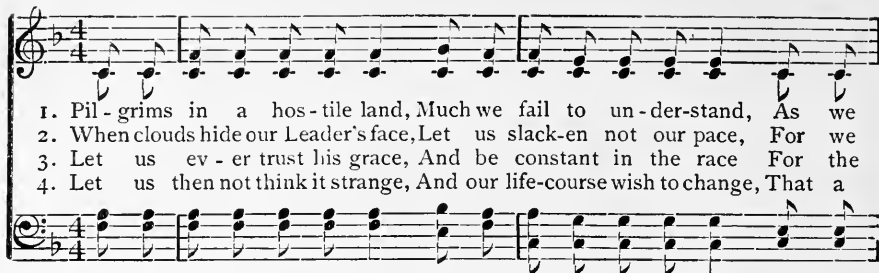
This block contains the first system of the musical score for the second song. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Je - sus was here a - mong men, How he called lit - tle chil - dren as  
arm had been thrown a-round me; And that I might have seen his kind  
ask for a share of his love; And, if I now ear - nest - ly

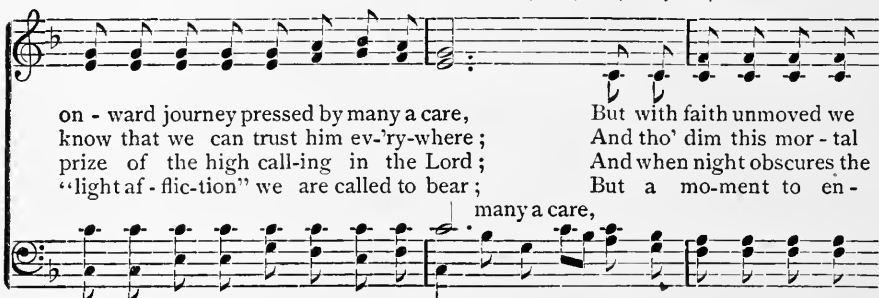
This block contains the second system of the musical score for the second song. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

lambs to his fold, I should like to have been with them then.  
look when he said, "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to me."  
seek him be - low, I shall see him and hear him a - bove.

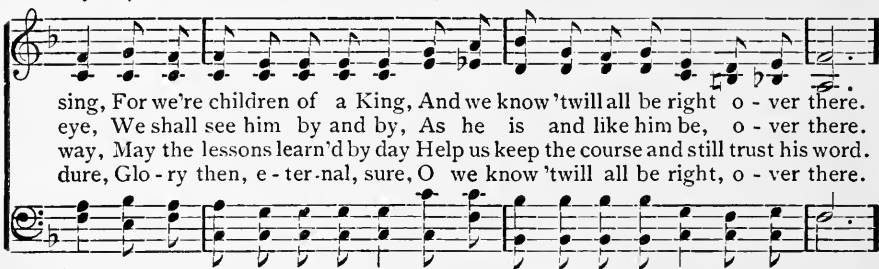
This block contains the third system of the musical score for the second song. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.



1. Pil-grims in a hos-tile land, Much we fail to un-der-stand, As we  
 2. When clouds hide our Leader's face, Let us slack-en not our pace, For we  
 3. Let us ev-er trust his grace, And be constant in the race For the  
 4. Let us then not think it strange, And our life-course wish to change, That a



on - ward journey pressed by many a care,  
 know that we can trust him ev-'ry-where;  
 prize of the high call-ing in the Lord;  
 "light af-flic-tion" we are called to bear;  
 But with faith unmoved we  
 And tho' dim this mor-tal  
 And when night obscures the  
 But a mo-ment to en-



sing, For we're children of a King, And we know 'twill all be right o - ver there.  
 eye, We shall see him by and by, As he is and like him be, o - ver there.  
 way, May the lessons learn'd by day Help us keep the course and still trust his word.  
 dure, Glo-ry then, e - ter-nal, sure, O we know 'twill all be right, o - ver there.

## CHORUS.



'Twill be right, all right o - ver there, In that land of  
 prom - ise so fair; 'Mid its glo - ries in - creas-ing, And its

joys nev - er ceas - ing, 'Twill be right, all right o - ver there.

## Beneath the Cross.

ELIZABETH C. CLEPHANE.

FREDERICK C. MAKEIG.

1. Be - neath the cross of Je - sus I fain would take my stand,  
2. Up - on that cross of Je - sus Mine eye at times can see  
3. I take, O cross, thy shad - ow For my a - bid - ing - place;

The shad - ow of a might - y Rock With - in a wea - ry land;  
The ver - y dy - ing form of One Who suf - fered there for me;  
I ask no oth - er sun - shine than The sun - shine of his face;

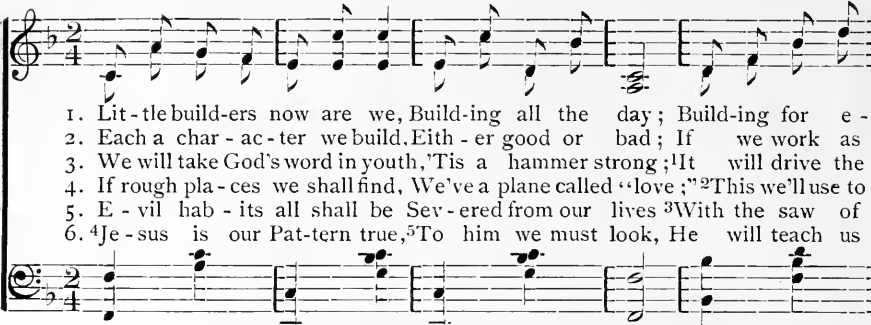
A home with - in the wil - der - ness, A rest up - on the way,  
And from my smit - ten heart with tears Two won - ders I con - fess;  
Con - tent to let the world go by, To know nor gain nor loss;

From burn - ings of the noon - tide heat And bur - dens of the day.  
The won - der of his dy - ing love And my own worth - less - ness.  
My sin - ful self my on - ly shame, My glo - ry all the cross.

C. M. S.

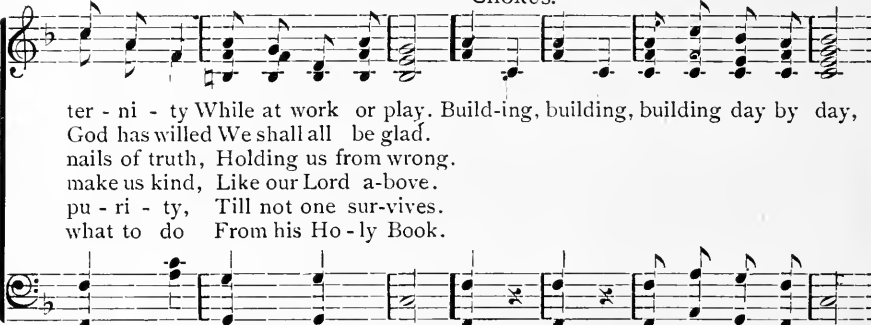
Motion Song for the Primary Class.

C. M. SEAMANS.

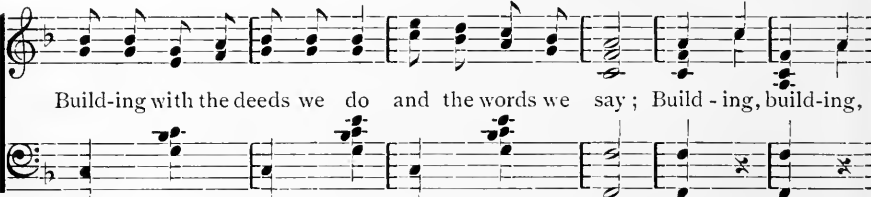


1. Lit-tle build-ers now are we, Build-ing all the day; Build-ing for e -  
 2. Each a char - ac - ter we build, Eith - er good or bad; If we work as  
 3. We will take God's word in youth, 'Tis a hammer strong; <sup>1</sup>It will drive the  
 4. If rough pla - ces we shall find, We've a plane called "love;" <sup>2</sup>This we'll use to  
 5. E - vil hab - its all shall be Sev - ered from our lives <sup>3</sup>With the saw of  
 6. <sup>4</sup>Je - sus is our Pat - tern true, <sup>5</sup>To him we must look, He will teach us

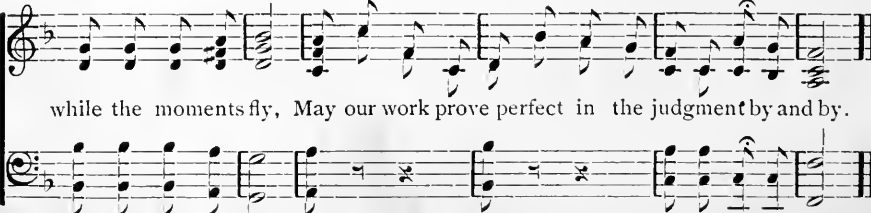
## CHORUS.



ter - ni - ty While at work or play. Build-ing, building, building day by day,  
 God has willed We shall all be glad.  
 nails of truth, Holding us from wrong.  
 make us kind, Like our Lord a - bove.  
 pu - ri - ty, Till not one sur - vives.  
 what to do From his Ho - ly Book.



Build-ing with the deeds we do and the words we say; Build - ing, build-ing,



while the moments fly, May our work prove perfect in the judgment by and by.

<sup>1</sup>Move the hand as if driving nails. <sup>2</sup>Push the hand back and forth as if using a plane. <sup>3</sup>Use the hand with an up and down motion as with a saw. <sup>4</sup>Point upward. <sup>5</sup>Look upward.

# Look to Jesus.

69

MRS. A. W. WEST.

F. S. STANTON, Mus. Bac.

1. Look to Je - sus, trust no oth - er; When all oth - ers prove un - true,  
 2. When all oth - ers prove un - faith - ful, And the world seems dark and drear;  
 3. When the world seems full of e - vil, Per - ils come from ev - ery side;  
 4. With his pre - cious blood he bought us, Oh, be - lieve his prom - ise true;

Trust in him in all earth's tri - als, For he loves and cares for you.  
 There is One that's watching o'er you, And his help is ev - er near.  
 Trust the One who will pro - tect you, In his love and grace a - bide.  
 He will bring you to his king - dom, For he loves and cares for you.

## CHORUS.

Yes, he loves

Yes, he loves

Yes, he loves and cares for you, for you, Yes, he loves and cares for

you, Trust in him what - e'er betides you, For he loves and cares for you.  
 for you,

C. M. S.

C. M. SEAMANS.

1. 'Tis the craft-y lit-tle fox-es Steal-ing in so still and sly—  
 2. Great big fox-es could not en-ter, For we ev-ery one would spy;  
 3. You must watch for "Lit-tle Cheat-er," For he creeps in ver-y still;  
 4. Ev-ery lit-tle heart's a gar-den, Plant-ed by a hand di-vine;

Ti-ny, pry-ing, peep-ing fel-lows Seek-ing to es-cape your eye;  
 We're so watch-ful for the large ones They could nev-er pass us by;  
 "Did-n't Think," and "Did-n't Mean To," Fol-low him the vines to kill;  
 If these lit-tle fox-es en-ter They will ru-in ev-ery vine.

These are dai-ly mis-chief-mak-ers, Sly-ly work-ing their de-signs,  
 But the small ones are so cun-ning That we think they do no harm;  
 Then there is "Ex-ag-ger-a-tion," Fol-lowed close by "Fib-ber" small;  
 We must ask the Lord to keep us And to help us ev-ery day;

Till at last we learn the les-son: "Lit-tle fox-es spoil the vines."  
 So the ten-der vines they dam-age Long be-fore we feel a-larm.  
 "Sel-fish-ness" and "Lit-tle Med-dler"—These are e-vil fox-es all.  
 Then the vines will grow to fruit-age And the fox-es run a-way.

## CHORUS.

Lit - tle fox - es, lit - tle fox - es, Sly - ly work - ing their de - signs—

'Tis these craf - ty lit - tle fox - es Creep - ing in that spoil the vines.

## Jesus Loves Us.

T. ALCLIFFE TESKE.

F. A. BLACKMER.

1. Je - sus loves us, Bends a - bove us; And the ten - der - ness su - preme,  
2. For 'tis Je - sus' Love that frees us From earth's night of death and sin;  
3. And the sweetness, The complete - ness, Of the shel - ter of his fold;

Lasts for - ev - er, Fails us nev - er, Lights us with its bless - ed beam.  
Say - ing, "Mor - tal, I'm the por - tal; Come, poor sin - ner, en - ter in."  
With its cheer - ing, Its en - dear - ing Light and love can ne'er be told.

F. A. B.

F. A. BLACKMER.

1. While here on the earth as a pilgrim, And bound for that long-promised home,  
 2. In sweet and in blessed communion, We journey to - geth - er a - long,  
 3. By faith I'm now walking with Je - sus, And casting on him all my care,  
 4. If then to Geth-sem-a-ne's gar-den, Or Pisgah's bold heights I shall go,

My-self tho' a stran-ger con-fess-ing, I do not in sol-i-tude roam,  
 To-day I am cheer'd with a promise, To-morrow perchance with a song;  
 His Spir-it in plen-ti-ful measure As-sists me to do and to dare;  
 If he by his Spir-it im-pel me, It is for my good, I shall know.

But have a most bless-ed com-pan-ion, My Sav-iour, so dear and so fair,  
 And all the while feeling his presence, And all the while breathing a prayer,  
 As-sists me to ev-er prove faithful, To o-ver-come ev-er-y-where,  
 Then, Saviour, con-tin-ue to guide me, To turn me from by-path and snare,

Who, when I pass thro' earth's hard places Ne'er leaves me, but goes with me there.  
 No more do I dread the hard places, Why should I? he goes with me there.  
 And lifts me a - bove earth's hard places In Je-sus, who goes with me there.  
 E'en thank-ful make me for hard places, Since thou, Lord, dost go with me there.



REFRAIN.

With him I can go a - ny - where, I will nev - er, no, nev - er de - spair ;

Tho' he calls me to pass thro' hard places, I will fear not, he goes with me there.

Englewood.

GRANVILLE P. WILSON, arranged by F. A. B.

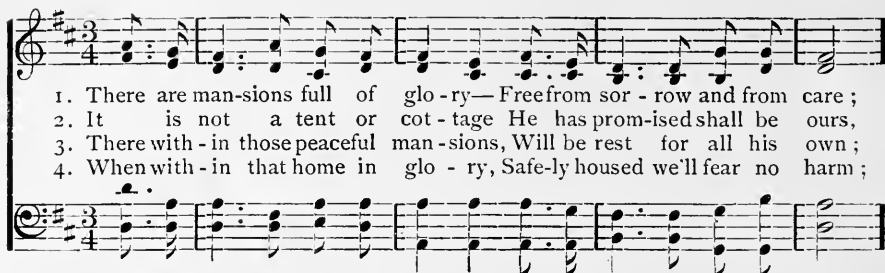
F. A. BLACKMER.

1. Not wail - ing cries, nor bells that toll Their knell o'er yawn - ing grave ;  
 2. Not pen - ance wound, nor dreadful scourge, Nor ha - tred's venom'd steel ;  
 3. The sor - row, sad - ness, weep - ing eyes, To fall - en earth are given ;  
 4. Far bet - ter seek where na - ture blooms, In groves by sigh - ing sea,  
 5. Not flames that sweep, nor winds that blow, Nor earthquake shock a - broad ;

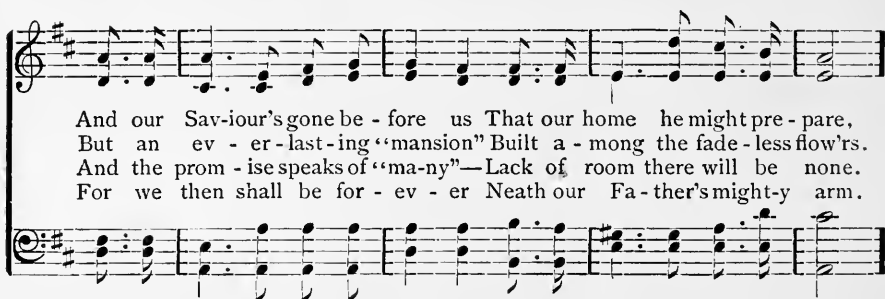
'Tis notes of joy to troubled soul, And sounds of life that save.  
 But gen - tle hand and lov - ing word, And mer - cy's sweets that heal.  
 By joy and glad - ness 'tis we rise, From earth - ly things to heaven.  
 Than con - vent cells or clois - ter's gloom. The soul from sin to free.  
 The sweet - est scenes on earth be - low, In them have most of God.

C. M. S.

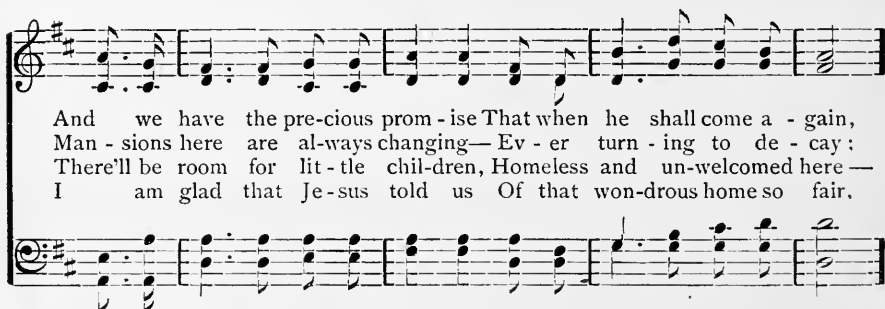
C. M. SEAMANS.



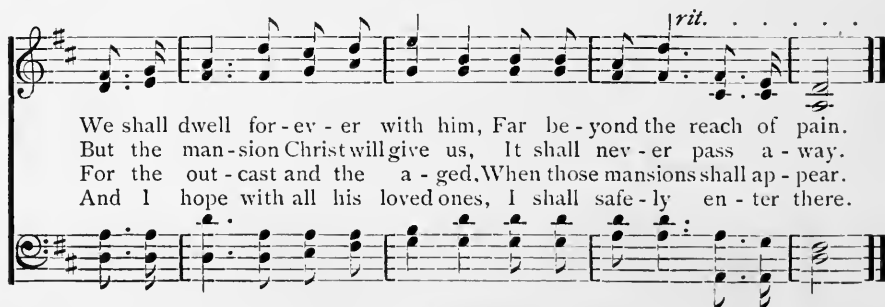
1. There are man-sions full of glo-ry—Free from sor-row and from care ;  
 2. It is not a tent or cot-tage He has prom-ised shall be ours ;  
 3. There with-in those peaceful man-sions, Will be rest for all his own ;  
 4. When with-in that home in glo-ry, Safe-ly housed we'll fear no harm ;



And our Sav-iour's gone be-fore us That our home he might pre-pare,  
 But an ev-er-last-ing "mansion" Built a-mong the fade-less flow'rs.  
 And the prom-ise speaks of "ma-ny"—Lack of room there will be none.  
 For we then shall be for-ev-er Neath our Fa-ther's might-y arm.



And we have the pre-cious prom-ise That when he shall come a-gain,  
 Man-sions here are al-ways changing—Ev-er turn-ing to de-cay :  
 There'll be room for lit-tle chil-dren, Homeless and un-welcomed here—  
 I am glad that Je-sus told us Of that won-drous home so fair.



We shall dwell for-ev-er with him, Far be-yond the reach of pain.  
 But the man-sion Christ will give us, It shall nev-er pass a-way.  
 For the out-cast and the a-ged, When those mansions shall ap-pear.  
 And I hope with all his loved ones, I shall safe-ly en-ter there.

# Submission.

75

C. E. R.

*p Andante.*

1. I know I am will-ing to go where God leads, To say what he  
2. In lon-li-est val-ley or loft-i-est hill, What care I so  
3. And when at the end of the jour-ney I meet The Lord who is

*f*  
bids me, to be what he pleads, Yet one thing I'm learn-ing, to  
long as my Lord has his will; My all I've sur-ren-dered, my -  
wait-ing his loved ones to greet; I'll hear the words "faith-ful and

wait and be still, God wants his dear chil-dren to do his whole will.  
self I re-sign To him who now keeps me by pow-er di-vine.  
true thou hast been, Re-ceive ye thy crown—and en-ter thou in."

REFRAIN *f*

Oh yes, I am willing to go or to stay, I only would know what he'd have me to do;

*rit.*

For Jesus wants children to strictly obey, While waiting and watching his coming in view.

## No Refuge Like Thee.

R. F. CHALK.

F. S. STANTON, Mus. Bac.

1. Je - sus my Sav-iour, my Rock and my For-tress, To thee for sure  
 2. Je - sus my Sav-iour, my Life, my De - liv-'rer, My Ref-uge so  
 3. Je - sus my Sav-iour, my King, he is com-ing Re - splend-ent in

Ref - uge I flee ; When Sa-tan as - sails me and dares to mo - lest me,  
 strong and so free ; While leaning on thee, peace flows like a riv - er,  
 glo - ry and power ; We'll see him, with an-gels, on that bless-ed morn-ing,

CHORUS.

I . . . find there's no Ref-uge like thee. For there's safety when hid in the  
 I've . . . found se-cure Ref-uge in thee.  
 And . . . with him we'll dwell ev - er-more.

Rock ; . . . Oh, the safe-ty I find in the Rock ; . . . No tempter, no

foe, can my life o - ver-throw. When securely I'm hid in the Rock. . . .

in the Rock.

## In Jesus' Name We Meet.

LUCY WHITMORE.

EDWARD J. HOPKINS.

1. Fa - ther, a - gain in Je - sus' name we meet And bow in  
 2. Oh, we would bless thee for thy ceaseless care, And all thy  
 3. A - las! un-worth - y of thy boundless love, Too oft with  
 4. Oh, by that name in which all ful - ness dwells, Oh, by that

pen - i - tence beneath thy feet; A - gain to thee our fee - ble  
 work from day to day de - clare! Is not our life with hour - ly  
 care - less feet from thee we rove; But now, en - cour - aged by thy  
 love which ev - 'ry love ex - cels, Oh, by that blood so free - ly

*rall.*

voi - ces raise To sue for mer - cy and to sing thy praise.  
 mer - cies crown'd? Does not thine arm en - cir - cle us a - round?  
 voice we come, Re - turn - ing sin - ners, to a Fa - ther's home.  
 shed for sin, O - pen blest mer - cy's gate, and take us in.

## Out in His Vineyard.

F. D. B.

F. D. BARNES, Arr.

1. The Mas - ter is call - ing, O come, let us go And glean in his  
2. Then out to the har - vest field seek - ing no rest Till Je - sus our

vineyard to - day ; The harvest is great and the lab'ers are few, Lord, send in more  
King shall be here ; For him let us each now be do - ing our best, For soon, ver - y

reap - ers we pray ; The fields are all white with the ripe gold - en  
soon, he'll a - pear ; Press on with the work that he gives us to

grain, The har - vest will now soon be done ; Go work in his vineyard, 'twill  
do ; Go work in his vineyard to - day, Go, seek - ing each moment this

not be in vain, If souls for the Mas - ter are won.  
blest will to know, And con - stant - ly work, watch and pray.

CHORUS.

Out in the Master's vine-yard, Seek-ing for souls a - stray ;

Work-ing most gladly for Je - sus, Out in his vineyard to - day.

Coming of Jesus.

T. ALCLIFFE TESKE.

F. A. BLACKMER.

1. Com-ing of Je - sus, Preciously near, Coming of Je - sus, Wonderful cheer.
2. Com-ing of Je - sus, Wonderful bliss, Coming of Je - sus, What joy is this ?
3. Com-ing of Je - sus, No longer night, Coming of Je - sus, With robes of white.
4. Com-ing of Je - sus, Oh, joy sublime ! Coming of Je - sus, In the near time.
5. Com-ing of Je - sus, Welcome the day, Coming of Je - sus, He is the Way.

Coming of Je - sus, Blessed and dear, Promised coming of Je - sus.  
 Coming of Je - sus, How could we miss Glorious coming of Je - sus ?  
 Coming of Je - sus, Coming in light, Life in th' coming of Je - sus.  
 Coming of Je - sus, Glad Easter chime, Second com-ing of Je - sus.  
 Coming of Je - sus, No more de-lay, Hasten, com-ing of Je - sus !

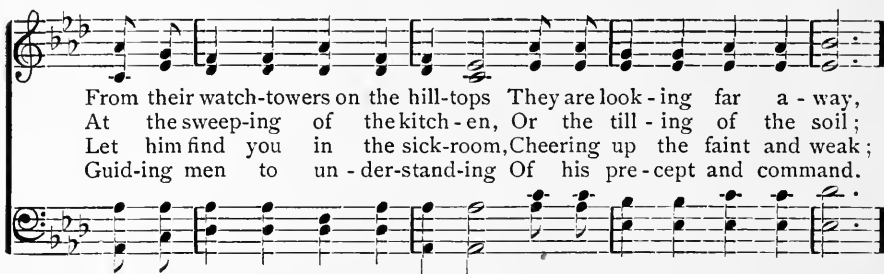
## The Coming King.

E. O. B. G.

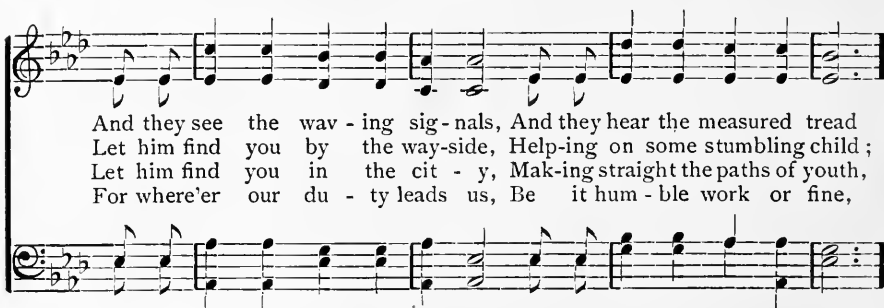
EVA OTTARSON BROWN GILBERT.



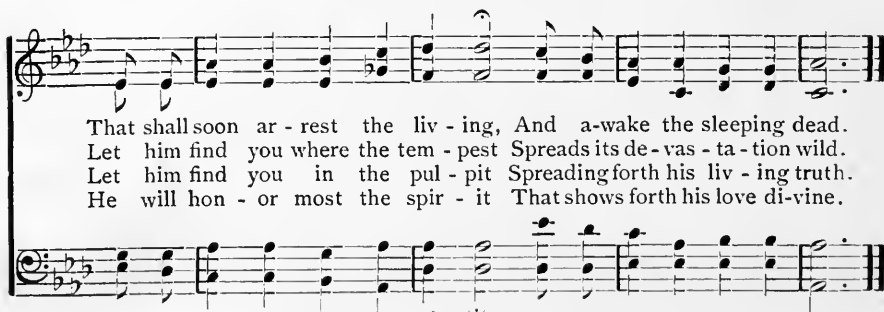
1. Lo, our King is sure - ly com - ing, Cry the sen - ti - nels to-day,  
 2. Let him find you when he com - eth, At your hum - ble dai - ly toil;  
 3. Let him find you tell - ing hea - then Of the un - known God they seek;  
 4. But wher - ev - er he may find you, Let it be with ten - der hand;



From their watch-towers on the hill-tops They are look - ing far a - way,  
 At the sweep - ing of the kitch - en, Or the till - ing of the soil;  
 Let him find you in the sick-room, Cheering up the faint and weak;  
 Guid - ing men to un - der - stand - ing Of his pre - cept and command.



And they see the wav - ing sig - nals, And they hear the measured tread  
 Let him find you by the way-side, Help - ing on some stumbling child;  
 Let him find you in the cit - y, Mak - ing straight the paths of youth,  
 For where'er our du - ty leads us, Be it hum - ble work or fine,



That shall soon ar - rest the liv - ing, And a - wake the sleeping dead.  
 Let him find you where the tem - pest Spreads its de - vas - ta - tion wild.  
 Let him find you in the pul - pit Spreading forth his liv - ing truth.  
 He will hon - or most the spir - it That shows forth his love di - vine.



# The Coming King. Concluded.

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## CHORUS.

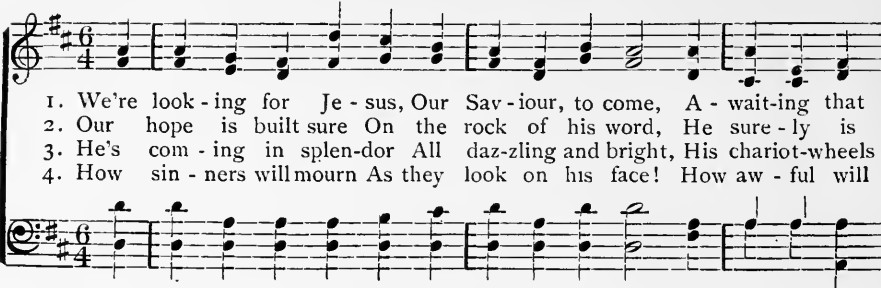
For our King is sure - ly com - ing ; An - gel hosts shall shout it then,  
But his her-alds he has cho-sen From a-mong the sons of men.

# The New Year.

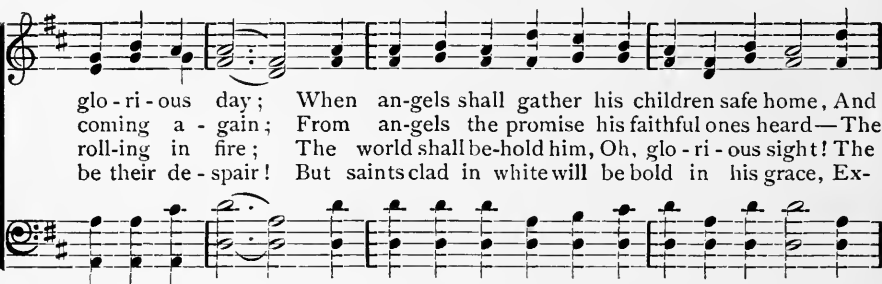
F. R. MARVIN, D. D.

F. A. BLACKMER.

1. The old year dies, the new is born ; Grant, Lord, in us as well,  
2. The glad New Year that dawns for us, Our Lord's re-turn may see,  
3. O bless - ed Son of God Most High, Thou Lamb for sin - ners slain,  
4. To Fa - ther, Son and Ho - ly Ghost, The God whom we a - dore,  
The old and sin - ful self may die, The new thy prais-es swell.  
When all the ransomed Church with him For ev - er - more shall be.  
Our long-ing hearts cry out for thee, Nor shall they cry in vain.  
Be hon-or, praise and glo - ry given, Both now and ev - er - more.




1. We're look - ing for Je - sus, Our Sav - iour, to come, A - wait - ing that  
 2. Our hope is built sure On the rock of his word, He sure - ly is  
 3. He's com - ing in splen - dor All daz - zling and bright, His chariot - wheels  
 4. How sin - ners will mourn As they look on his face! How aw - ful will



glo - ri - ous day; When an - gels shall gather his children safe home, And  
 coming a - gain; From an - gels the promise his faithful ones heard—The  
 roll - ing in fire; The world shall be - hold him, Oh, glo - ri - ous sight! The  
 be their de - spair! But saints clad in white will be bold in his grace, Ex -

CHORUS.

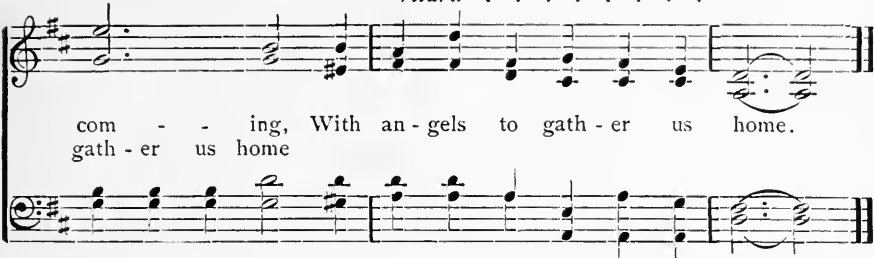


sor - row and tears flee a - way. We're look - ing, we're look -  
 Mas - ter is com - ing to reign.  
 Christ clad in king - ly at - tire.  
 pect - ing his glo - ry to share. looking, yes, looking for Je - sus to



ing, We're look - ing for Je - sus to come; He's com - ing, he's  
 come, com - ing, with angels to

*ritard* . . . . .



com - - ing, With an - gels to gath - er us home.  
gath - er us home

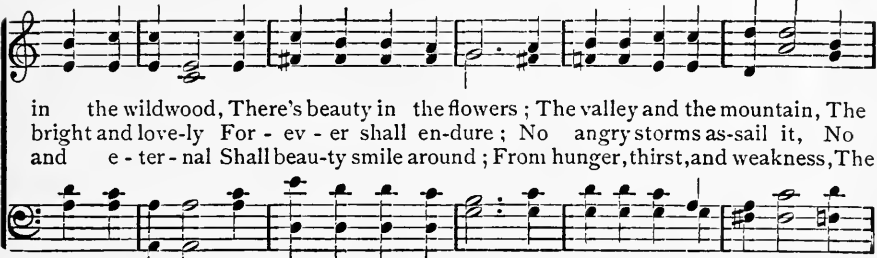
## The Beautiful World.

H. STINSON.

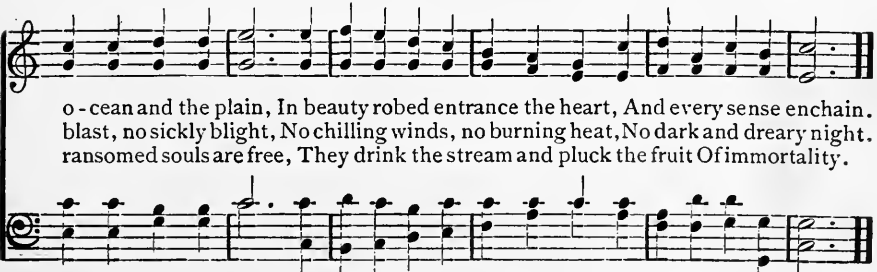
F. S. STANTON, Mus. Bac.



1. There's beauty in the sun-shine, There's beauty in the showers, There's beauty  
2. But there's a world of prom - ise More beau - ti - ful and pure, Where all that's  
3. One sea - son bland and ver - nal Shall bless that hallowed ground, And changeless



in the wildwood, There's beauty in the flowers ; The valley and the mountain, The  
bright and love-ly For - ev - er shall en-dure ; No angr y storms as-sail it, No  
and e - ter - nal Shall beau-ty smile around ; From hunger, thirst, and weakness, The



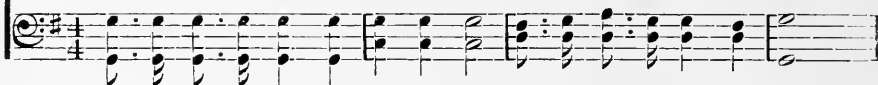
o - cean and the plain, In beauty robed entrance the heart, And every sense enchain.  
blast, no sickly blight, No chilling winds, no burning heat, No dark and dreary night.  
ransomed souls are free, They drink the stream and pluck the fruit Of immortality.

## Glory in the Highest.

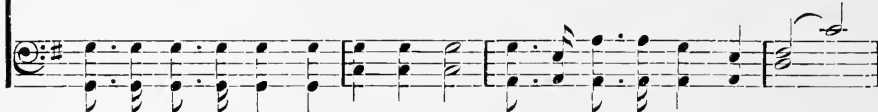
THORO HARRIS.



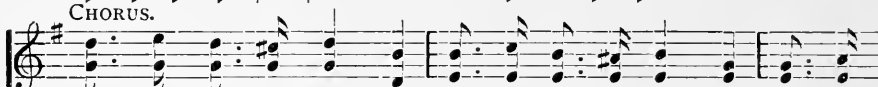
1. Hark! I hear ten thousand voi - ces sing, Glo - ry be to God on high!
2. Now o'er all the world his ban - ner waves, Let the saints glad voi - ces raise;
3. Sound the proc - la - ma - tion loud and grand, Spread the tidings far and near,
4. Haste, proclaim the year of ju - bi - lee, Shout a - loud the glad re - frain,



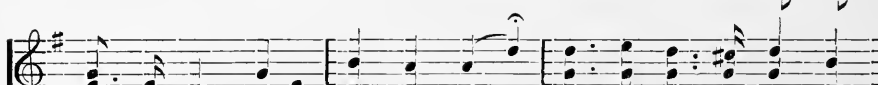
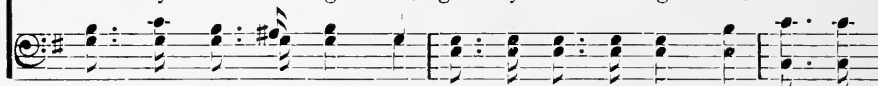
While the choirs of an - gels hail their King, "Glo - ry!" let the earth re - ply.  
 Hail the promised Christ who Is - rael saves, Swell the notes of ho - ly praise.  
 Tell the joy - ful news to ev - 'ry land, Let the wait - ing na - tions hear.  
 "Lo, thy King re - turn - eth un - to thee, Christ o'er all the world shall reign."



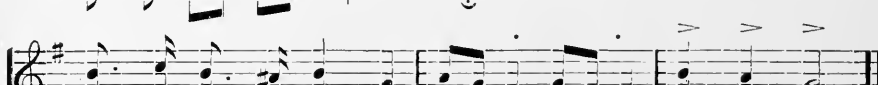
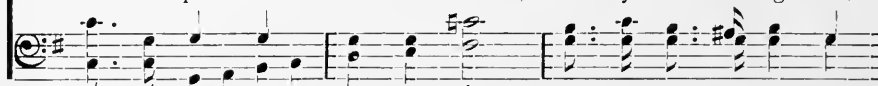
## CHORUS.



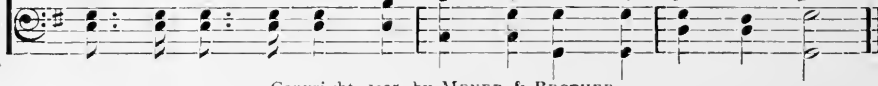
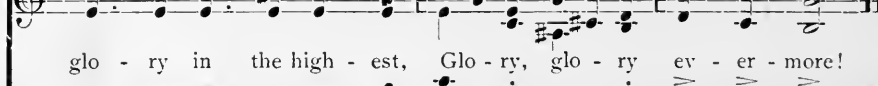
Glo - ry in the high - est, glo - ry in the high - est, Sound his



match - less praise from shore to shore; Glo - ry in the high - est,



glo - ry in the high - est, Glo - ry, glo - ry ev - er - more!



# Rejoicing Together.

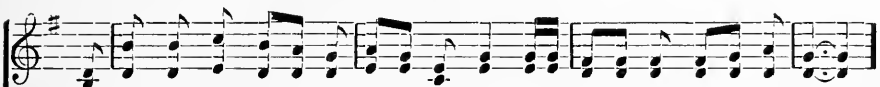
85

SUSAN E. GAMMONS.

F. A. BLACKMER.



1. A sow - er with weeping went forth to sow - Went bearing the precious seed ;
2. The seed soon sprung up which the sower cast ; It grew both by night and day ;
3. When the " Lord of the Harvest " shall come to receive And garner his ripened wheat,



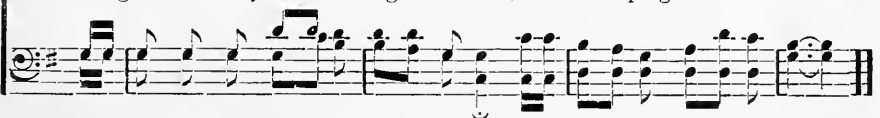
He pass'd where the wayside vines droop'd low, Pass'd over the dew - y mead.  
And lo, e'er the har - vest time had pass'd, A reap - er strayed that way -  
The sow - er and reaper together, their sheaves With rejoicing shall lay at his feet ;



From ear - ly dawn till the stars came out, He scattered the gold - en grain,  
He reaped the grain with a hap - py song ; His sic - kle was keen and bright ;  
To - gether shall en - ter the heav'nly rest, To sow and to reap no more ;



A - like on the hill-side parch'd with drought, A - like on the fer - tile plain.  
Heavy la - den with sheaves he passed a - long In the ro - sy, sun - set light.  
To - geth - er shall join in the song of the blest, For the weeping time will be o'er.



L. D. HARRINGTON.

F. S. STANTON, Mus. Bac.

1. Oh! sing the sweet, sweet sto-ry, Of Je - sus Christ a - bove, Of Je - sus  
 2. Oh! tell the sweet, sweet sto-ry, Oh! tell it o'er and o'er, Of Je - sus  
 3. Oh! sweet-est, sweetest sto - ry, We car - ol notes of joy! All hail the

in his glo - ry, Of him whose name is love. Oh! sing with music thrilling, Let  
 Christ in glo - ry, Of love for ev - er - more : Of love which knows no ending, The  
 coming glory, Praise doth our songs employ. Oh! sing when comes the dawning, Sweet

sweetest joy-bells ring, Till many hearts are will - ing To crown him Lord and King.  
 love of God a - bove; Justice and mer - cy blend - ing, In life and grace and love.  
 by and by fore - told; Sing in the Heav'nly Morning, The sto - ry sweet and old.

## CHORUS.

Oh! sing the sweet, sweet sto - ry; Ring, gos - pel joy - bells, ring :

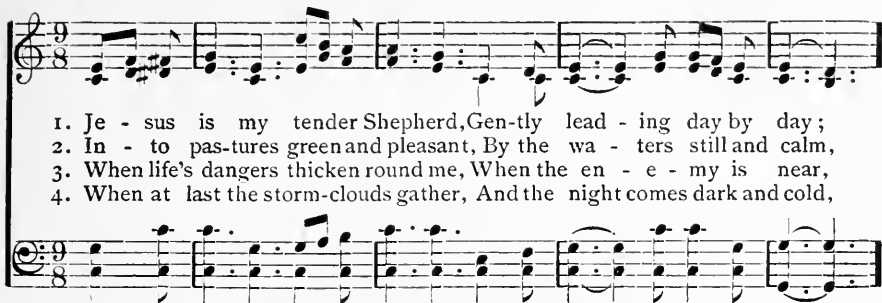
Hail Je - sus in his glo - ry, And crown him Lord and King.

# Jesus My Shepherd.

87

C. M. S.

C. M. SEAMANS.

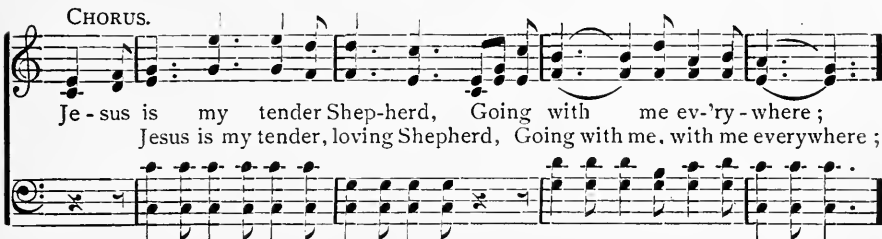


1. Je - sus is my tender Shepherd, Gen - tly lead - ing day by day;  
 2. In - to pas - tures green and pleasant, By the wa - ters still and calm,  
 3. When life's dangers thicken round me, When the en - e - my is near,  
 4. When at last the storm-clouds gather, And the night comes dark and cold,

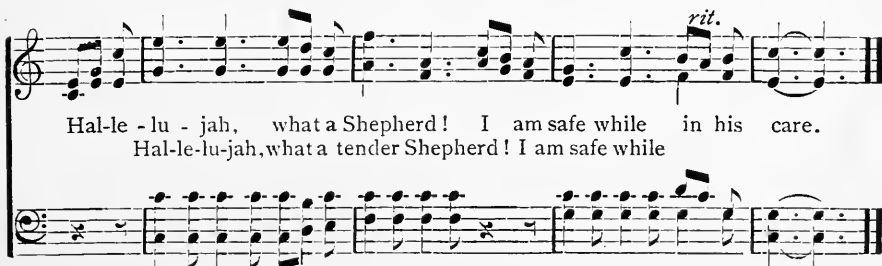


Watching me with ceaseless vig - il, Lest I from him go a - stray.  
 There my Shepherd goes be - fore me, Shielding me from want and harm.  
 Then my Shepherd, sweet - ly speaking, Bids me nev - er doubt or fear.  
 When earth's toil, and care is end - ed, I shall rest with - in his fold.

CHORUS.



Je - sus is my tender Shep - herd, Going with me ev - 'ry - where;  
 Jesus is my tender, loving Shepherd, Going with me, with me everywhere;



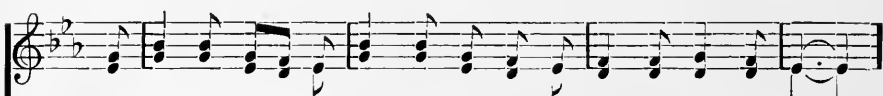
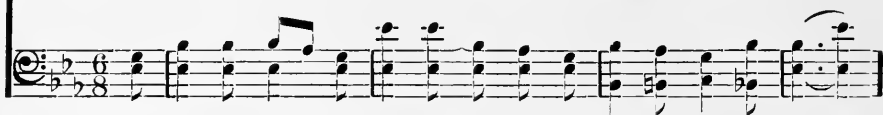
Hal - le - lu - jah, what a Shepherd! I am safe while in his care.  
 Hal - le - lu - jah, what a tender Shepherd! I am safe while

JENNIE WILSON.

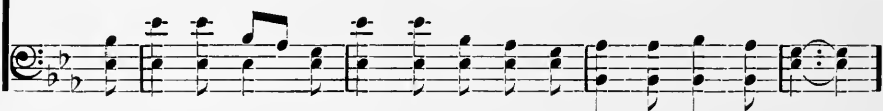
Arr. by B. A. MERRELL.



1. Go for-ward in the name of Je - sus, Go forward with-out fear ;
2. Go for-ward day by day re - ly - ing On guid-ance from a - bove ;
3. Press on, how-ev - er steep or strong The way in which you go ;
4. Pause not, and soon o'er Jordan's riv - er, With rest and tri-umph won,



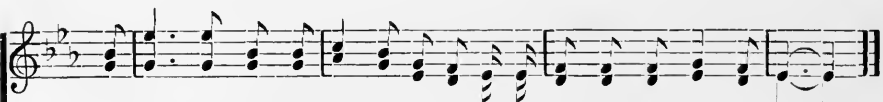
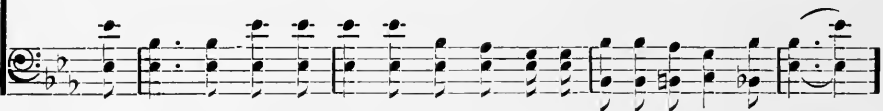
The con-flict may be long and wea - ry, But help di - vine is near.  
 From per - il you are safe - ly shield-ed By ev - er - last-ing love.  
 De-pend on him who o - ver-com - eth, When'er you meet the foe.  
 Your soul will thrill with joy while hear-ing The Mas - ter say, "Well done."



## CHORUS.



Go for - ward in the name of Je - sus, Till you en-ter the promised land ;



Go for - ward in the name of Je - sus, And with conquering legions stand.





# He Cares for Me.

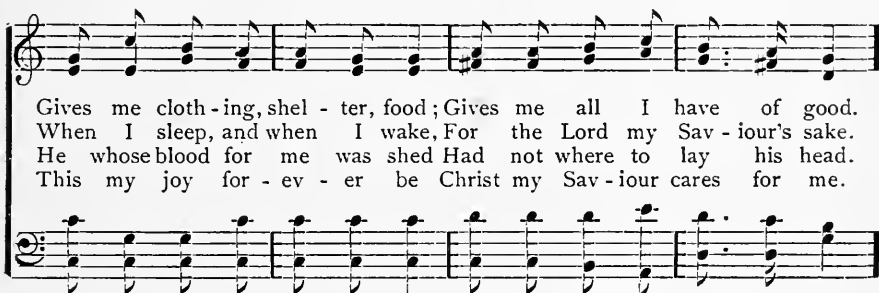
89

ANON.

F. S. STANTON, Mus. Bac.



1. Poor and need - y though I be, Christ my Sav - iour cares for me ;  
 2. He will hear me when I pray, And will keep me night and day ;  
 3. He who reigns a - bove the sky Once be - came as poor as I ;  
 4. Then to him I'll tune my song, Hap - py as the day is long ;

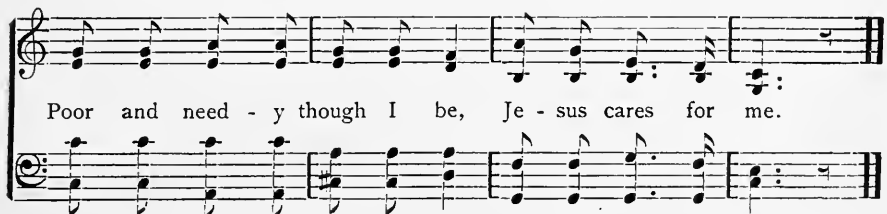


Gives me cloth - ing, shel - ter, food ; Gives me all I have of good.  
 When I sleep, and when I wake, For the Lord my Sav - iour's sake.  
 He whose blood for me was shed Had not where to lay his head.  
 This my joy for - ev - er be Christ my Sav - iour cares for me.

CHORUS.



Poor and need - y though I be, Christ my Sav - iour cares for me ;



Poor and need - y though I be, Je - sus cares for me.

C. M. S.

C. M. SEAMANS.

1. In the realms of light and glo - ry There's a cit - y pure and bright ;  
 2. 'Tis a cit - y for im - mor - tals, Clear as crys - tal, daz - zling white ;  
 3. Now my soul is filled with glad - ness As I read of streets of gold ;  
 4. Sun and moon are need - ed nev - er In that cit - y fair to shine ;

Cit - y blest of Bi - ble sto - ry— Far too pure for mor - tal sight.  
 In its walls twelve pear - ly por - tals Lead to joy and pure de - light.  
 There will come no tinge of sad - ness When within that sa - cred fold.  
 For its streets are light - ed ev - er By the Lord and Lamb di - vine.

## CHORUS.

Oh, the sweet and blessed sto - ry! Cit - y filled with light and love ;  
 Oh, the sweet cit - y filled


*ritard.*  
 Soon 'tis com - - ing down from glo - ry— Coming down from God a - bove.  
 Soon 'tis coming

# Carry My Weak Ones.

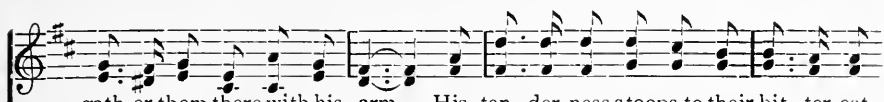
91

E. O. B. G.

EVA OTTARSON BROWN GILBERT.

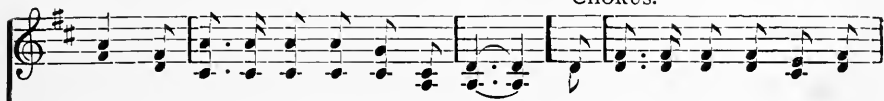


1. "He shall car - ry the lambs in his bo - som," we read, He shall  
 2. To us he has giv - en the care of the sheep, To  
 3. For one day he com - eth to gath - er his own, And

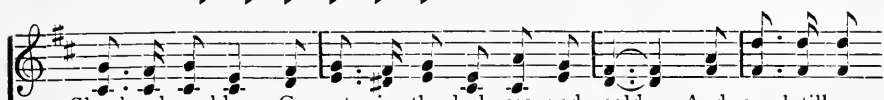


gath - er them there with his arm, His ten - der - ness stoops to their bit - ter - est  
 lead them un - til he shall come To seek for the lost ones o'er val - ley and  
 what will we have then to say? He'll ask for the soul of the broth - er we've


## CHORUS.



need, In him there is shel - ter from harm. Go car - ry my weak ones, the  
 steep, And bring them all faith - ful - ly home.  
 known Who fainted and fell by the way.



Shepherd would say, Go out in the darkness and cold, And search till you



find them tho' far they may stray, And car - ry them safe to the fold.

## The Glorious Change.

C. M. S.

C. M. SEAMANS.

1. Soon shall our Sav-iour in glo-ry ap-pear, Soon his sweet voice from a-  
 2. Then in a mo-ment—a flash of the eye—We shall be changed and we  
 3. No more gray hairs, for we'll nev-er grow old; Heartaches shall nev-er be  
 4. Oh, hal-le-lu-jah, what joy fills the soul! Peace shall be ours while the

bove we shall hear; When he shall speak what a change there will be!  
 nev-er can die; Then shall our bod-ies, so weak and so frail,  
 known we are told. Forms that are blight-ed and wast-ing a-way  
 bright a-ges roll; Changed to the im-age of Je-sus our King—

## CHORUS.

From ev-ery bur-den we then shall be free. Oh, what a change!  
 O-ver all sick-ness for-ev-er pre-vail. glo-ri-ous  
 Changed and immor-tal shall nev-er de-cay.  
 Sat-is-fied then in his like-ness we'll sing.

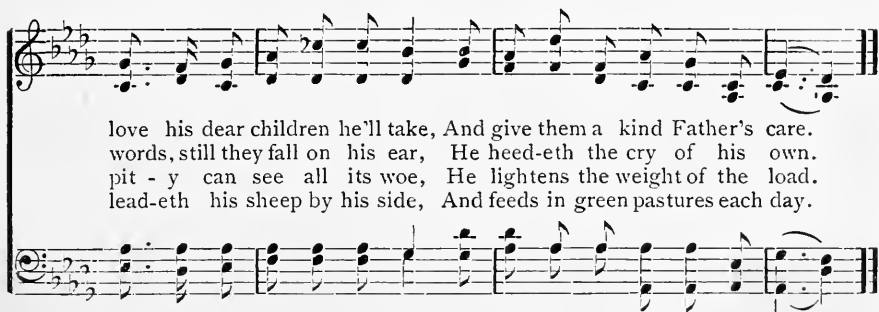
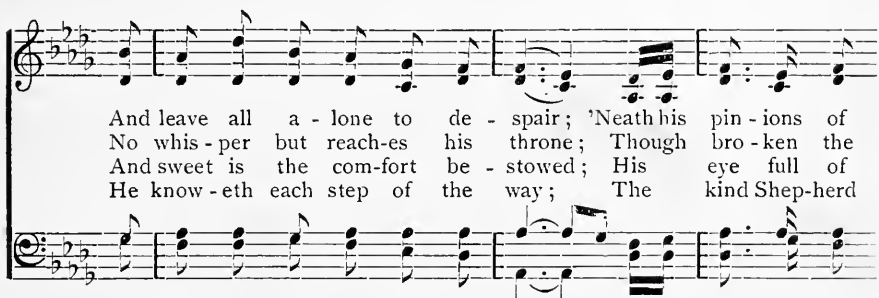
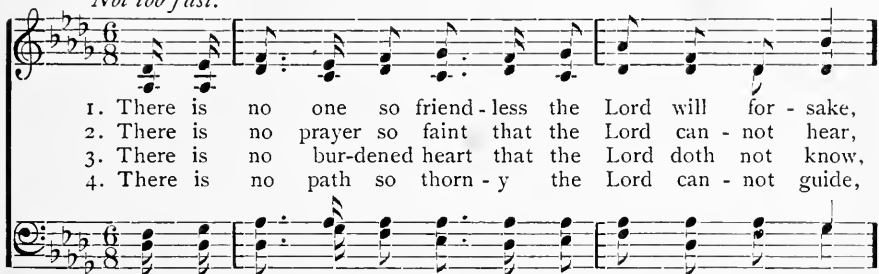
glo-ri-ous change! Oh what a glo-ri-ous change! . . . We shall be  
 change that will be!



## The Tender, Loving, Mighty Lord.

MRS. E. E. MILES.

F. A. BLACKMER.

*Not too fast.*

## My Leading Star.

R. F. CHALK.

F. S. STANTON, Mus. Bac.

1. Star of the morning, beau-ti-ful, bright, Shin-ing with lus-tre by  
 2. Light in the darkness,—beauti-ful star, Flash-ing thy rays where the  
 3. Star of sal-va-tion, bril-liant-ly shine, Ev-er a-round me my

day and by night; Light-ing my path-way, oh, what de-light!  
 deep shad-ows are, Com-fort in sor-row and hope in de-spair,  
 life to enshrine; Lead, and I'll fol-low and ev-er be thine,

CHORUS.  
 Guid-ing my footsteps al-ways a-right. Shine on! shine on! Je-sus my star,  
 Balm to my soul, oh gem, thou art rare.  
 Je-sus my safe-ty, now thou art mine.

Guid-ing me safe-ly thro' this world of strife; Shine on, shine on!

Filled with de-light I hail thy bright-ness, Star of my life.

# Thy Word is Like a Garden.

95

EDWIN HODDER.

ANON.



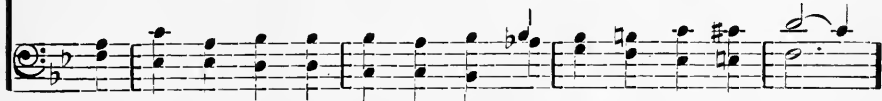
1. Thy Word is like a gar - den, Lord, With flow - ers bright and fair ;
2. Thy Word is like a star - ry host : A thou - sand rays of light
3. O may I love thy pre - cious Word ; May I ex - plore the mine,



And ev - 'ry one who seeks may pluck A love - ly clus - ter there.  
Are seen to guide the trav - 'ler home And make his path - way bright.  
May I its fra - grant flow - ers glean, May light up - on me shine!




Thy Word is like a deep, deep mine ; And jew - els rich and rare  
Thy Word is like an ar - m'y grand Where soldiers may re - pair  
O may I find my ar - mor there ! Thy Word my trust - y sword ;

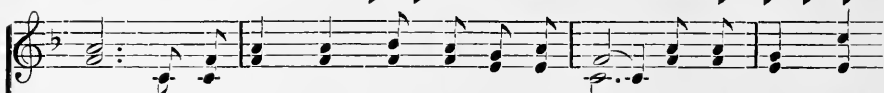


Are hid - den in its might - y depths For ev - 'ry searcher there.  
And find for life's long bat - tle - day All need - ful weap - ons there.  
I'll learn to fight with ev - 'ry foe The bat - tle of the Lord.

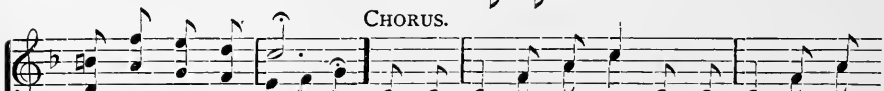




1. I will bless the Lord for - ev - er - more, Joy - ful - ly sing prais-es to his  
 2. How my soul doth mag-ni - fy the Lord, Who inclined his ear and heard my  
 3. From the depths of hu - man sin and woe, Where no arm of flesh could reach and  
 4. O how peaceful now the life I live, O how sweet the song he gave to



name; I will tell the won-ders of his love, And his good - ness  
 cry, Put a glad, new song in - to my mouth, Ev - en praise to  
 save, He hath lift - ed me to heights a - bove, Where no more can  
 me, And how pleas - ant is the way he leads. Glo - ry to his




CHORUS.

all a-broad pro - claim. For he brought me up out of an hor - ri - ble  
 him who rules on high.  
 sin my soul en - slave.  
 name for-ev - er be!



pit, The pit of mir - y clay, miry clay, And he set my feet up-on a  
 rock. . . . .



rock, the sol - id rock, And es-tab-lished my go-ings in the heav'nly way.

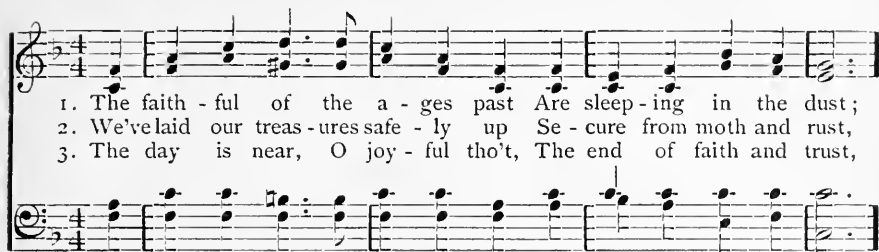


# Better Things for Us.

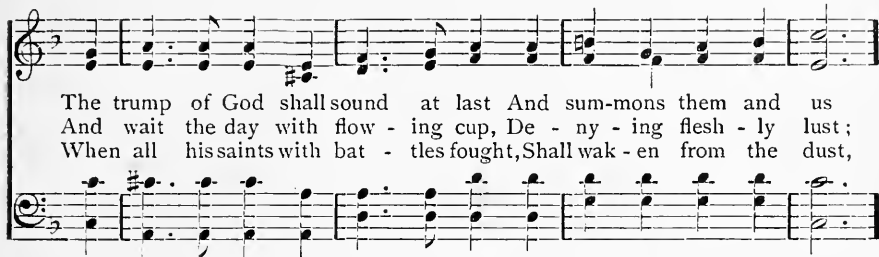
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HENRY STONE.

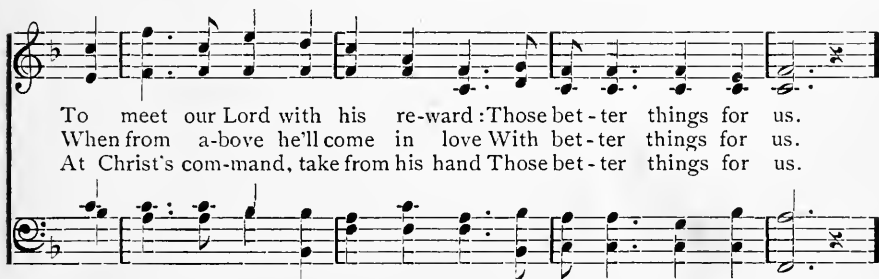
BESSIE DOOLITTLE.



1. The faith - ful of the a - ges past Are sleep - ing in the dust;  
 2. We've laid our treas - ures safe - ly up Se - cure from moth and rust,  
 3. The day is near, O joy - ful tho't, The end of faith and trust,

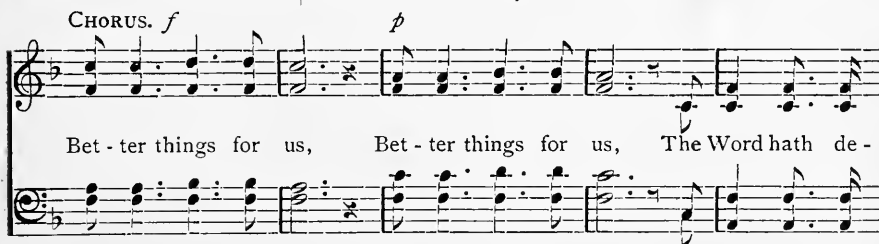


The trump of God shall sound at last And sum - mons them and us  
 And wait the day with flow - ing cup, De - ny - ing flesh - ly lust;  
 When all his saints with bat - tles fought, Shall wak - en from the dust,

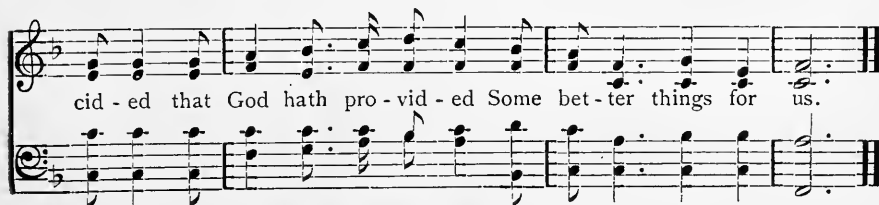


To meet our Lord with his re - ward: Those bet - ter things for us.  
 When from a - bove he'll come in love With bet - ter things for us.  
 At Christ's com - mand, take from his hand Those bet - ter things for us.

CHORUS. *f* *p*



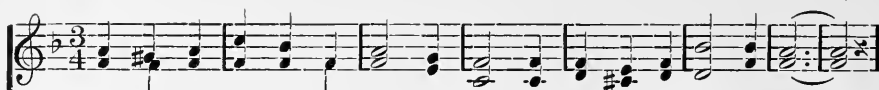
Bet - ter things for us, Bet - ter things for us, The Word hath de -



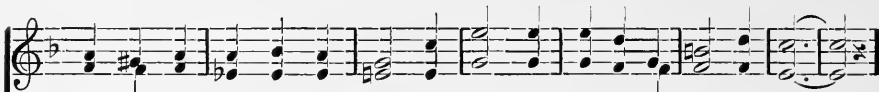
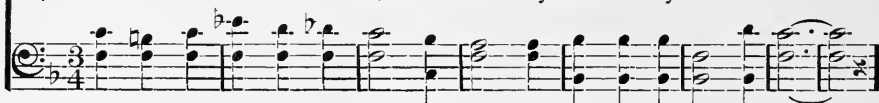
cid - ed that God hath pro - vid - ed Some bet - ter things for us.

C. M. S.

C. M. SEAMANS.



1. What wilt thou have me to do, dear Lord? I'm wait-ing on bend-ed knee;
2. Where wilt thou have me to go, dear Lord? Some er-rand of love make known,
3. What wilt thou have me to say, dear Lord As on-ward thro' life I go?
4. What wilt thou have me to be, dear Lord? My life and my all are thine.



List - en - ing now for thy pre-cious word, I long to be used of thee.  
Which will to sor-row-ing hearts af-ford Sweet peace from thy heav'nly throne.  
Deep in my heart precious truth's re-cord Which thou wouldst have others know.  
Bind me to thee with love's gold-en cord, A-round me thine arms en-twine.



## CHORUS.



Take . . . me, dear Lord, . . . Teach . . . me thy  
Take me, O take me and use me, dear Lord, Teach me, O teach me thy



word. . . Humb-ly I pray, take me to - day— Take me, dear Lord, to-day.  
life-giv-ing word.




MABEL REYNOLDS MAKEPEACE.


F. S. STANTON, Mus. Bac.



1. Sing on, sing on, ye chil - dren, This is your day for song;  
 2. Sing on, sing on, ye chil - dren, And let your glad song rise  
 3. Sing on, sing on, ye chil - dren, Sing for the Christ a - bove;



The birds, the flow - ers praise him, Your praise to him pro - long.  
 In joy and glad - ness sing - ing, Till it shall reach the skies;  
 When on the earth he blest us, And showed for us his love.



All earth is glad for Je - sus, And chil - dren too, may sing,  
 For Je - sus is our Shep - herd, His lit - tle lambs are we;  
 May we our whole hearts give him, Our thot's, our words, our deeds,



Our hearts are glad he liv - eth, Our prais - es we will sing.  
 Then let us sing his prais - es, And joy - ful, hap - py be.  
 And strive to be his chil - dren, To fol - low where he leads.

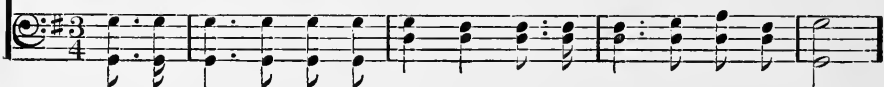
## Be Careful How You Speak.

C. M. S.

C. M. SEAMANS.



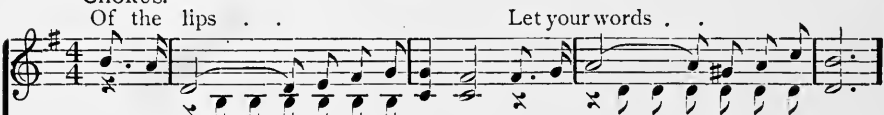
1. With our lips God gave a bless - ing, But be care - ful how you speak ;
2. Ma - ny times a-long life's jour - ney An - gry words give oth - ers pain ;
3. There are hearts now wrung with an - guish At the mem - 'ry of the past ;
4. As we think of pre - cious jew - els Ly - ing still and cold in death ;



Bit - ter words and has - ty speech-es Crush the ten - der and the weak.  
 Once they're spoken, tears and sor - row Can - not bring them back a - gain.  
 Cru - el words to loved ones spoken—How they pierce the heart at last.  
 Thoughtless words once harshly spok-en, Haunt us till our lat - est breath.



## CHORUS.

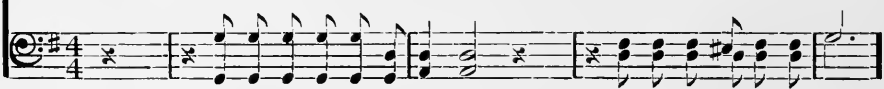


Of the lips . . .

Let your words . . .

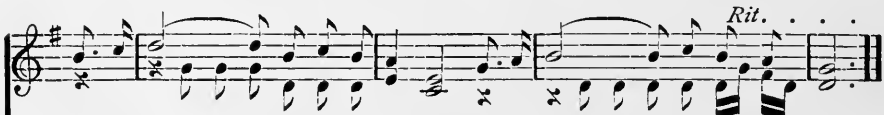
Of the lips be ev - er watchful.

Let your words be gentle, meek ;



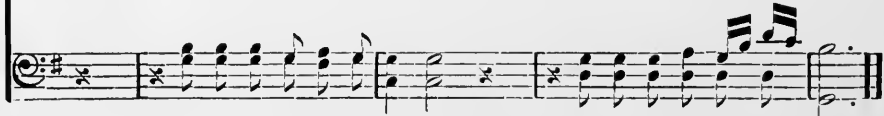
Do not wound . . .

Oh be care - - ful



Do not wound the hearts around you ;

Oh be careful, how you speak.



# Saviour, Like a Shepherd.

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DOROTHY A. THRUPP.

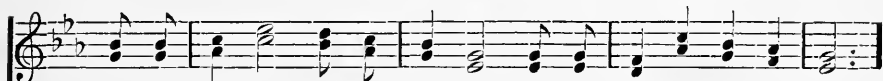
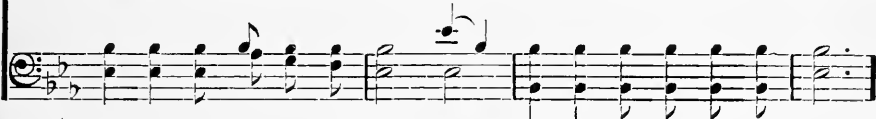
WM. B. BRADBURY.



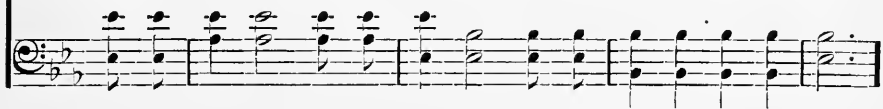
1. Sav-iour, like a shepherd lead us, Much we need thy tend'rest care ;
2. We are thine, do thou be - friend us, Be the Guardian of our way ;
3. Ear - ly let us seek thy fa - vor, Ear - ly let us do thy will ;



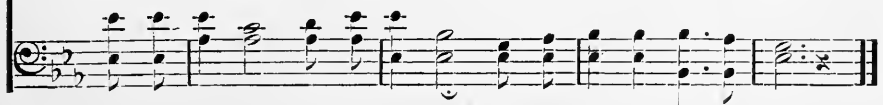
In thy pleasant pas-tures feed us, For our use thy folds pre - pare.  
Keep thy flock, from sin de - fend us, Seek us when we go a - stray.  
Blessed Lord and on - ly Sav - iour, With thy love our bo-soms fill.



Bless-ed Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, thine we are ;  
Bless-ed Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus, Hear, O hear us when we pray ;  
Bless-ed Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus, Thou hast loved us, love us still ;



Bless-ed Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, thine we are.  
Bless-ed Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus, Hear, O hear us when we pray.  
Bless-ed Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus, Thou hast loved us, love us still.

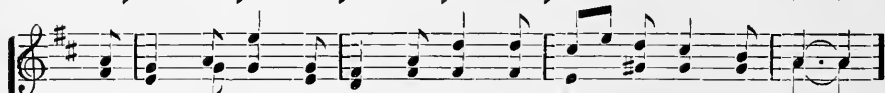
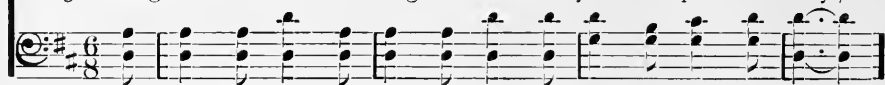


C. M. S.

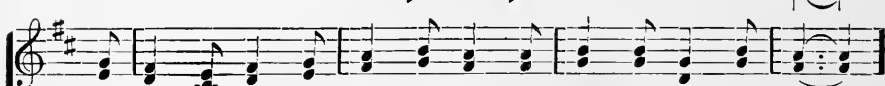
C. M. SEAMANS.



1. Once more we greet each oth - er here, Themes - sage we o - bey,
2. We gath - er once a - gain to sing—To stud - y, read and pray;
3. Though now we meet the change will come. The years will speed a - way;



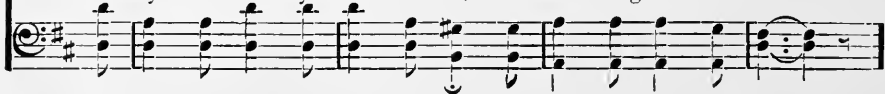
To ral - ly with our songs of cheer On this our Ral - ly Day.  
 To sound the prais - es of our King, On this our Ral - ly Day.  
 But we can ne'er for - get this home, Nor our bright Ral - ly Day.



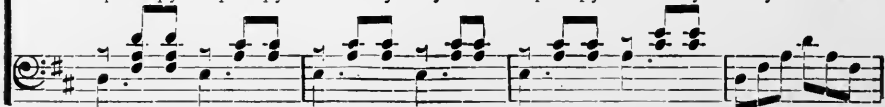
Of all the pla - ces far and near, Wher - ev - er we may roam;  
 'Tis here we learn the pre - cious truth That points the way to life;  
 And when at last the Lord shall call The roll of all his own,



There is no place to us so dear As our sweet Sab - bath home.  
 To love the Lord in days of youth, And shun all sin and strife.  
 Then may we ral - ly one and all, A-round the great white throne.

REFRAIN, *Unison.*

Hap - py, hap - py Ral - ly Day! Hap - py Ral - ly Day! We



sing our mer - ry cheer - ful lay, All hail to Ral - ly Day!

## Not I, But Christ.

A. B. SIMPSON.

MENDELSSOHN. ARR.

1. Not I, but Christ, be hon-ored, loved, ex - alt - ed, Not I, but  
 2. Not I, but Christ, to gen - tly soothe in sor - row, Not I, but  
 3. Not I, but Christ, my ev - 'ry need sup - ply - ing, Not I, but  
 4. Christ, on - ly Christ, ere long will fill my vis - ion; Glo - ry ex -

Christ, be seen, be known, be heard; Not I, but Christ, in ev - 'ry  
 Christ, to wipe the fall - ing tear; Not I, but Christ, to lift the  
 Christ, my strength and health to be; Christ, on - ly Christ, for bod - y,  
 cell - ing, soon, full soon I'll see; Christ, on - ly Christ, my ev - 'ry

look and ac - tion, Not I, but Christ, in ev - 'ry thought and word.  
 wea - ry bur - den, Not I, but Christ, to hush a - way all fear.  
 soul and spir - it, Christ, on - ly Christ, live then thy life in me.  
 wish ful - fill - ing, Christ, on - ly Christ, my all in all to be.

C. M. S.

C. M. SEAMANS.

1. What a joy - ful word is this we hear! Fill - ing ev - 'ry  
 2. Grace that teach - es us to do the right—Dai - ly lead - ing  
 3. Oh how pre - cious is this won - drous grace! Here we see God's  
 4. 'Tis a "bless - ed hope" this grace doth bring—Hope of see - ing

heart with hope and cheer. For the grace which doth sal -  
 in the bless - ed light—Is re - vealed to save from  
 rec - on - cil - ing face; Here we learn to look with  
 soon our Lord and King; May we be pre - pared when

va - tion bring Hath ap - peared: Let men re - joice and sing.  
 sin - ful strife, Thus to bring us to e - ter - nal life.  
 joy - ful eye For the Sav - iour's com - ing by and by.  
 he shall come, To go with him to our glo - rious home.

CHORUS.

Let us be glad . . . and joy - ful - ly Sing! . . . Grace hath ap -  
 Let us be glad joyfully sing! Grace hath ap -



*rit.* . . . . *a tempo.*

peared, grace hath appeared salvation to bring, Wonderful grace . . . redeeming the  
 peared . . . . . Wonderful grace

race, Won-der-ful grace, . . . . . wonderful grace.  
 re-deem-ing the race, Won-der-ful grace,

The musical score is written for two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in B-flat major (two flats) and 4/4 time. It features triplet markings (indicated by a '3' over a group of notes) and dynamic markings for 'rit.' (ritardando) and 'a tempo.' (return to tempo). The lyrics are placed below the staves, with some words spanning across measures.

## Thou God Seest Me.

C. M. S.

C. M. SEAMANS.

1. Wher-e'er I am by day or night, On land or on the sea,  
 2. While at my stud-y, work, or play, Whate'er my con-duct be,  
 3. Not on-ly words and deeds are known, But thoughts are seen of thee;  
 4. Then help me, Lord, each hour to live, I pray on bend-ed knee,

I can-not hide me from thy sight, For "thou God se - est me."  
 'Tis not un-known for one brief day, For "thou God se - est me."  
 Tho' thorns or ros-es may be sown, 'Tis "thou God se - est me."  
 That I may faith-ful ser-vice give, For "thou God se - est me."

The musical score is written for two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in B-flat major (two flats) and 3/4 time. The lyrics are placed below the staves, with some words spanning across measures. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and bar lines.

MAEL REYNOLDS MAKEPEACE.

F. S. STANTON, Mus. Bac.

1. Je - sus hears us while we pray Hum - bly to him day by day :  
 2. We can take our small - est care To the Cross and leave it there ;  
 3. Je - sus knows our ev - ery need, Ere to him our wants we plead ;  
 4. Oh, the com - fort we re - ceive When with him our all we leave ;

Hears us when we tru - ly seek Grace and strength our cares to meet.  
 We can cast the great - est grief At his feet and find re - lief.  
 Knows the sor - rows, knows the joy, Knows when cares or sin an - noy.  
 Oh, how sweet is such a Friend, On whose love we can de - pend.

## CHORUS.

Je - sus hears us while we pray, Je - sus helps us ev - ery day

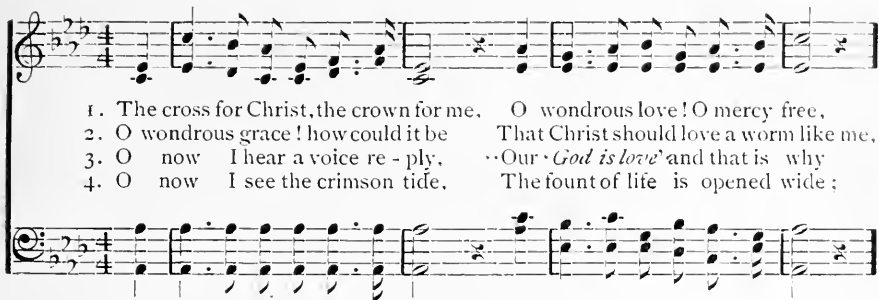
O'er the rough and wea - ry way, Praise his pre - cious name.

# To Purchase Life For Me.

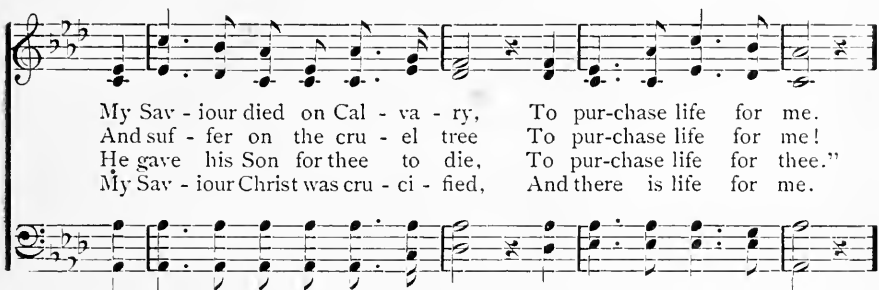
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C. M. KEACH.

H. W. SEAMANS.

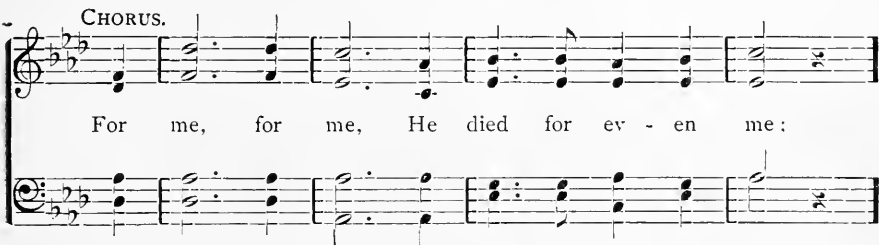


1. The cross for Christ, the crown for me, O wondrous love! O mercy free,  
 2. O wondrous grace! how could it be That Christ should love a worm like me,  
 3. O now I hear a voice re - ply, Our *God is love* and that is why  
 4. O now I see the crimson tide, The fount of life is opened wide;

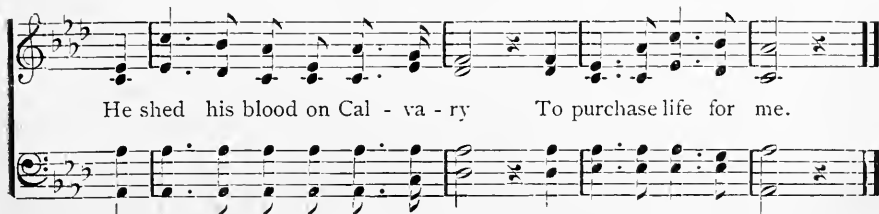


My Sav - iour died on Cal - va - ry, To pur - chase life for me.  
 And suf - fer on the cru - el tree To pur - chase life for me!  
 He gave his Son for thee to die, To pur - chase life for thee."  
 My Sav - iour Christ was cru - ci - fied, And there is life for me.

CHORUS.



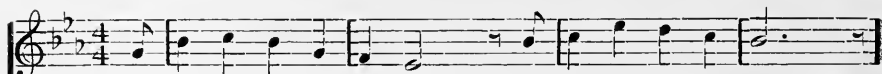
For me, for me, He died for ev - en me:




He shed his blood on Cal - va - ry To purchase life for me.

ADA BLENKHORN.

HOWARD SMITH.

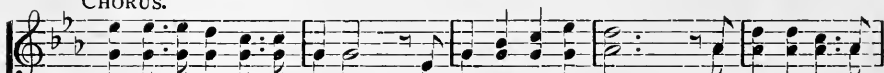


1. As Christ the Lord as-cend-ed,      So he will come a - gain  
2. In that great day of tri-umph      The sound of strife shall cease,  
3. Dark lands by man for-sak - en,      The drear-y des-ert's gloom,



In glo - ry bright; O wondrous sight! Up-on the earth to reign.  
And hand clasp hand in all the land, In bonds of per-fect peace.  
Be-fore our sight, in beau-ty bright, Fair as the rose shall bloom.

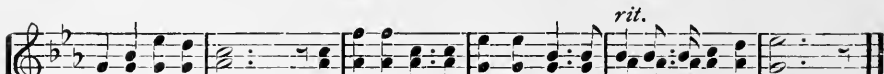
## CHORUS.



Glo - ry to Je-sus for-ev-er! The good news tell again: He will re-turn in



glo-ry bright, Return on the earth to reign. Glo - ry to Je-sus for-ev-er! The



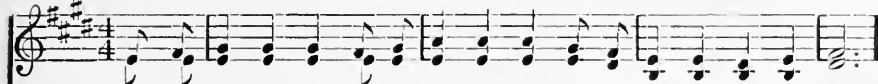
good news tell again: He will return in pow'r and might, Return on the earth to reign.

# The Unchanging One.

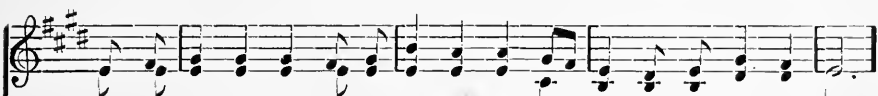
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F. A. B.

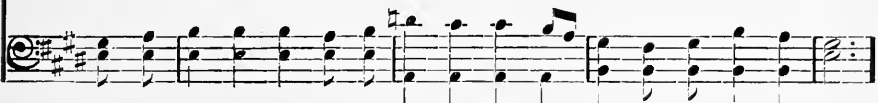
F. A. BLACKMER.



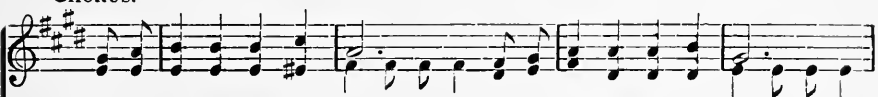
1. When our Lord was here in the old - en time, As he went his earth - ly way,
2. To the burdened one by the weight of sin, O how of - ten did he say,
3. Then they bro't their sick to the Master's feet, And he nev - er said them nay,
4. When with "one accord" his dis - ci - ples prayed On that Pen - te - cos - tal day,
5. "Je - sus Christ the same yes - ter - day, to - day, And for - ev - er," doth it say



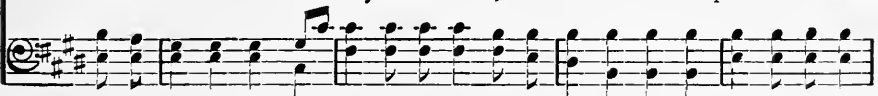
He would hear the cry of the humblest soul, But is he the same to - day?  
 "Free - ly I for - give, go and sin no more," But is he the same to - day?  
 For he heal'd them all with his gracious touch, But is he the same to - day?  
 As he said, the Spir - it upon them came, But is he the same to - day?  
 In his ho - ly word, and we do be - lieve He is just the same to - day.



## CHORUS.



He is just the same to - day, Yes, he's just the same to - day,  
 just the same, praise his name!



For he hears and an - swers when we pray, He is just the same to - day!



1. We are sol-diers of the great and heavenly King,  
 2. We are marching 'gainst a strong and crafty foe,  
 3. We are pressing on to fight King Al-co-hol,  
 4. We're arrayed against Tobacco's hate-ful reign,

And we glad-ly now to  
 One who dai-ly seeks the  
 We are sure his e-vil  
 Which is dai-ly rob-bing

him our ser-vice bring; We are clad in ar-mor bright, We are  
 right to o-ver-throw; But the vic-t'ry shall be ours O'er the  
 king-dom soon shall fall; Lift the crim-son ban-ner high, Shout a-  
 souls of strength and brain; We will fight the filth-y weed, Push-ing

fight-ing for the right; 'Neath the ban-ner of the cross we proudly sing.  
 dark and e-vil pow'rs, So with strong and val-iant hearts we onward go.  
 loud the bat-tle cry, Till strong drink shall cease forever to en-thrall.  
 on 'till we succeed—And we break this e-vil and en-slav-ing chain.

## CHORUS.

March-ing, marching, 'neath the banner of Christ our King, On-ward, on-ward

let the prais-es of Je-sus ring; We will fight for the right, Ev'ry en-e-my

put to flight : Soon from heaven the King shall come bringing the crowns so bright.

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. It features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, including triplets. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

## The Bible.

A. H. ERICSSON.

F. S. STANTON, Mus. Bac.

1. The Book of the a - ges, the old - est, the new ; We love thee, thy  
2. Our fa - thers did love thee, thou blest sa - cred Book ; Thy words were their  
3. Dear Bi - ble, thy pa - ges our God doth re - veal, Thy won - der - ful  
4. And now, bless - ed Bi - ble, our lamp thou shalt be, To guide us all

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 3/4 time signature. It features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

pre - cepts, thy say - ings so true ; Sweet light and as - sur - ance thy  
coun - sel, of thee they par - took. In sea - sons of an - guish, 'mid  
gos - pel hath pow - er to heal ; We read on thy pa - ges of  
safe - ly o'er life's rug - ged sea ; And when to the hav - en of

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 3/4 time signature. It features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

ra - di - ance leave, And com - fort in sor - row to those who be - lieve.  
fag - ot and flame Thy prom - ise sustained them, they honored thy name.  
God's love to man, Sal - va - tion pro - vid - ed through Je - sus' dear name.  
rest we shall come, We'll sing of thy worth with the ran - somed at home.

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 3/4 time signature. It features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

F. D. BARNES.

H. W. SEAMANS.

1. Wel-come the Sab-bath day, . . Of all our days the best ;  
 2. Wel-come the Sab-bath day, . . With-in thy house, O Lord,  
 3. This glad tri-um-phiant day, . . Our ris-en Lord pro-claims ;

On this glad day we come to pray, To wor-ship and to rest ; . .  
 We come to learn of all thy ways From out thy sa-cred Word ;  
 To him we cheer-ful hom-age pay, And mag-ni-fy his name ;

From all our world-ly cares set free, We come, O Lord, to wor-ship thee ;  
 On this the best of all our days We come with songs of grate-ful praise ;  
 Glad day on which our Christ a-rose And tri-umphed o-ver all his foes ;

From all our world-ly cares set free, We come, O Lord, to wor-ship thee.  
 On this the best of all our days We come with songs of grateful praise.  
 Glad day on which our Christ a-rose And triumphed over all his foes.

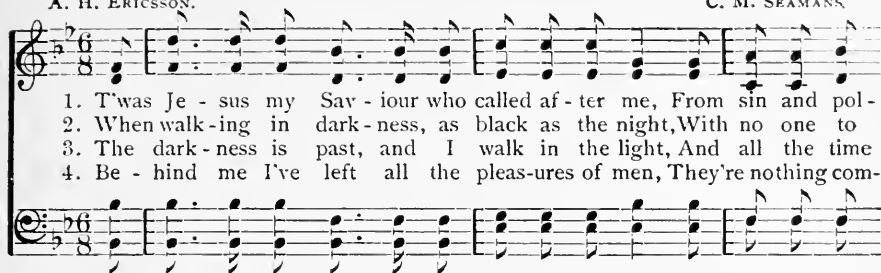


# From Darkness to Light.

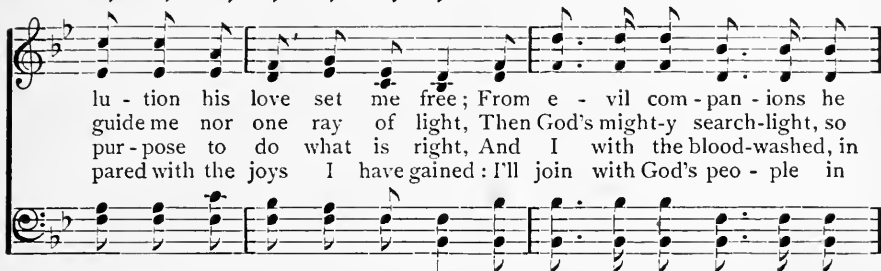
113

A. H. ERICSSON.

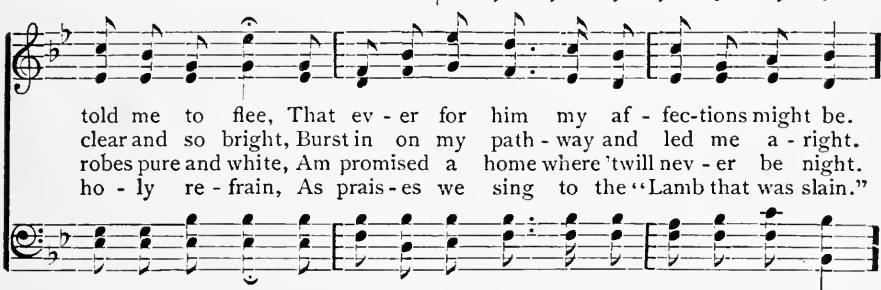
C. M. SEAMANS.



1. T'was Je - sus my Sav - iour who called af - ter me, From sin and pol -  
 2. When walk - ing in dark - ness, as black as the night, With no one to  
 3. The dark - ness is past, and I walk in the light, And all the time  
 4. Be - hind me I've left all the pleas - ures of men, They're nothing com -

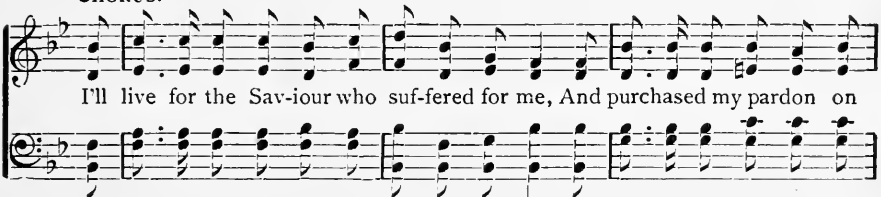


lu - tion his love set me free; From e - vil com - pan - ions he  
 guide me nor one ray of light, Then God's might - y search - light, so  
 pur - pose to do what is right, And I with the blood - washed, in  
 pared with the joys I have gained: I'll join with God's peo - ple in

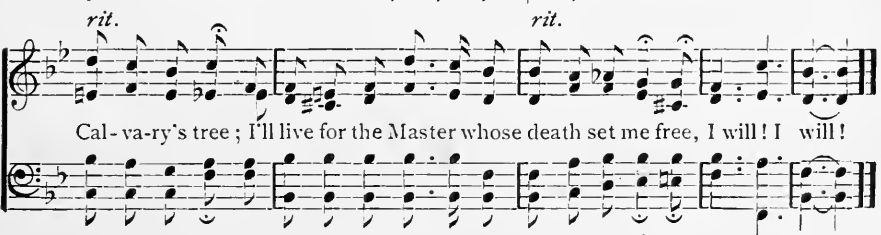


told me to flee, That ev - er for him my af - fec - tions might be.  
 clear and so bright, Burst in on my path - way and led me a - right.  
 robes pure and white, Am promised a home where 'twill nev - er be night.  
 ho - ly re - frain, As prais - es we sing to the "Lamb that was slain."

## CHORUS.



I'll live for the Sav - iour who suf - fered for me, And purchased my pardon on



Cal - va - ry's tree; I'll live for the Master whose death set me free, I will! I will!

## Beautiful Moab.

MRS. A. F. CHAFFEE.

F. S. STANTON, Mus. Bac.

1. Fare - well to thee, beau-ti-ful Mo - ab, On - ly in dreams shall I  
 2. So o - ver the fords of the Jor - dan When the sweet springtime was  
 3. And the God in whom she trust - ed Gave sunshine, sweetness, and

see . . The banks of the shin - ing Ar - non, As it  
 come . Came Ruth from the land of Mo - ab To the  
 rest, . And a part in bringing his ad - vent In

winds its way to the sea; . . . On - ly in dreams shall I  
 new Ju - de - an home. . . And when the heads of  
 whom all na-tions are blest . . . For from the line of the

gath - er The grapes from thy vine-yards fair, Or bind the  
 bar - ley Hung from each bend - ing stem, She gathered be -  
 a - lien Came Da - vid, Is-ra-el's king, And Da - vid's

sheaves with my sis - ters In the mel - low har - vest air.  
hind the reap - ers In the fields of Beth - le - hem.  
Son of Beth-le - hem Is he whom an - gels sing.

## Where Are They Going?

MRS. E. E. MILES.

F. S. STANTON, Mus. Bac.

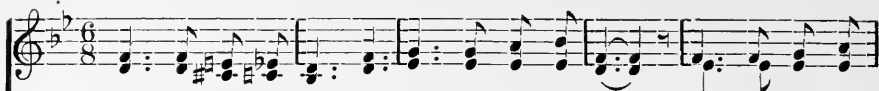
1. Where are they go - ing—these swift, rest - less feet? Where are they  
2. Where are they go - ing? on mis - sions of love, Spread - ing the  
3. Where are they go - ing? two paths lie be - fore, One or the  
4. Where are they go - ing? O say, lit - tle one, O - ver which

bear - ing the crowd that we meet? Here, and now there they pass  
ti - dings of Je - sus a - bove? Bear - ing some one who will  
oth - er we all must pass o'er; Broad one of death—that is  
way will thy ten - der feet run? Life's jour - ney start - ing, with

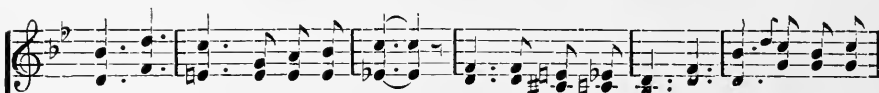
quick - ly a - long; Which way will they car - ry the fast, changing throng?  
glad - ly re - peat Sto - ries of mer - cy, so won - drous - ly sweet?  
crowd - ed to - day—Nar - row, of life, has but few on the way.  
steps all a - head—Where are they go - ing? which path will you tread?

THORO HARRIS,

W. A. POST.



1. Thy Sav-iour is plead-ing, O wand-'rer, to-day; From sin's vain al-
2. O trust thy Re-deem-er Once nailed to the tree, And heed now the
3. From sin's fa-tal slum-ber, O rouse and a-wake! Soon death may o'er-
4. Bright sunbeams of mer-cy Thy path shall il-lume, Dis-pell-ing thy



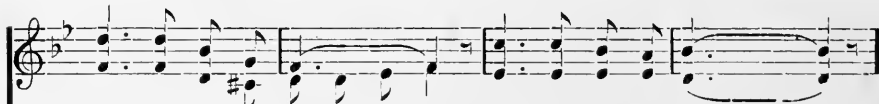
lurements Turn, turn thee a-way, Thro' per-fect sur-rend-er Thy warfare shall  
mes-sage Love beareth to thee; Then come, weary pil-grim, By sor-row op-  
take thee, Thy life is at stake! Christ is thy sal-va-tion From fear and from  
dark-ness, Far scatt'ring thy gloom; They shine with a ra-diance So peaceful and



cease; How sweet is the mes-sage, Christ giv-eth thee peace.  
pressed, Bring Je-sus thy bur-den, He giv-eth thee rest.  
strife; The Lord hath redeemed thee, He giv-eth thee life.  
bright; O sin-ner, be-lieve it! Christ giv-eth thee light.



## CHORUS.



Sweet mes-sage of love . . . For ev-'ry lost soul; . . .  
Sweet message of love For ev-'ry lost soul;



Look, sin-ner, to Je - sus For Christ mak-eth thee whole.  
 Look, sin-ner, to Je-sus ev-'ry whit whole.

## The New Country.

F. D. BARNES.

F. S. STANTON, Mus. Bac.

1. "My coun - try! 'tis of thee," Land of the pure and free—  
 2. Je - sus, im - mor - tal King, O'er all our world shall reign,  
 3. O come, thou King of kings, On love's tri - um - phant wings,

Of thee I sing: Land where none ev - er die; In God's "sweet  
 From sea to sea; Where peace shall e'er re - main O'er all his  
 We hail that day When thou shalt take thy throne, And all thy

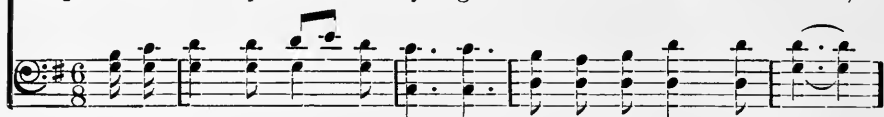
*rit.*  
 by and by," We'll spend e - ter - ni - ty With Christ our King.  
 wide do-main, And of his peace - ful reign, No end shall be.  
 peo - ple own; Come rule our world a - lone, For this we pray.

C. M. S.

C. M. SEAMANS.



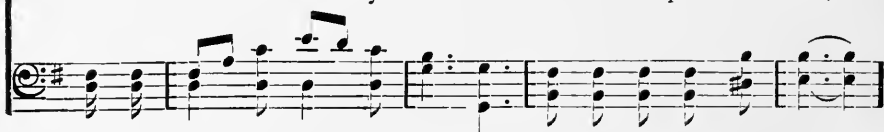
1. As the sail - or on the o - cean Watch-es the shin - ing star—  
 2. Cru-el sin is cast - ing wreck-age Dai - ly up - on life's shore;  
 3. We are all up - on a voy - age O - ver the sea of time;



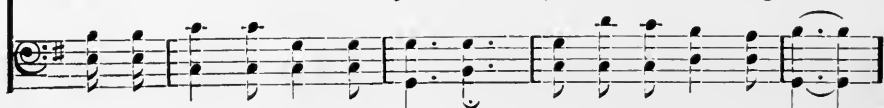
Pass - ing safe a - mid the dark-ness, Dan-ger-ous reef and bar:  
 Dy - ing souls in aw - ful sor - row Shrink from the breaker's, roar.  
 We are ev - er fond - ly look - ing To-ward some hap - py clime.



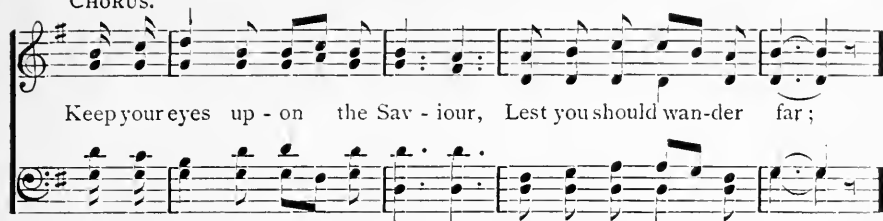
So if we would safe - ly jour - ney O - ver life's o - cean wide,  
 Drifting on in world-ly pleas - ure— Drifting where dangers are;  
 But if we would safe - ly en - ter In - to that port a - far,



We must watch the Star of Glo - ry— Je - sus the cru - ci - fied.  
 There is death to all not watch - ing Je - sus the Guid - ing Star.  
 We must ev - er look to Je - sus— Je - sus the Guid - ing Star.



CHORUS.



Keep your eyes up - on the Sav - iour, Lest you should wan - der far ;



Dark is the night, bright is our light, Je - sus the Guid - ing star.

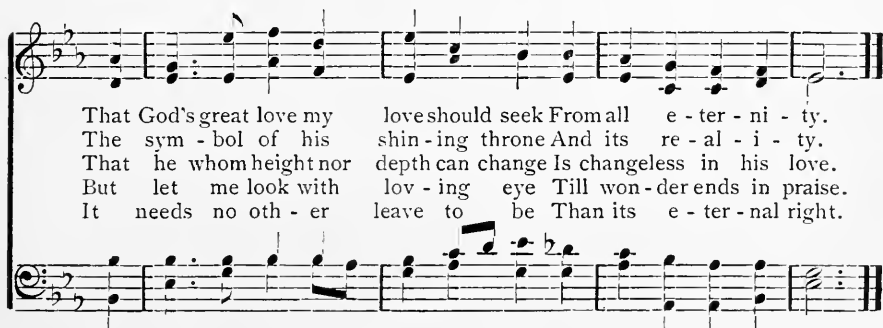
God's Great Love.

UNKNOWN.

F. A. BLACKMER.



1. Let not my faith be weak, Nor deem the thought too high,  
2. Love is his glo - rious crown, And love his roy - al - ty,  
3. Let me not think it strange, Or far my powers a - bove,  
4. Let me not won - der why Love reigns in all his ways,  
5. Love is no mys - te - ry, Its faith is clear and bright,



That God's great love my love should seek From all e - ter - ni - ty.  
The sym - bol of his shin - ing throne And its re - al - i - ty.  
That he whom height nor depth can change Is changeless in his love.  
But let me look with lov - ing eye Till won - der ends in praise.  
It needs no oth - er leave to be Than its e - ter - nal right.

## The Pearly Gate.

E. A. BOYNTON.

W. A. TAYLOR.

1. When Christ our Lord shall come to reign, This groaning earth shall smile again ;  
 2. To that fair cit - y comes no night. For God him-self shall be its light ;  
 3. But he who trusts in Christ our Lord And lives o-be-dient to his word,  
 4. What - ev - er path - way oth - ers trace We mean by God's as-sist - ing grace

From sin and death 'twill then be free, And there in beau - ty, too, shall be  
 Un - fad - ing splendor fills the place, And joy lights up each smil - ing face ;  
 It mat - ters not how poor he be, He'll find an entrance full and free  
 To keep the nar - row heavenly way, And then up - on the last great day,

A cit - y fair, ex - ceed - ing great, With golden streets and pearl - y gate.  
 To all the bound - less joys that wait In - side that glitt'ring pearl - y gate.  
 And glo - ry in e - ter - nal weight Is found in - side that pearl - y gate.  
 When Je - sus comes in roy - al state, He'll lead us thro' the pearl - y gate.

## CHORUS.

Then come, poor sin - ner, come to - day, Lest you should venture to de - lay ;  
 You'll find your-self at last too late, And closed for aye the pearl - y gate.



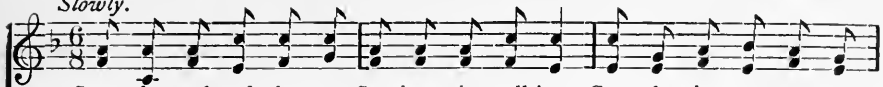
# Breathe Upon Me.

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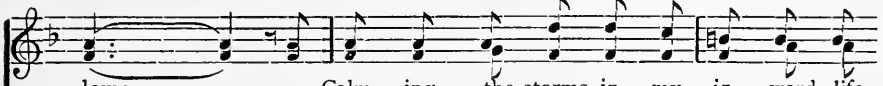
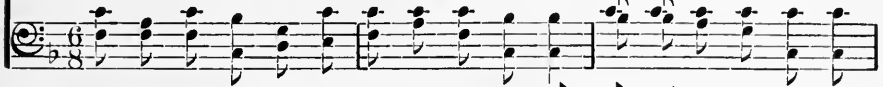
R. F. CHALK.

F. S. STANTON, Mus. Bac.

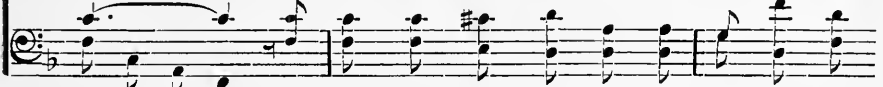
*Slowly.*



1. Sweet-ly and soft-ly my Sav-iour is call-ing, Gen-tly in tones sweet and
2. Stronger and stronger my Sav-iour is holding, Keep-ing me close in his
3. Deep-er and deep-er my Sav-iour is com-ing In - to my heart ev - ery
4. Dai - ly, yes, dai - ly I'm knowing him bet-ter, Learning, — close down at his

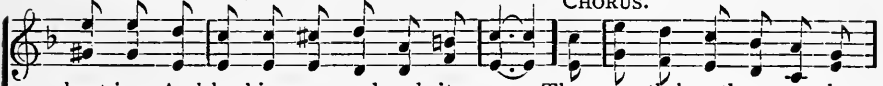


low; . . . Calm - ing the storms in my in - ward life  
 arms; . . . Shield - ing me safe when the bil - lows are  
 day; . . . Guard - ing my foot-steps while on this life's  
 feet, . . . 'Till peace o'er my soul rush - es on like a

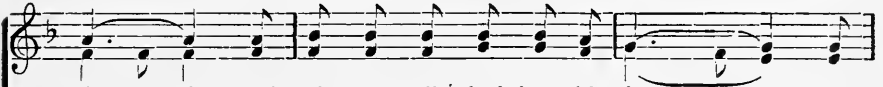
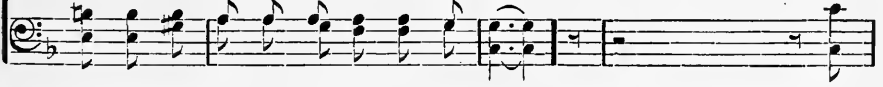


sweet and low;

CHORUS.



beat-ing, And hushing my soul and its woe. Then sweetly breathe on me thy  
 roll-ing, And rest-ing my soul from a - larms.  
 jour-ney, With light from yon heaven's own ray.  
 riv - er, And hearts in true u - ni - son beat.



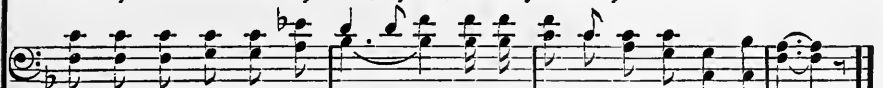
life, thy life, And qui - et all doubting with - in; . . . Yes,



And qui - et all doubting with-in;



sweet - ly breathe on me thy life, thy life, That my soul may be free from all sin.

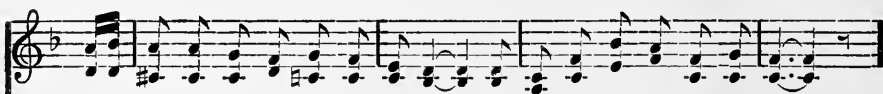


F. A. B.

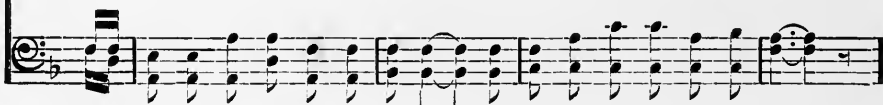
F. A. BLACKMER.



1. Our God shall pour on us a blessing, To re-ceive it there shall not be room ;
2. Our God shall "pour water upon him," Who would slake his soul's thirst from above,
3. "As willows by the water courses," "They shall spring up when he comes to bless ;"
4. The pray'r of the righteous a-vail-eth, And the cry of the church must be heard ;



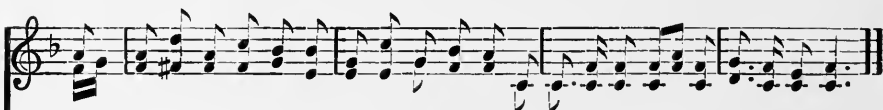
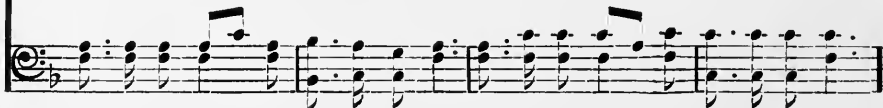
And if we believe then right early Up - on us the blessing shall come.  
 And the blessing from heav'n distilling Shall fill each be-hold-er with love.  
 And "I am the Lord's," each redeem'd one Shall gladly in that day con - fess.  
 And God to his faithful be-liev-ers Shall hasten ful - fill-ing his word.



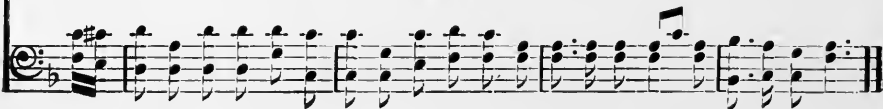
## CHORUS.



He shall pour floods up-on the dry ground, He shall pour floods upon the dry ground ;



And they that are thirsty shall drink of the blessing, When he shall pour floods upon the dry ground.

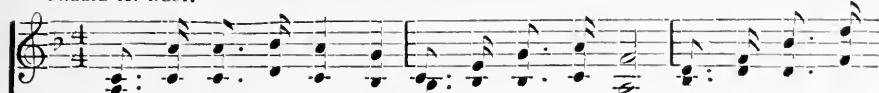


# Jesus is Coming.


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SALLIE K. BEST.

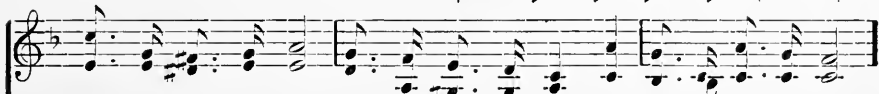
THORO HARRIS.



1. There is sweet as-sur-ance in his bless-ed Word, From the sa-cred  
2. When we meet our Sav-iour we shall know no fear; We will glad-ly  
3. Let us each be read-y for that bless-ed day, Prayer-ful-ly keep




pa-ges ma-ny times I've heard That the ho-ly Sav-iour  
wel-come One who is so dear; Sure-ly we shall love him  
watch-ing, 'tis not far a-way; He will come with glo-ry,

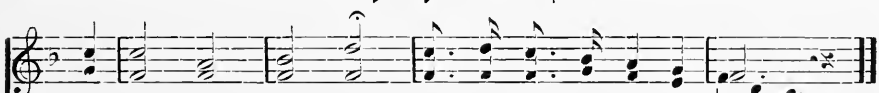


shall re-turn a-gain From his home in glo-ry, to the earth to reign.  
when his face we see, And he will re-mem-ber e-ven you and me.  
he will come with pow'r, There will be re-joic-ing in that sa-cred hour.

## CHORUS.



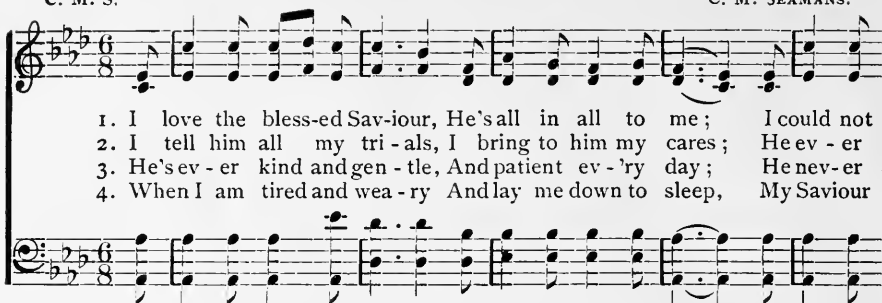
Com-ing, com-ing, Je-sus soon is com-ing, Com-ing once a-gain;  
Coming, coming, coming, coming,



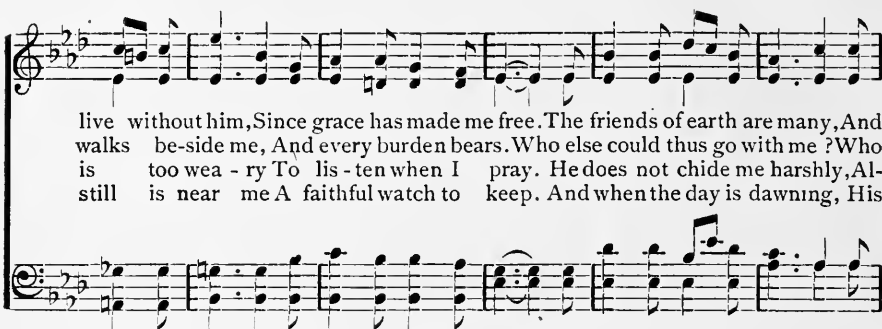
Yes, com-ing, com-ing, Com-ing to the earth to reign.  
Yes, Christ is coming, Christ is coming, to reign.

C. M. S.

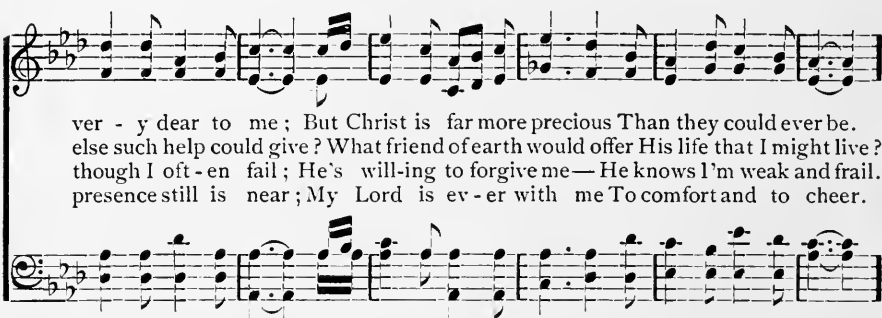
C. M. SEAMANS.



1. I love the bless-ed Sav-iour, He's all in all to me; I could not  
 2. I tell him all my tri-als, I bring to him my cares; He ev-er  
 3. He's ev-er kind and gen-tle, And patient ev-'ry day; He nev-er  
 4. When I am tired and wea-ry And lay me down to sleep, My Saviour

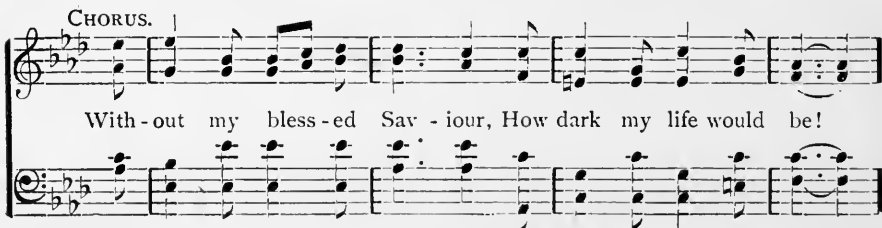


live without him, Since grace has made me free. The friends of earth are many, And  
 walks be-side me, And every burden bears. Who else could thus go with me? Who  
 is too wea-ry To lis-ten when I pray. He does not chide me harshly, Al-  
 still is near me A faithful watch to keep. And when the day is dawning, His



ver-y dear to me; But Christ is far more precious Than they could ever be.  
 else such help could give? What friend of earth would offer His life that I might live?  
 though I oft-en fail; He's will-ing to forgive me— He knows I'm weak and frail.  
 presence still is near; My Lord is ev-er with me To comfort and to cheer.

CHORUS.



With-out my bless-ed Sav-iour, How dark my life would be!

I nev - er can for - sake him, He's all in all to me.

## Everywhere With Jesus.

REV. J. S. HAUGH.


MABEL E. PLACE.

*Moderato.*

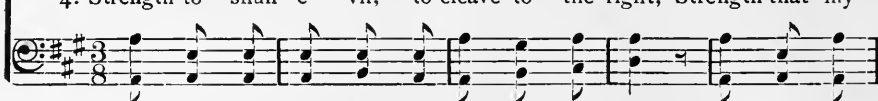
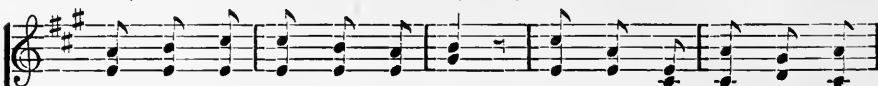
1. Ev-'rywhere with Je - sus, thus I find sweet rest, Just the way he  
2. When I fol - low Je - sus, press-ing to his side, Ev - en ills are  
3. Ev-'rywhere with Je - sus, count-ing all but dross, To be-hold his

giv - eth is for me the best; Bright-est day with - out him  
help - ful, as a gra - cious tide; If his go - ings lead me  
glo - ry, to ex - alt his cross; Speak-ing forth his prais - es,

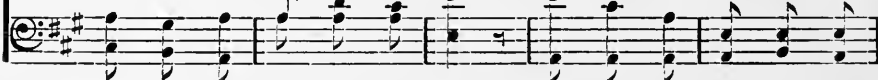
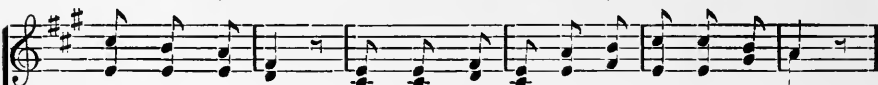
gives but cloud-ed light; Walking in his pres-ence, ev - en night is bright.  
in - to pathways strait, Yet his bless - ed pres-ence, brightens ev-ry state.  
tell - ing men his grace, Call-ing to his pres-ence all who long for peace.




1. Strength for to - day, Father, strength for to - day, Strength to be  
 2. Strength in temp - ta - tion to turn from the snare, Strength to be  
 3. Strength for the cross - es thou giv'st me to bear, Rest - ing my  
 4. Strength to shun e - vil, to cleave to the right, Strength that my

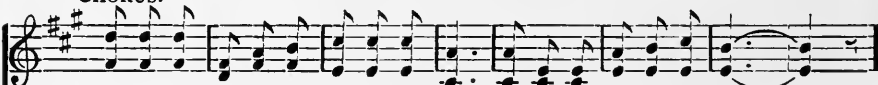
ho - ly, to walk in thy way; Strength for the keep - ing my  
 con - stant and ear - nest in prayer; Pa - tient in well do - ing,  
 heart on thy Fa - ther - ly care, Trust - ing, al - though I may  
 rush - light burn clear - ly and bright, Strength that I bring no re -

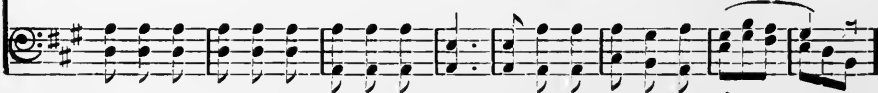
robes un - de - filed, Strength to be hum - ble, as seem - eth thy child.  
 faith - ful in heart; Nev - er, O Lord, from thy truth to de - part.  
 not un - der - stand; Know - ing that thou all my go - ings hast planned.  
 proach on thy name; "Look - ing to Je - sus," thy promise I claim.



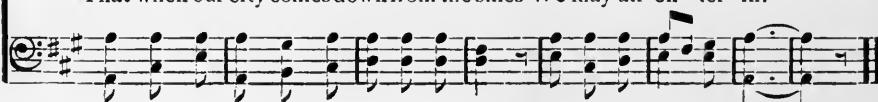
## CHORUS.



Strength for to-day, Father, strength for to-day; Strength in our war against sin,



That when our city comes down from the skies We may all en - ter in.

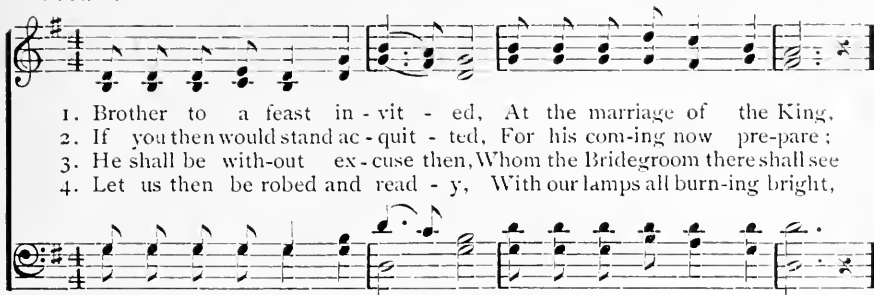


# The Wedding Garment.

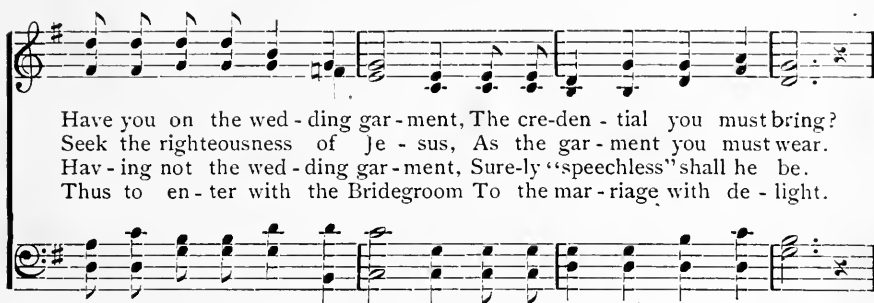
127

F. A. B.

F. A. BLACKMER.

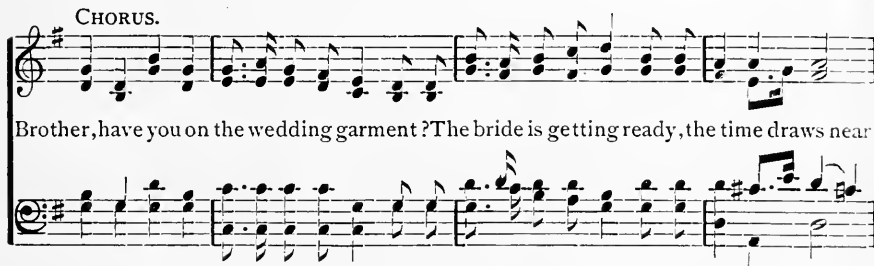


1. Brother to a feast in - vit - ed, At the marriage of the King,
2. If you then would stand ac - quit - ted, For his com - ing now pre - pare :
3. He shall be with - out ex - cuse then, Whom the Bridegroom there shall see
4. Let us then be robed and read - y, With our lamps all burn - ing bright,

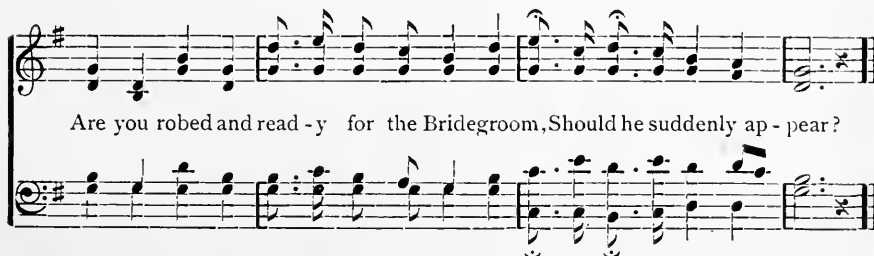


Have you on the wed - ding gar - ment, The cre - den - tial you must bring?  
 Seek the righteousness of Je - sus, As the gar - ment you must wear.  
 Hav - ing not the wed - ding gar - ment, Sure - ly "speechless" shall he be.  
 Thus to en - ter with the Bridegroom To the mar - riage with de - light.

CHORUS.



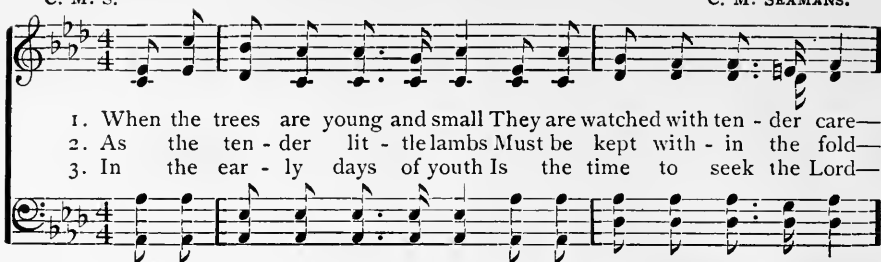
Brother, have you on the wedding garment? The bride is getting ready, the time draws near.



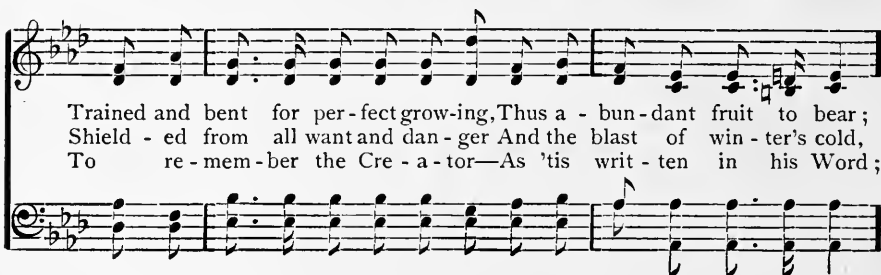
Are you robed and read - y for the Bridegroom, Should he suddenly ap - pear?

C. M. S.

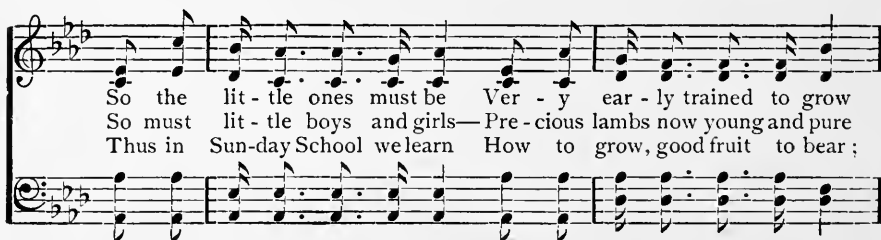
C. M. SEAMANS.



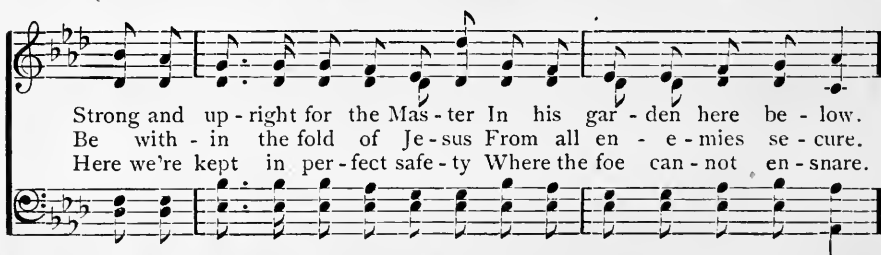
1. When the trees are young and small They are watched with ten - der care—  
 2. As the ten - der lit - tle lambs Must be kept with - in the fold—  
 3. In the ear - ly days of youth Is the time to seek the Lord—



Trained and bent for per - fect grow - ing, Thus a - bun - dant fruit to bear;  
 Shield - ed from all want and dan - ger And the blast of win - ter's cold,  
 To re - mem - ber the Cre - a - tor—As 'tis writ - ten in his Word;

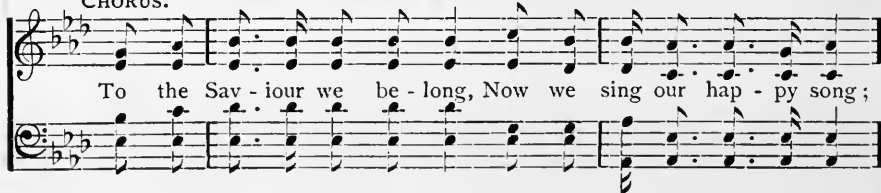


So the lit - tle ones must be Ver - y ear - ly trained to grow  
 So must lit - tle boys and girls—Pre - cious lambs now young and pure  
 Thus in Sun - day School we learn How to grow, good fruit to bear;



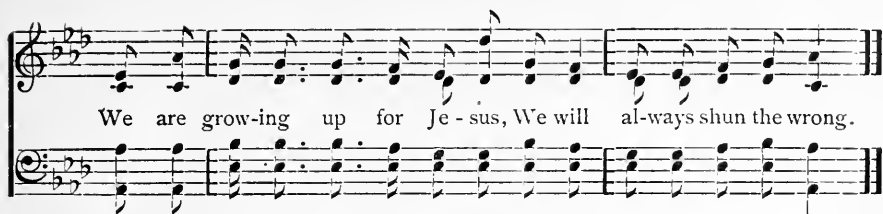
Strong and up - right for the Mas - ter In his gar - den here be - low.  
 Be with - in the fold of Je - sus From all en - e - mies se - cure.  
 Here we're kept in per - fect safe - ty Where the foe can - not en - snare.

## CHORUS.



To the Sav - iour we be - long, Now we sing our hap - py song;





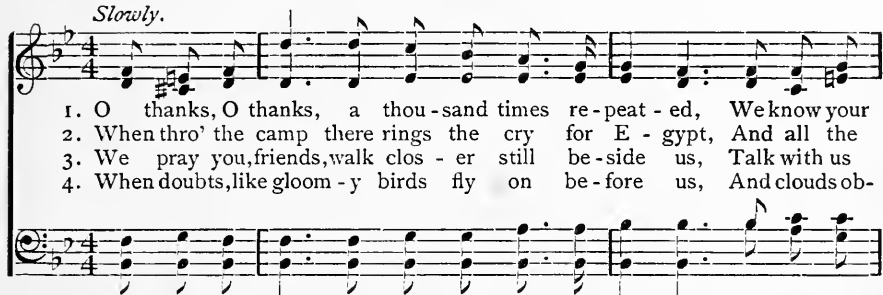
We are grow-ing up for Je - sus, We will al-ways shun the wrong.

# Caleb and Joshua.

MRS. A. F. CHAFFEE.

F. S. STANTON, Mus. Bac.

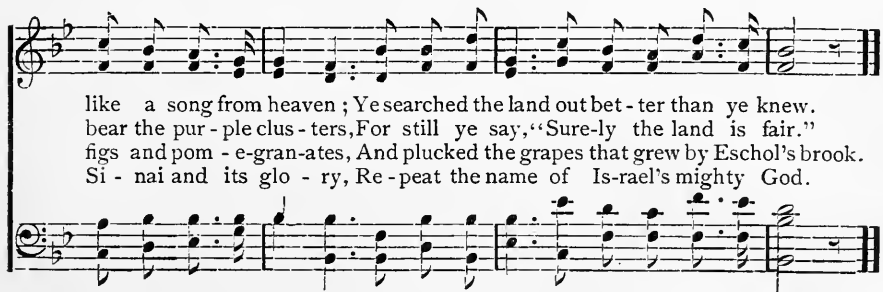
*Slowly.*



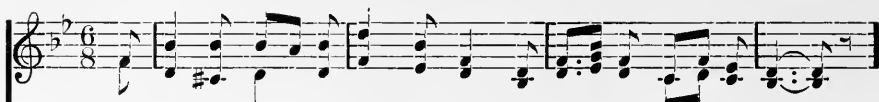
1. O thanks, O thanks, a thou-sand times re-peat - ed, We know your  
2. When thro' the camp there rings the cry for E - gypt, And all the  
3. We pray you, friends, walk clos - er still be-side us, Talk with us  
4. When doubts, like gloom - y birds fly on be-fore us, And clouds ob-



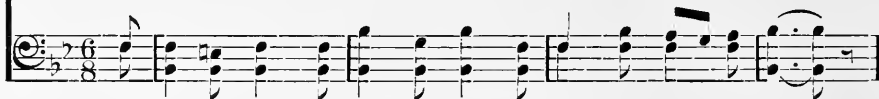
names, ye val - iant, faith - ful two ; Your low - est words are  
tribes sway back-ward in de - spair, We turn to you, who  
of - ten of the way ye took ; When ye be - held the  
scure the path which must be trod, Speak low to us of



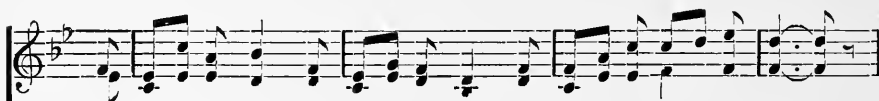
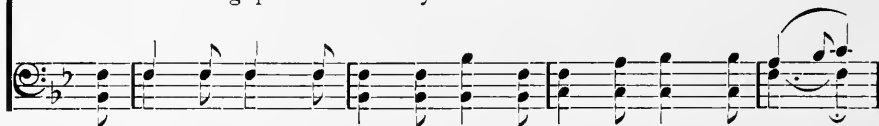
like a song from heaven ; Ye searched the land out bet - ter than ye knew.  
bear the pur - ple clus - ters, For still ye say, "Sure-ly the land is fair."  
figs and pom - e-gran-ates, And plucked the grapes that grew by Eschol's brook.  
Si - nai and its glo - ry, Re -peat the name of Is-rael's mighty God.



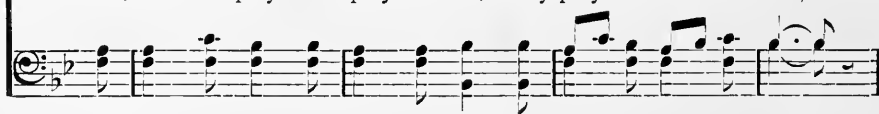
1. Dear Saviour, ev - er at my side, How lov - ing thou must be
2. I can - not feel thee touch my hand With pres - sure light and mild
3. And when be - side my couch I kneel At morn and night for prayer,



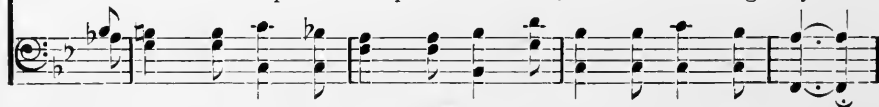
To leave thy home in heaven to guide A lit - tle child like me! . . .  
 To check me, as my moth - er doth, Her lit - tle way - ward child ;  
 There's something speaks within my heart And tells me thou art there. . .



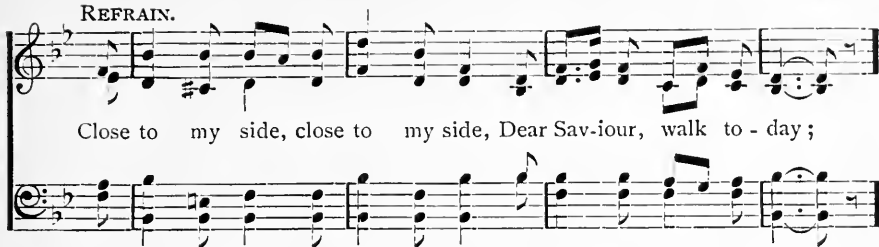
Thy beau - ti - ful and shin - ing face I see not, tho' so near ;  
 But I can feel thee in my thoughts Striving with sin for me ;  
 Yes, when I pray thou pray - est too, Thy pray'r is all for me ;



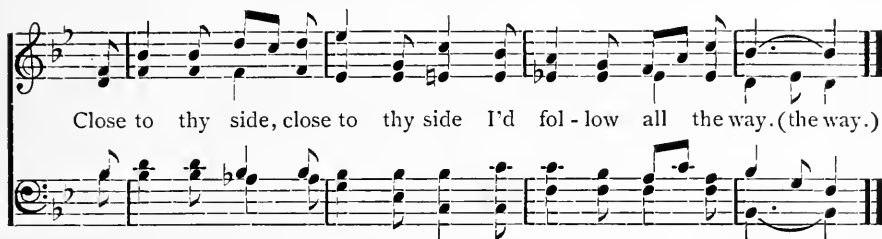
The sweetness of thy soft, low voice I am too deaf to hear.  
 And when my heart loves God, I know The sweetness comes from thee.  
 But when I sleep thou sleep - est not But watch - est lov - ing - ly.



REFRAIN.

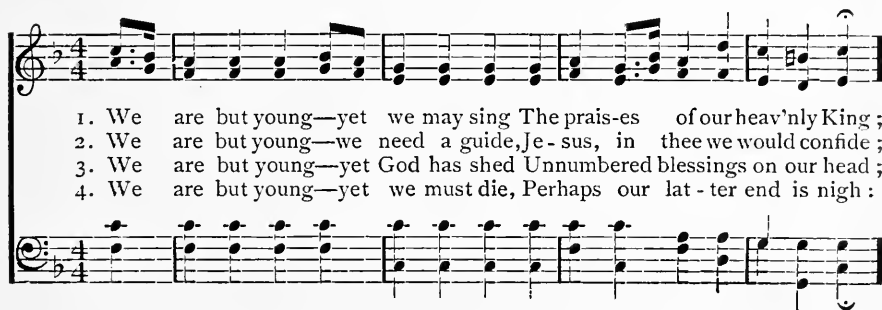


Close to my side, close to my side, Dear Sav-iour, walk to - day ;

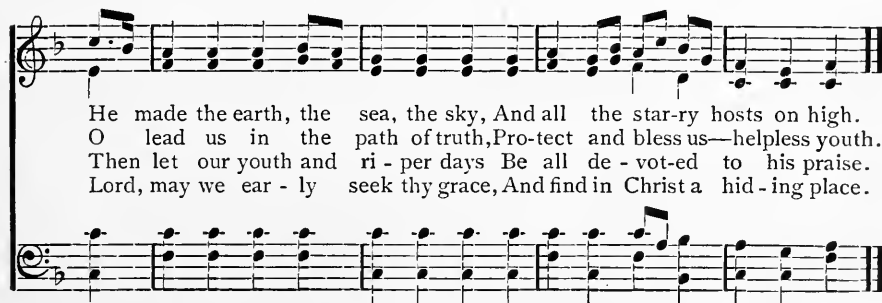


Close to thy side, close to thy side I'd fol - low all the way. (the way.)

We Are But Young.



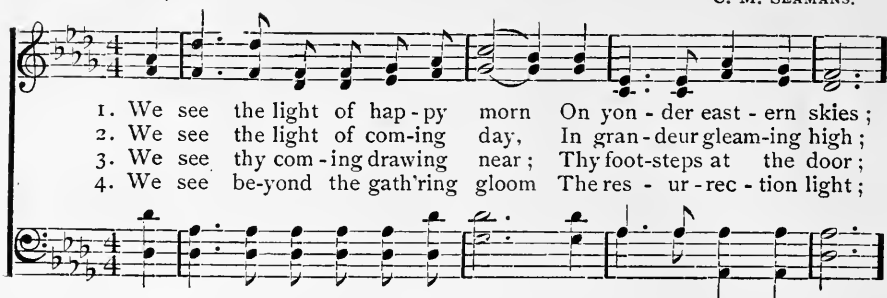
1. We are but young—yet we may sing The prais-es of our heav'nly King ;  
 2. We are but young—we need a guide, Je - sus, in thee we would confide ;  
 3. We are but young—yet God has shed Unnumbered blessings on our head ;  
 4. We are but young—yet we must die, Perhaps our lat - ter end is nigh :



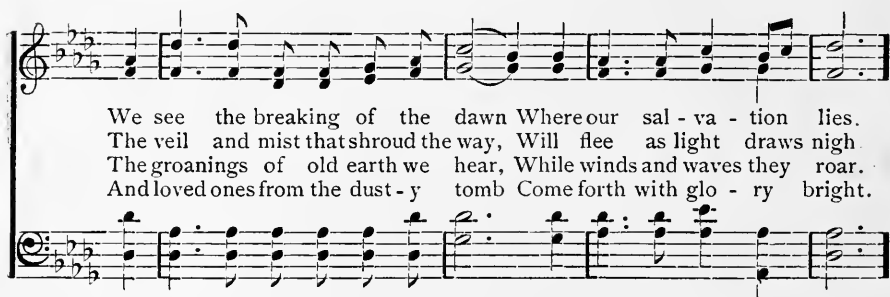
He made the earth, the sea, the sky, And all the star-ry hosts on high.  
 O lead us in the path of truth, Pro-tect and bless us—helpless youth.  
 Then let our youth and ri - per days Be all de - vot-ed to his praise.  
 Lord, may we ear - ly seek thy grace, And find in Christ a hid - ing place.

R. F. CHALK.

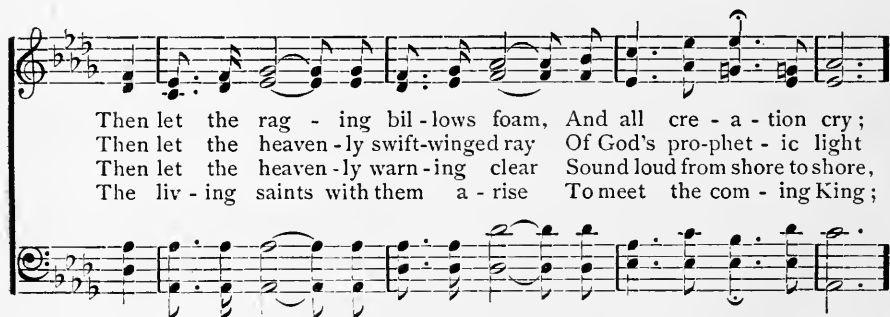
C. M. SEAMANS.



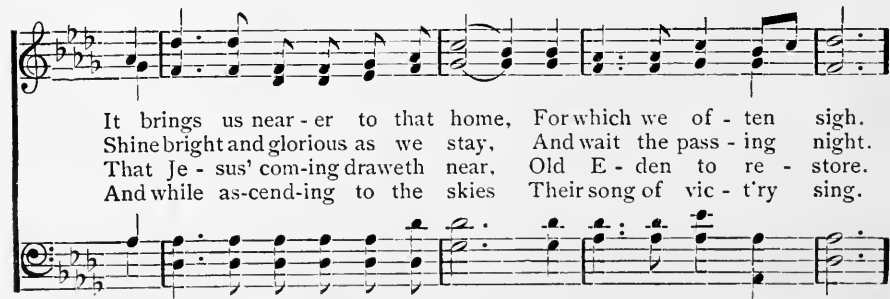
1. We see the light of hap-py morn On yon - der east - ern skies ;  
 2. We see the light of com-ing day, In gran-deur gleam-ing high ;  
 3. We see thy com-ing drawing near ; Thy foot-steps at the door ;  
 4. We see be-yond the gath'ring gloom The res - ur-rec - tion light ;



We see the breaking of the dawn Where our sal - va - tion lies.  
 The veil and mist that shroud the way, Will flee as light draws nigh.  
 The groanings of old earth we hear, While winds and waves they roar.  
 And loved ones from the dust - y tomb Come forth with glo - ry bright.



Then let the rag - ing bil-lows foam, And all cre - a - tion cry ;  
 Then let the heaven-ly swift-winged ray Of God's pro-phet - ic light  
 Then let the heaven-ly warn-ing clear Sound loud from shore to shore,  
 The liv - ing saints with them a - rise To meet the com - ing King ;



It brings us near - er to that home, For which we of - ten sigh.  
 Shine bright and glorious as we stay, And wait the pass - ing night.  
 That Je - sus' com-ing draweth near, Old E - den to re - store.  
 And while as-cend-ing to the skies Their song of vic - t'ry sing.

CHORUS.



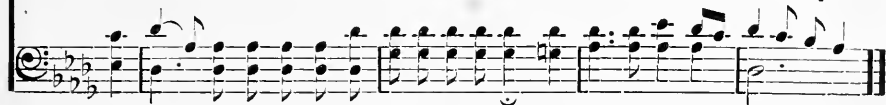
Oh, Jesus, come, bring back the day, . . . Of E-den's glo-rious reign;



Jesus, come, bring back the day, bring back the day of glorious reign;



With loved of earth we there will stay, . . . and roam fair E-den's plain.  
and there we'll stay Eden's plain.

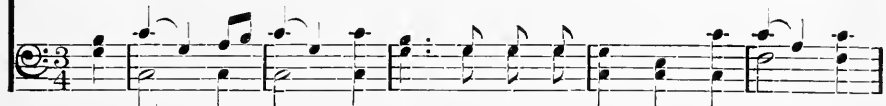


Praise the Lord.

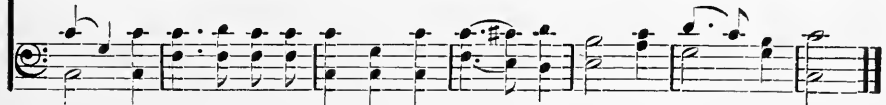
H. G. NÆGELI.



1. O praise the Lord! He loves to hear you sing-ing; In sweet ac-
2. We bless thee, Lord, While ev-'ry heart re-joi-ces, Thy name a-
3. Then ev-er-more In ev-'ry land and na-tion Tell o'er and



cord Loud let your praise be ringing: O praise the Lord, O praise the Lord!  
dored We sing with grateful voices; We bless thee, Lord, We bless thee, Lord!  
o'er The tid-ings of sal-va-tion For-ev-er-more, For-ev-er-more.



1. Scat - ter smiles and sun - shine In some gloom - y place ; Fill each pass - ing  
 2. Lov - ing words, when spo - ken, Pass - ing down the years, Help to raise the  
 3. When the soul is hope - less In the depths of sin, Whis - per words of

mo - ment With some kind - ly grace ; Ma - ny hearts are ach - ing,  
 fall - en, Check the drop - ping tears ; Lit - tle deeds of kind - ness,  
 kind - ness, Let the sun - shine in. Brighten up the path - way

Ma - ny homes are sad : With your smiles and sunshine You can make them glad.  
 Lit - tle words of love, Lead the wea - ry wan - d'ers To the Lord a - bove.  
 With a smile or song ; Help the fall - en broth - er, Pass the kindness on.

## CHORUS.

Scat - ter the bless - ed sun - shine, Scat - ter its light a - long ; It will

cheer and brighten As you pass it on ; Scat - ter the bless - ed sun - shine,

Scat-ter its light a-long; It will cheer and brighten As you pass it on.

The musical notation consists of two staves. The top staff is in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time, featuring a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes and a triplet of eighth notes. The bottom staff is in G major and 3/4 time, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and some moving lines.

## Lead Me, Blessed Jesus.

REV. CHAS. COLLINS, D. D.

H. W. SEAMANS.

*With feeling.*

1. Lead me, blessed Je - sus, By thy guiding hand; Should temptations  
2. Take me, gracious Mas - ter, By thy gen-tle hand, May I seek to  
3. Guide me, lov-ing Sav - iour, All my pil-grim way, Keep my heart so  
4. Come, thou dear Re-deem-er, Claim me as thine own; So con-trol my

The musical notation consists of two staves. The top staff is in D major (two sharps) and 4/4 time, with a melody of quarter and eighth notes. The bottom staff is in D major and 4/4 time, with a harmonic accompaniment of chords and some moving lines.

cross my path, Help me to withstand. Make thy gracesuf-fi - cient Al-ways  
know thy will, Yield to thy command. Di-rect thou my pathway, And should  
near to thine That I shall not stray. Should the skies be lower-ing, And dis-  
dai - ly life, Make my heart thy throne. Cleanse me by thy pow - er, That from

The musical notation consists of two staves. The top staff is in D major and 4/4 time, with a melody of quarter and eighth notes. The bottom staff is in D major and 4/4 time, with a harmonic accompaniment of chords and some moving lines.

sin to shun; Close-ly walk-ing with thee, Till my course is run.  
thorns in-fest, Or - der all my foot - steps, Show me what is best.  
tress al-lowed, Let some sil-ver lin - ing Tinge the gloomy cloud.  
sin set free, I shall use my tal - ents—Give my strength to thee.

The musical notation consists of two staves. The top staff is in D major and 4/4 time, with a melody of quarter and eighth notes. The bottom staff is in D major and 4/4 time, with a harmonic accompaniment of chords and some moving lines.

C. M. S.

Motion Song.

C. M. SEAMANS.

1. We are ver - y lit - tle sow - ers in a broad and fer - tile field; We are  
 2. Oh we can - not be too care - ful what we scat - ter by the way; While we're  
 3. Soon the Mas - ter of the har - vest in his glo - ry will ap - pear, He will

1 sow - ing, sow - ing, sow - ing ev - 'ry day; What we sow while here we  
 1 sow - ing, sow - ing, sow - ing here and there. Let us watch each precious  
 gath - er that which we've been sow - ing here, Then, dear heavenly Fa - ther,

tar - ry the great harvest day will yield, Filling ev'ry heart with gladness or dismay.  
 moment while at work or at our play, That our sowing may be done with loving care.  
 help us—<sup>2</sup>give us wisdom now we pray; May we come with sheaves rejoicing in that day.

## CHORUS.

1 Sow - ing, sow - ing, sow - ing ev - 'ry day—Scat - ter - ing the ti - ny seeds.

Copyright, 1905, by CHAS. H. WOODMAN.

<sup>1</sup>Move the right hand back and forth as if in the act of sowing seed.<sup>2</sup>Place the hands together in the attitude of prayer, and look upward.



1 Sow-ing, sow-ing all a-long the way—Sowing lit-tle words and deeds.

## Glory, Praise and Honor.

THEODULPH, Tr. by JOHN M. NEALE.

1. Glo - ry and praise, and hon - or To thee, Re-deem-er, King,  
 2. Thou art the King of Is - rael, Thou Da-vid's roy-al Son,  
 3. Thou went-est to thy pas-sion A-mid their shouts of praise;

To whom the lips of chil-dren Made sweet ho-san-nas ring.  
 Who in the Lord's name com-est The King and bless-ed One.  
 Thou reignest now in glo-ry, While we our an-thems raise.

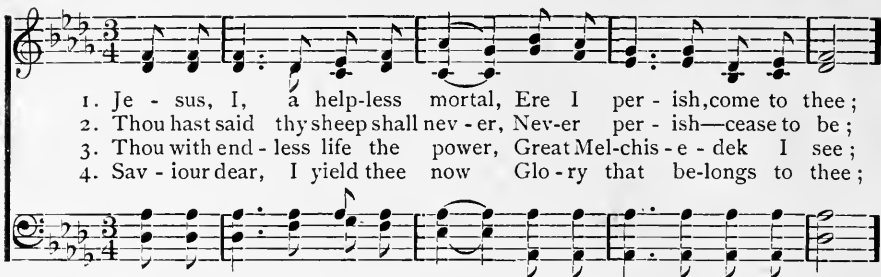
### CHORUS.

Glo - ry and praise, and hon - or To thee, Re-deem-er, King,

To whom the lips of chil-dren Made sweet ho-san-nas ring.

W. R. YOUNG.

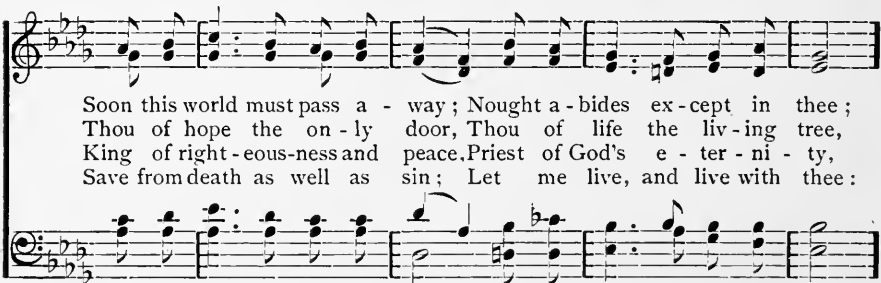
F. S. STANTON, Mus. Bac.



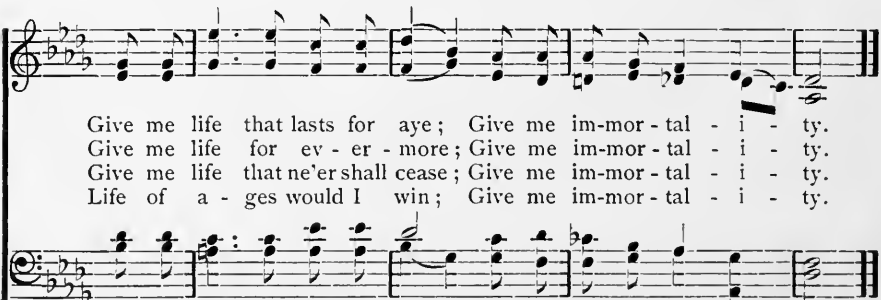
1. Je - sus, I, a help-less mortal, Ere I per-ish, come to thee;  
 2. Thou hast said thy sheep shall nev-er, Nev-er per-ish—cease to be;  
 3. Thou with end-less life the power, Great Mel-chis-e-dek I see;  
 4. Sav-our dear, I yield thee now Glo-ry that be-longs to thee;



Thou of life the on-ly por-tal, Give me im-mor-tal-i-ty:  
 O, I want to live for-ev-er; Give me im-mor-tal-i-ty:  
 Share with me this price-less dow-er; Give me im-mor-tal-i-ty:  
 Bread of life e-ter-nal thou; Give me im-mor-tal-i-ty:



Soon this world must pass a-way; Nought a-bides ex-cept in thee;  
 Thou of hope the on-ly door, Thou of life the liv-ing tree,  
 King of right-eous-ness and peace. Priest of God's e-ter-ni-ty,  
 Save from death as well as sin; Let me live, and live with thee:



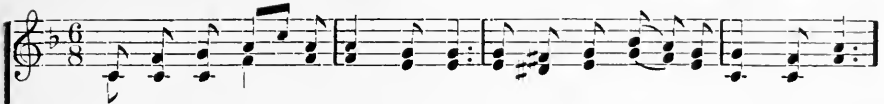
Give me life that lasts for aye; Give me im-mor-tal-i-ty.  
 Give me life for ev-er-more; Give me im-mor-tal-i-ty.  
 Give me life that ne'er shall cease; Give me im-mor-tal-i-ty.  
 Life of a-ges would I win; Give me im-mor-tal-i-ty.

# Lambs of the Flock.

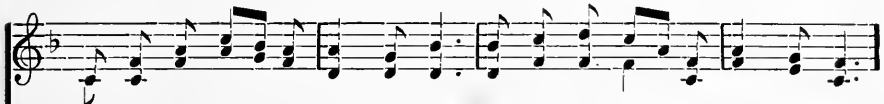
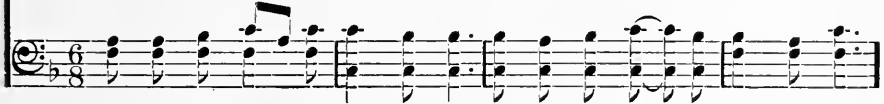
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MRS. E. F. S.

MRS. EMMA FISK SMITH.



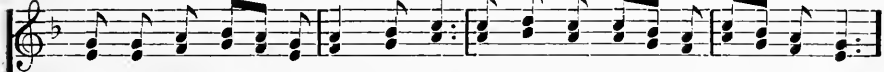
1. Lambs of the flock, the Shepherd's care, Dear to his heart the chil - dren are ;
2. Bet - ter were it that we should be Drown'd in the depths of yon - der sea,
3. All must as lit - tle ones become If in the kingdom they find a home ;
4. Al - ways for chil-dren there is room, Sweetly the Shep-herd bids them come ;



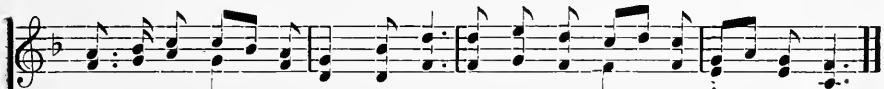
In - to his arms he takes them all, Close to his bo - som lest they fall.  
Ra-ther than cause one lamb to stray Far from the Shepherd's fold a - way.  
Swift to o - bey the Shep-herd's call, Lov-ing him ev - er more than all.  
"Suf-fer the chil-dren," hear him say, "Nev-er for - bid nor turn a - way."



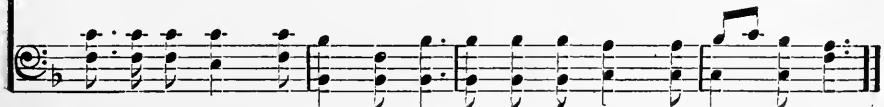
## CHORUS.



Lambs of the flock, the chil-dren dear, Folded se - cure, what need they fear?



Ten - der - ly led a - long the way, On to the gold - en gates of day.



1. There's an an-chor for the soul, Ev - er firm, ev - er sure ; Storms may  
 2. For the an-chor of the soul Ev - er stead - fast and true, Tak - ing  
 3. And our lives are fill'd with peace As, still hop - ing, we wait For the

beat and tempests roar, But it shall en-dure : Precious hope of end-less life,  
 hold on things di-vine That are hid from view, Is the hope of glo-ry bright  
 part-ing of the vail And the o - pen gate ; Hope can lighten all the dark

Glow-ing ra-diant-ly clear Till the glo-ries of the heav'nly land ap-pear.  
 Where we nev-er can die, Hope that we may rest with Je-sus by and by.  
 Till the night flies a - way ; Firm-ly anchored we wait pa-tient-ly for day.

## CHORUS.

Blessed hope . . . . . that keeps the soul . . . . . Safe from  
 Blessed hope, bless - ed hope that keeps the soul

harm . . . . . tho' billows roll ! . . . . . 'Tis fastened firm with-in the  
 Secure from harm tho' moun-tain bil-lows roll !

vail, No storms against it can prevail, Blessed hope . . . that keeps the soul.  
 Blessed hope

## Blessed Home.

L. M. C.

LUCY M. CHAFFEE.

1. Je - sus, Je - sus, dy-ing Lamb, I have heard thy sto - ry ;  
 2. Happy, hap-py land of light, Af-ter faith and du - ty,  
 3. Blessed, blessed home of rest, Take me in for - ev - er

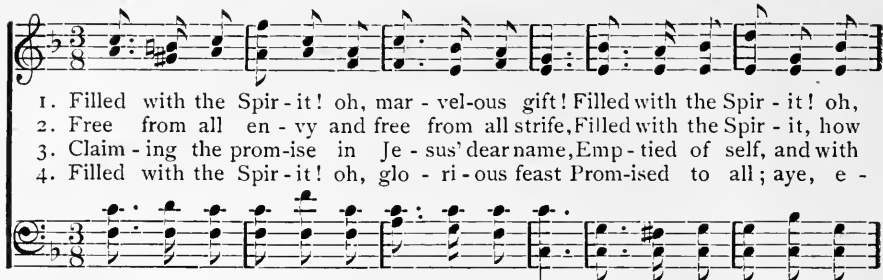
Ris-en Mas-ter,  
 Af-ter all thy  
 To the dwellings

whose I am, Shall I share thy glo - ry? In the ev-er-last-ing day, Time's brief  
 curse and blight, Let me see thy beau - ty ; All the sweet and wondrous grace, Of thine  
 of the blest, And the liv - ing riv - er. Safe with all the saved at last, All the

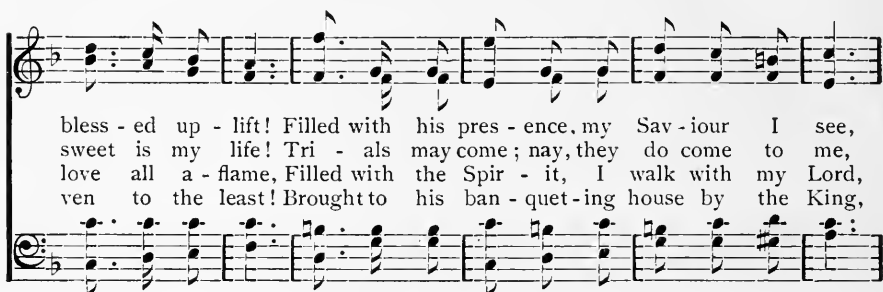
night all pass'd away, Risen Lamb, whose own I am, Shall I share thy glo - ry?  
 ev'ry blossoming place, Fair and bright, O land of light, Let me see thy beau-ty.  
 sin and dy-ing past, Dear and blest my home of rest, Take me in for - ev - er.

M. W. MILLER.

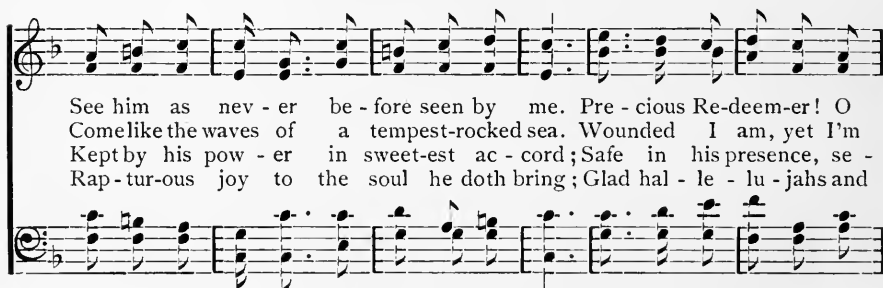
F. S. STANTON, Mus. Bac.



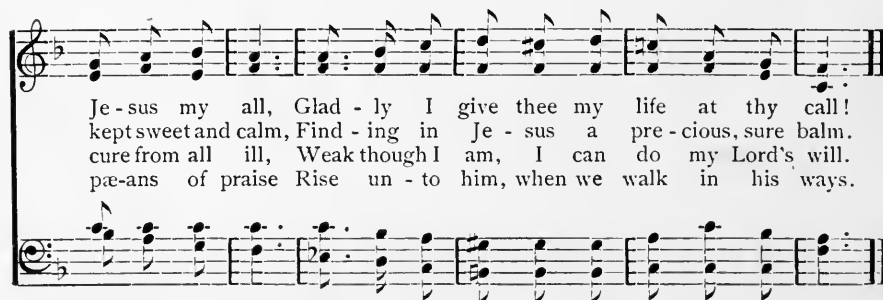
1. Filled with the Spir - it! oh, mar - vel - ous gift! Filled with the Spir - it! oh,  
 2. Free from all en - vy and free from all strife, Filled with the Spir - it, how  
 3. Claim - ing the prom - ise in Je - sus' dear name, Emp - tied of self, and with  
 4. Filled with the Spir - it! oh, glo - ri - ous feast Prom - ised to all; aye, e -



bless - ed up - lift! Filled with his pres - ence, my Sav - iour I see,  
 sweet is my life! Tri - als may come; nay, they do come to me,  
 love all a - flame, Filled with the Spir - it, I walk with my Lord,  
 ven to the least! Brought to his ban - quet - ing house by the King,



See him as nev - er be - fore seen by me. Pre - cious Re - deem - er! O  
 Come like the waves of a tempest - rocked sea. Wounded I am, yet I'm  
 Kept by his pow - er in sweet - est ac - cord; Safe in his presence, se -  
 Rap - tur - ous joy to the soul he doth bring; Glad hal - le - lu - jahs and



Je - sus my all, Glad - ly I give thee my life at thy call!  
 kept sweet and calm, Find - ing in Je - sus a pre - cious, sure balm.  
 cure from all ill, Weak though I am, I can do my Lord's will.  
 pæ - ans of praise Rise un - to him, when we walk in his ways.

# The Little Ones' Offering.

143

E. O. B. G.

EVA OTTARSON BROWER GILBERT.

1. Lit - tle hands that nev - er yet have learned to sin, Lit - tle  
2. Lit - tle eyes that look a - bove to find the light, Lit - tle

feet that en - ter ev - 'ry race to win, Lit - tle hearts with  
ears that lis - ten on - ly to the right, Lit - tle lips that

on - ly room for Christ within, These the Mas - ter loves to find. . .  
love to speak of Je - sus' night, These the Mas - ter loves to find. . .

## CHORUS.

We will come and bow before the Sav - iour Ere he need repeat his call, . . .

Laying on the al - tar of sal - va - tion Life and love and all. . .



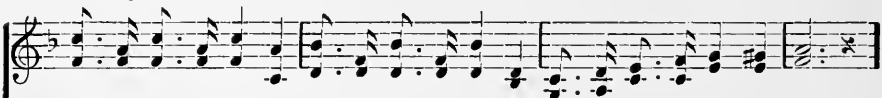
1. Why in darkness grope, soul be-reft of hope, On life's journey sad and lone?
2. Pass from earthly night in - to heav'nly light, As thy soul ex - ult - ing sings.
3. O the wondrous light, O the path made bright, May we al-ways walk therein,



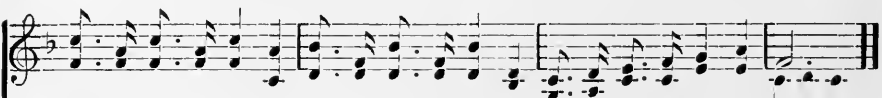
Hast thou not yet heard of the heav'nly word : For the righteous light is sown?  
That he has to bless, Sun of righteousness, Ris'n with healing in his wings.  
Till we reach the goal of the life-bound soul, Safe beyond this night of sin.



## CHORUS.



Open wide the windows, Open wide the windows Darken'd by the shades of sin,  
of sin.



Let the light of heaven, blessed light of heaven, Joy of souls redeem'd, shine in.  
shine in.





# Christ's Co: ling.

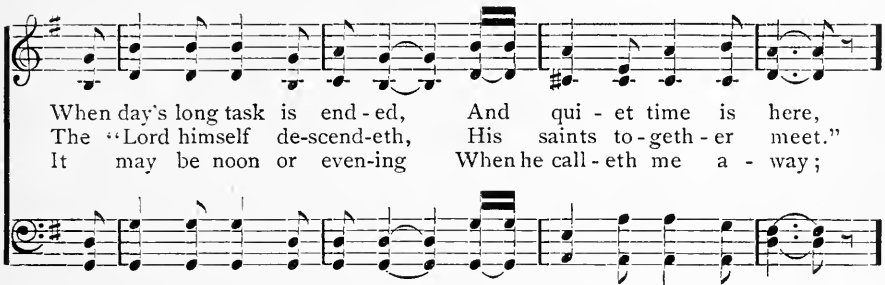
145

H. W. SEAMANS.

*Moderato.*



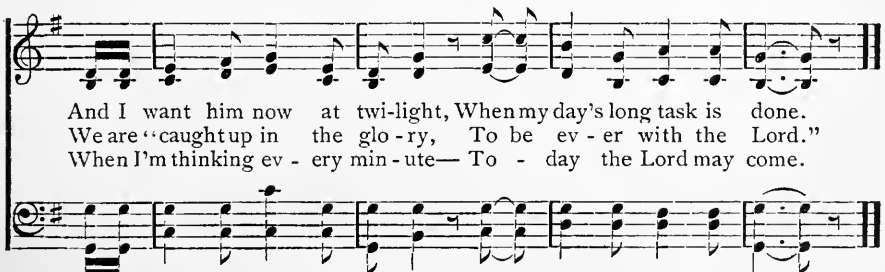
1. When pur - ple twi - light gath - ers, And friend - ly stars ap - pear,  
2. O glo - rious, hap - py prom - ise, Most com - fort - ing and sweet:  
3. So I'm watch - ing and I'm wait - ing, Each mo - ment of the day;



When day's long task is end - ed, And qui - et time is here,  
The "Lord himself de - scend - eth, His saints to - geth - er meet."  
It may be noon or even - ing When he call - eth me a - way;



I fold my hands and lis - ten For I think that Christ may come,  
The heav'nly trum - pet sound - eth, Ac - cord - ing to his word,  
It makes the day go fast - er, And the tri - als eas - ier borne,



And I want him now at twi - light, When my day's long task is done.  
We are "caught up in the glo - ry, To be ev - er with the Lord."  
When I'm thinking ev - ery min - ute— To - day the Lord may come.

J. A. LIBBY.

F. S. STANTON, Mus. Bac.

1. A sum - mer of life is com - ing, When this  
 2. A sum - mer of smiles is near - ing For this  
 3. A sum - mer of bliss with the part - ed, When this

win - ter of death is gone; And a song of joy I am  
 win - ter so drear of tears, And I sing for my own heart's  
 win - ter of graves is no more; Not a sigh that shall say wea - ry -

hum - ming For the birth of that sum - mer land morn.  
 cheer - ing, Of the end of the sor - row - ful years.  
 heart - ed, From a lip on that sum - mer land shore.

## CHORUS.

'Tis for all who are liv - ing to gain it, For Christ is the Sun of that sky;

In his light we may press to at - tain it— That summer land drawing so nigh.

## Open Ye the Gates.

147

ANON.

H. W. SEAMANS.

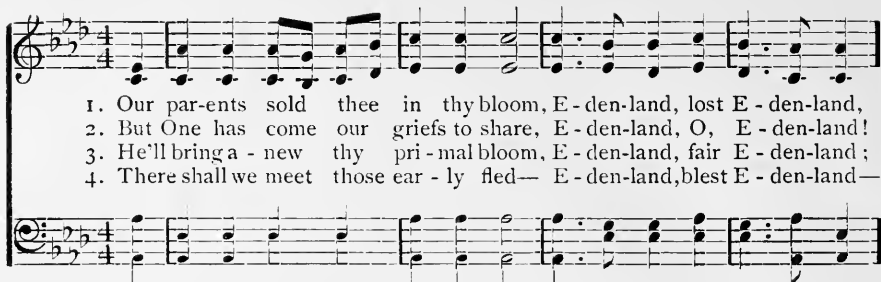
*m* Foyfully.

1. In that glo-ri-ous day when the saints of God On the wings of morning rise  
2. Tho' as pil-grims here they trav-el on Till the night shall flee a - way,  
3. Safe home, at last, in the cit - y fair, By the riv - er's flow-ing tide,

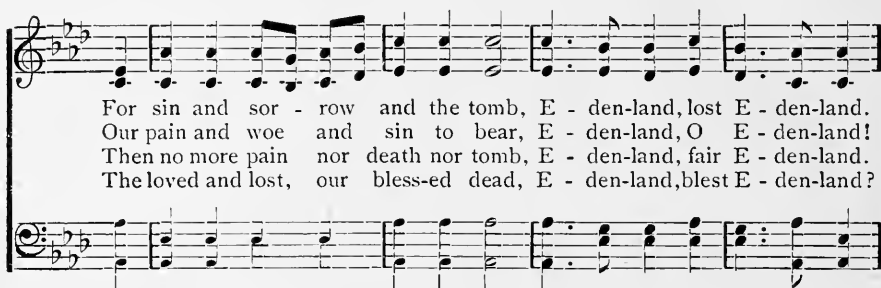
To their "Father's house," that blest a-bode, The cit - y of Par - a - dise,  
They will glad-ly greet the com-ing morn Of that promised hap - py day,  
They will "see the King in his beauty" there, The gates he will o - pen wide.

They will hear the song that the an - gels sing In the man-sions of the blest,  
Where the jas - per walls their radiance fling, Nevermore shall shadows come,  
They will swell the car-ols of joy - ful praise With their voices glad and free,

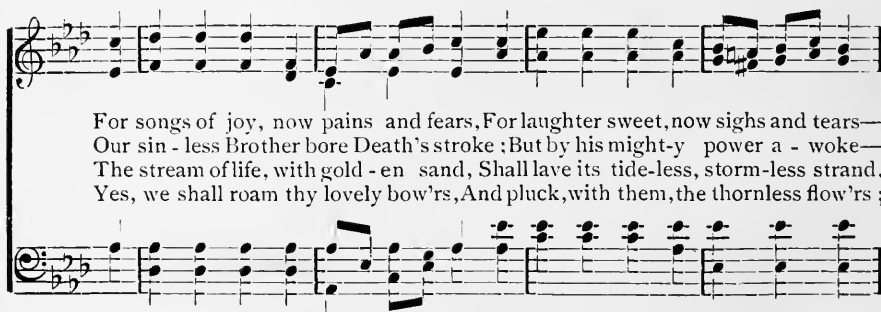
As they homeward haste, on joy - ful wing, To en - ter the gates of rest.  
And the gates of pearl shall o - pen swing To welcome the wand'ers home.  
And the an - gel choirs their notes will raise In the song of ju - bi - lee.



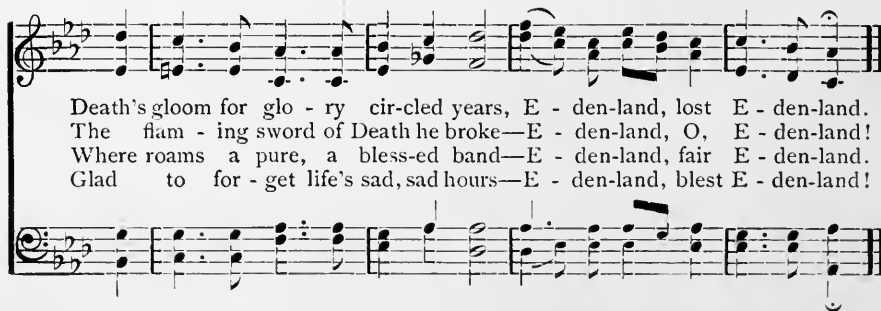
1. Our par-ents sold thee in thy bloom, E - den-land, lost E - den-land,  
 2. But One has come our griefs to share, E - den-land, O, E - den-land!  
 3. He'll bring a - new thy pri - mal bloom, E - den-land, fair E - den-land;  
 4. There shall we meet those ear - ly fled— E - den-land, blest E - den-land—



For sin and sor - row and the tomb, E - den-land, lost E - den-land.  
 Our pain and woe and sin to bear, E - den-land, O E - den-land!  
 Then no more pain nor death nor tomb, E - den-land, fair E - den-land.  
 The loved and lost, our bless-ed dead, E - den-land, blest E - den-land?



For songs of joy, now pains and fears, For laughter sweet, now sighs and tears—  
 Our sin - less Brother bore Death's stroke; But by his might-y power a - woke—  
 The stream of life, with gold - en sand, Shall lave its tide-less, storm-less strand,  
 Yes, we shall roam thy lovely bow'rs, And pluck, with them, the thornless flow'rs;



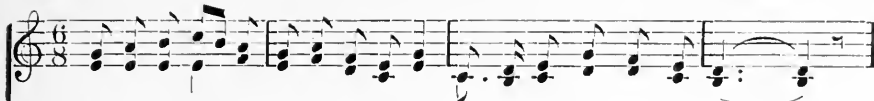
Death's gloom for glo - ry cir-cled years, E - den-land, lost E - den-land.  
 The flam - ing sword of Death he broke—E - den-land, O, E - den-land!  
 Where roams a pure, a bless-ed band—E - den-land, fair E - den-land.  
 Glad to for - get life's sad, sad hours—E - den-land, blest E - den-land!

# Our Hope.

149

MARY E. WELCH.

F. S. STANTON, Mus. Bac.



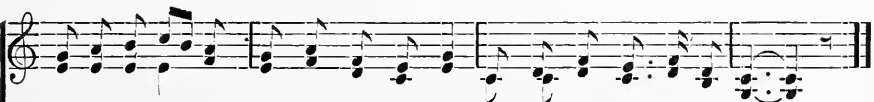
1. Over the hills the trumpet is sounding, Sounding the beau-ti-ful song; . . .
2. Wonders and signs all tell the glad story, Je-sus is com-ing a-gain; . . .
3. Tho' he is pleading still with the Father, Soon he is com-ing a-gain; . . .



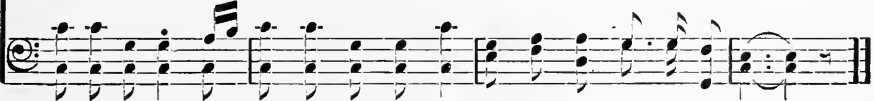
Je-sus is coming, soon he is com-ing, Tho' he has tar-ried so long.  
Coming to reign in hon-or and glo-ry, Waiting will not be in vain.  
Soon will his pleading cease and for-ev-er, For he is com-ing to reign.



While we are hoping, watching, and waiting, He is pre-par-ing a place; . .  
O-ver the hills the trumpet is sounding, Valleys re-ech-o the strain, . .  
"Je-sus, come quickly," still we are crying, While the time seemeth so long; . .



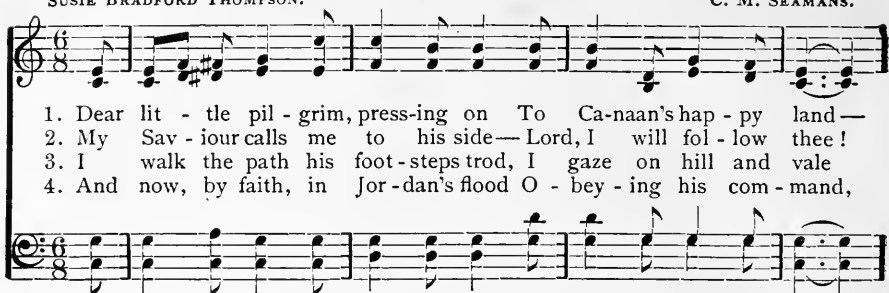
Yes, he is coming, soon to re-ceive us In his dear lov-ing em-brace.  
Watchmen in Zi-on, tell the glad sto-ry, Je-sus is com-ing a-gain.  
Trusting the promise, still we are wait-ing, Sing-ing the beau-ti-ful song.



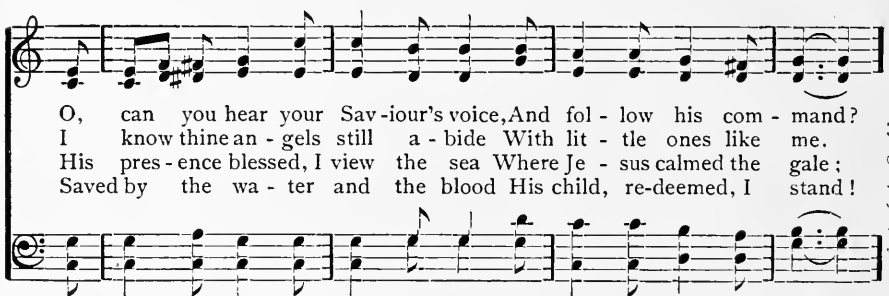
## Child's Baptismal Hymn.

SUSIE BRADFORD THOMPSON.

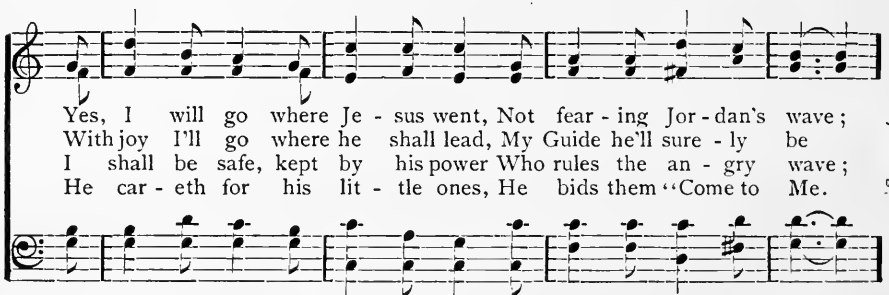
C. M. SEAMANS.



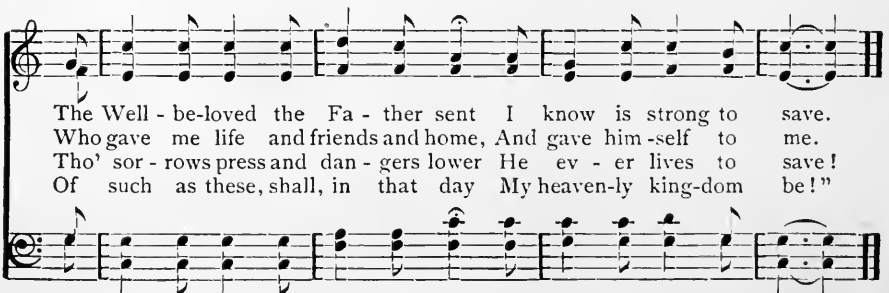
1. Dear lit - tle pil - grim, press-ing on To Ca-naan's hap - py land—  
 2. My Sav - iour calls me to his side—Lord, I will fol - low thee!  
 3. I walk the path his foot - steps trod, I gaze on hill and vale  
 4. And now, by faith, in Jor-dan's flood O - bey - ing his com - mand,



O, can you hear your Sav-iour's voice, And fol - low his com - mand?  
 I know thine an - gels still a - bide With lit - tle ones like me.  
 His pres - ence blessed, I view the sea Where Je - sus calmed the gale;  
 Saved by the wa - ter and the blood His child, re-deemed, I stand!



Yes, I will go where Je - sus went, Not fear - ing Jor - dan's wave;  
 With joy I'll go where he shall lead, My Guide he'll sure - ly be  
 I shall be safe, kept by his power Who rules the an - gry wave;  
 He car - eth for his lit - tle ones, He bids them "Come to Me.



The Well - be-loved the Fa - ther sent I know is strong to save.  
 Who gave me life and friends and home, And gave him - self to me.  
 Tho' sor - rows press and dan - gers lower He ev - er lives to save!  
 Of such as these, shall, in that day My heaven-ly king-dom be!"

# Only Room for Praise.

151

ADA BLENKHORN.

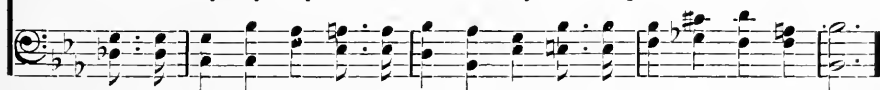
THORO HARRIS.



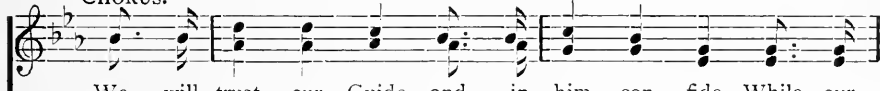
1. Pressing on the way to the land of day In the Lord's appointed ways,
2. In the deepest grief we will find re-lief, 'Twill remove the sor-est sting,
3. Ev-er-more re-joice with a grate-ful voice For it is our Father's will;



Tho' our path-way lie 'neath a storm-y sky There is on-ly room for praise.  
If we bear a song as we march along, Giv-ing thanks in ev-'ry-thing.  
Let us day by day follow Christ the Way, And his peace our hearts will fill.



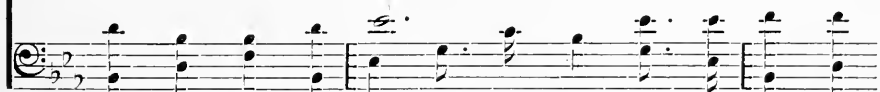
## CHORUS.



We will trust our Guide and in him con-fide While our



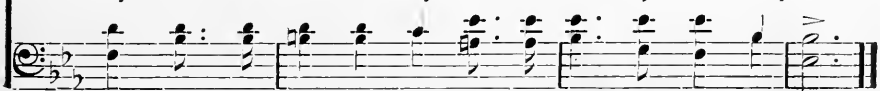
thank-ful songs we raise; On the home-ward




to Je-sus we raise;

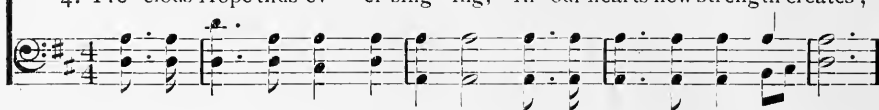



way to the realms of day There is on-ly room for praise.

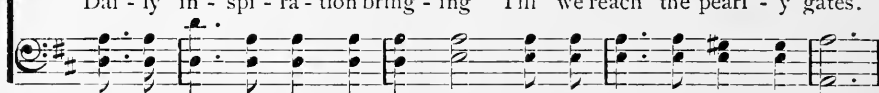




1. We are pil-grims here—and strangers—Trav'ling o'er life's des-ert bare;  
 2. Tho' the way be long and drear-y, Blessed Hope is ev-er nigh;  
 3. When life's cares are sore-ly press-ing, And its bur-dens weigh us down,  
 4. Pre-cious Hope thus ev-er sing-ing, In our hearts new strength creates;

But whate'er its toil and dan-gers Hope is ev-er sing-ing there.  
 Singing soft-ly to the wea-ry Of the sweet, sweet by and by.  
 Hope is fill-ing us with bless-ing, Sing-ing of the vic-tor's crown.  
 Dai-ly in-spi-ra-tion bring-ing Till we reach the pearl-y gates.



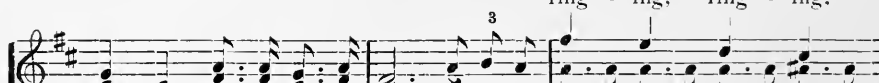
CHORUS.<sup>3</sup>



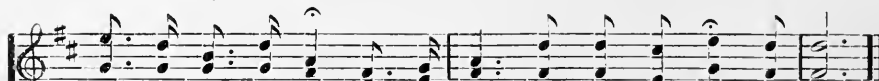
Cheer-i-ly sing-ing, sing-ing, sing-ing all the way—Car-ol-ing  
 singing, singing, singing, singing.



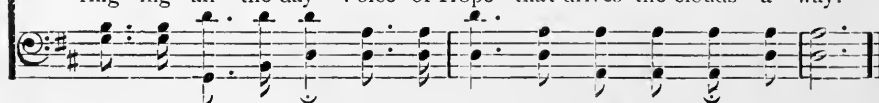
ring-ing, ring-ing.



in the heart a hap-py lay; Joy-ful-ly ring-ing, ringing, ringing, ring-ing,

ring-ing all the day—Voice of Hope that drives the clouds a-way.



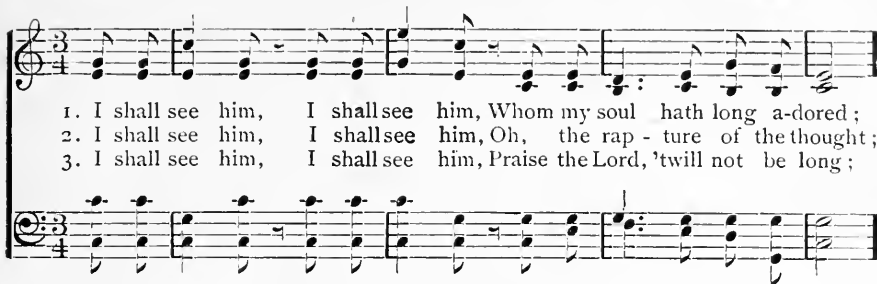


# I Shall See Him.

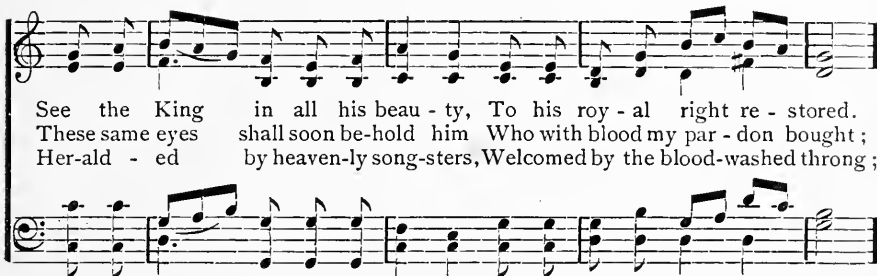
153

MRS. E. E. WILLIAMS.

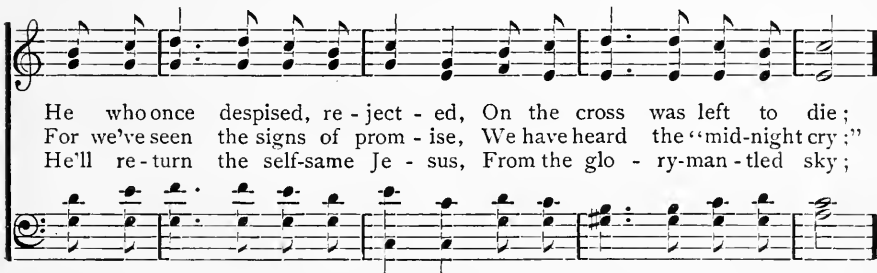
F. S. STANTON, Mus. Bac.



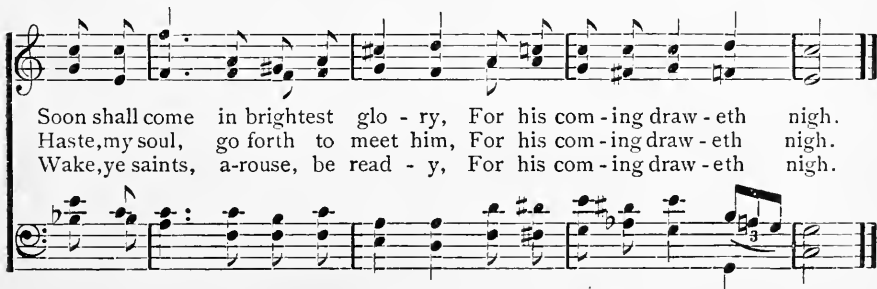
1. I shall see him, I shall see him, Whom my soul hath long a-dored ;  
 2. I shall see him, I shall see him, Oh, the rap - ture of the thought ;  
 3. I shall see him, I shall see him, Praise the Lord, 'twill not be long ;




See the King in all his beau - ty, To his roy - al right re - stored.  
 These same eyes shall soon be-hold him Who with blood my par - don bought ;  
 Her-ald - ed by heaven-ly song-sters, Welcomed by the blood-washed throng ;




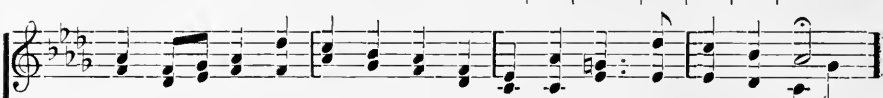
He who once despised, re - ject - ed, On the cross was left to die ;  
 For we've seen the signs of prom - ise, We have heard the "mid-night cry ;"  
 He'll re - turn the self-same Je - sus, From the glo - ry-man-tled sky ;




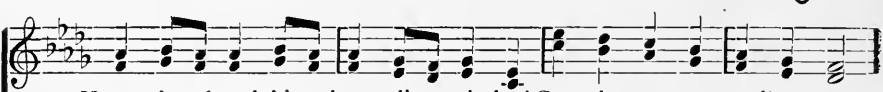
Soon shall come in brightest glo - ry, For his com-ing draw - eth nigh.  
 Haste, my soul, go forth to meet him, For his com-ing draw - eth nigh.  
 Wake, ye saints, a-rouse, be read - y, For his com-ing draw - eth nigh.



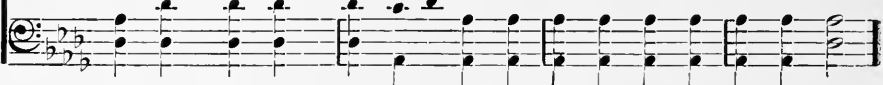
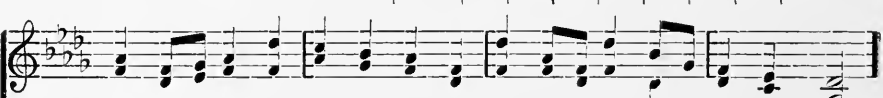
1. Love first call'd him from the glo-ry, Called him from the crown, the throne.  
 2. Lists he to their anx-ious que-ry, "Must we per-ish? Mas-ter, see!"  
 3. Then, as now, to all who knew him Ev-er lov-ing to the end—


Won - d'ring an-gels sang his sto-ry, When he came to save his own.  
 (E'en tho' sleeping, worn and wea-ry, On the waves of Gal-i-lee.)  
 Fain to call the lost world to him—Nam'd by scorn "The Sinner's Friend!"

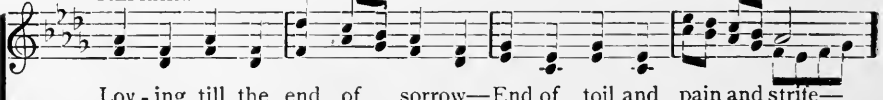
How he loved his dear dis - ci-ples! Gave them ev-er tend' rest care,  
 "Peace!" his clear voice stills the tempest! Mighty Conqueror! Tender Friend!  
 Are you wea-ry, hea-vy laden? Would you have him for your Friend?

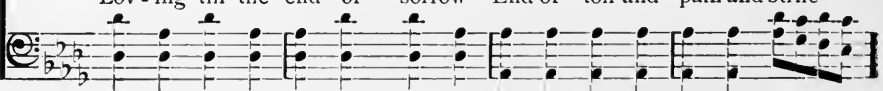
Bore their doubtings, pride and weakness, Taught them meekness, faith and prayer.  
 Hav - ing loved his dear dis - ci-ples, How he loved them to the end!  
 Seek him now! He changes nev-er, He will love you to the end!



## REFRAIN.



Lov - ing till the end of sorrow—End of toil and pain and strife—



Till the New Cre - a - tion's morrow—Thro' the years of end - less life.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

## Our Fathers' Faith.

FREDERICK W. FABER.

F. A. BLACKMER.

1. Faith of our fa - thers! liv - ing still In spite of dun - geon, fire and sword ;  
 2. Our fathers, chain'd in pris - ons dark Were still in heart and conscience free ;  
 3. Faith of our fa - thers! we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife :

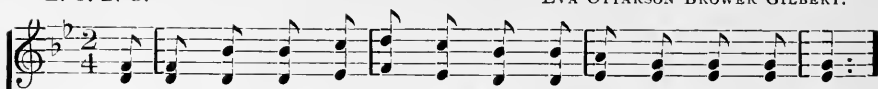
The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature has one sharp (F-sharp), and the time signature is 6/4. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

O how our hearts beat high with joy When - e'er we hear that glo - rious word ;  
 How sweet would be their children's fate, If they, like them, could die for thee !  
 And preach thee, too, as love knows how, By kind - ly words and vir - tuous life :



The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature has one sharp (F-sharp), and the time signature is 6/4. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

Faith of our fa - thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death !  
 Faith of our fa - thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death !  
 Faith of our fa - thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death !

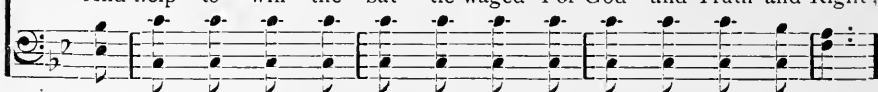

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature has one sharp (F-sharp), and the time signature is 6/4. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The piece concludes with a double bar line.



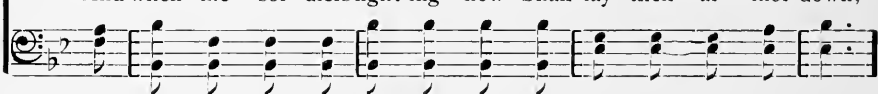

1. The ar - my of our Lord and King Is march - ing on to - day,  
 2. The lit - tle stone of wea - ri - ness A smile will roll a - side,  
 3. So let us do our lit - tle work With all our hum - ble might,


The might - y men of val - or go To drive the foe a - way;  
 The jag - ged rocks of en - mi - ty A kind - ly word will hide;  
 And help to win the bat - tle waged For God and Truth and Right;

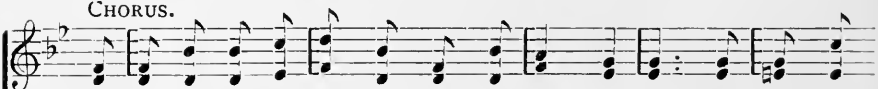
Not in the ranks our place we find, The sword and shield to bear,  
 The stumbling-blocks of pride and doubt A cheer - ful song will start.  
 And when the sol - diers fight - ing now Shall lay their ar - mor down,


We're smoothing out the high - way steep For sol - diers marching there.  
 And balm of thought - ful deeds will heal Some sad - ly - wound - ed heart.  
 Then we'll fall in and side by side We'll fight to win the crown.



## CHORUS.

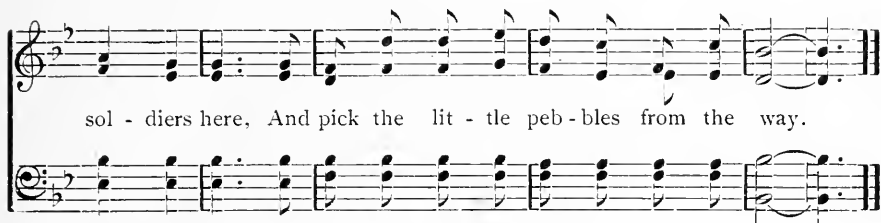


We can - not car - ry bur - dens for our Mas - ter dear, Nor lead his



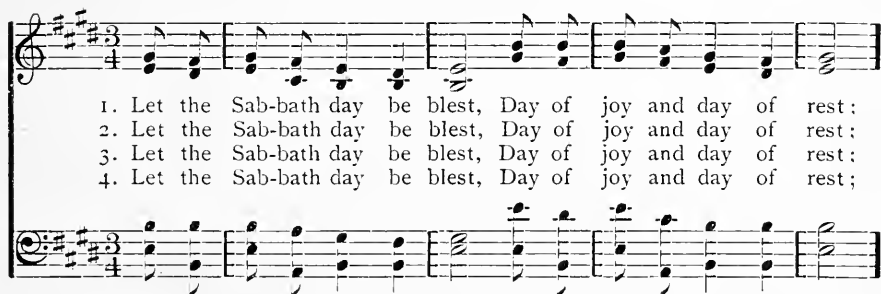


mighty ar-mies to the fray, But we can walk be-side his faith-ful



sol - diers here, And pick the lit - tle peb - bles from the way.

### The Sabbath.



1. Let the Sab-bath day be blest, Day of joy and day of rest ;  
 2. Let the Sab-bath day be blest, Day of joy and day of rest ;  
 3. Let the Sab-bath day be blest, Day of joy and day of rest ;  
 4. Let the Sab-bath day be blest, Day of joy and day of rest ;



Songs of praise as-cend on high, Hal-le - lu - jahs fill the sky.  
 Hum - ble prayer to God as - cend, God our Fa-ther and our Friend.  
 Glad - ly may we hear his word, Gladly learn the way to God.  
 End - less day to mor - tals given, When the Lord de-scends from heaven.

1. I would be more like Je - sus Ev - ery day; I would  
2. I would be kind and gen - tle, Meek and mild; I would  
3. I would work in his vine - yard Ev - ery day; Pa - tient,

be true and faith - ful All the way; I would know what to  
be pure and lov - ing— His dear child; I would do good to  
trust - ing, o - be - dient, Come what may; I would go where he

sing and What to say, I would know how to lis - ten—How to pray.  
oth - ers, As he did; I would shed joy and sunshine, In him hid.  
leads me, By his grace, Till in glo - ry I see him Face to face.

## CHORUS.

So I'll watch and I'll la - bor And I'll pray; By his grace I will follow All the way;

Then with joy I shall meet him—Trials o'er—And with him reign for ever, Evermore.

# The Troubled Waters.

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F. A. B.

F. A. BLACKMER.



1. An an - gel came down to Bethesda's pool Each season with healing power ;
2. Who en - tered the pool of Be - thes - da first Could healing a - lone re - ceive,
3. Then haste to this fountain, O sin - sick ones, The maim'd and the halt and blind,
4. The Spir - it is plead - ing this solemn hour, O turn from him not a - way ;



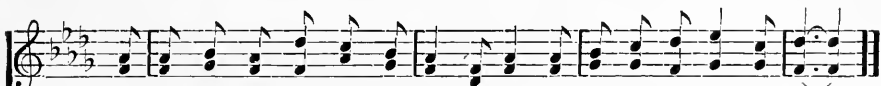
But we have in Je - sus a healing font, That saves dying souls each hour.  
But here is a foun - tain that flows for all Who shall in the Lord be - lieve.  
And plunge in its wa - ters by faith this hour, And fullest sal - va - tion find.  
The wa - ters are troubled, step in, step in, Make Jesus your own to - day.



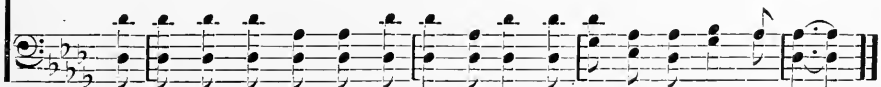
## CHORUS.



The wa - ters are troubled, step in, step in, There's room for all ;  
There's room for all ;

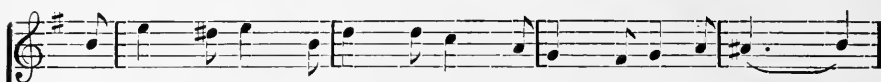
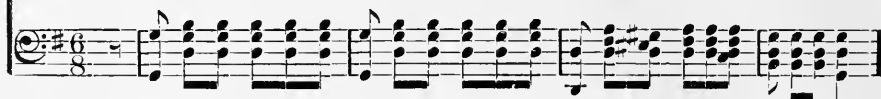


The Spir - it is pleading, the Saviour waits, O list to the lov - ing call.

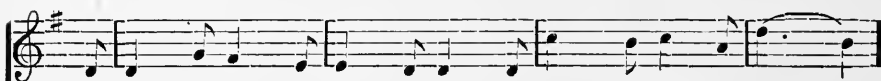
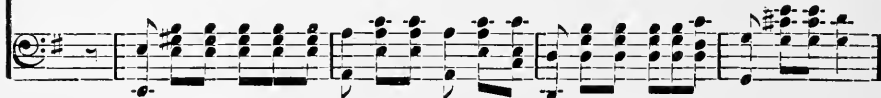




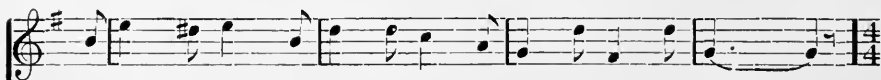
1. Lo, here an-oth - er Christmas dawns, A glad - some, mer-ry day,
2. What won - der if the an - gels' songs Shook those Judean hills,
3. The beau - ty of that east - ern morn, That ushered in that day,
4. What man so blind as not to see The gifts which in him shine?



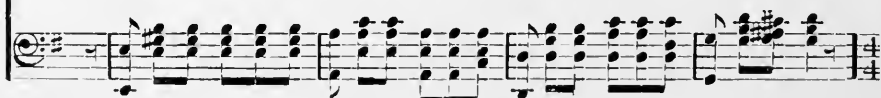
When ev - 'ry sort of earth - ly care May well be put a - way,  
 Or if the ver - y trees cried out, And laughed the gurgling rills;  
 But typ - i-fied his glo - ry, who Within that man-ger lay;  
 What man so sac - re-lig - ious as To call him not di - vine?



And thoughts of men be back-ward turned Un - to that bless-ed morn,  
 For hope had kissed the fall - en world, Of life and glo - ry shorn,  
 Well might the "wise men," worshipping, With gifts their faith a - ver,  
 What man so fear - less of his fate, As not to trust his grace,



On which, in low - ly Beth - le-hem, The Sav-iour, Christ was born. . .  
 And he, Mes-si - ah, promised long, Had come, for Christ was born. . .  
 They of - fered to a God their "gold, Their frankincense and myrrh".  
 Who deigned, a righteous God to come And take the sin - ner's place? . .

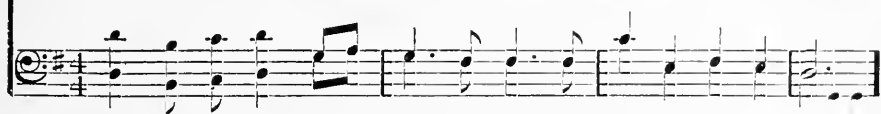




## CHORUS.



Hail, bless-ed babe of Beth - le - hem! Our gifts of praise we bring;



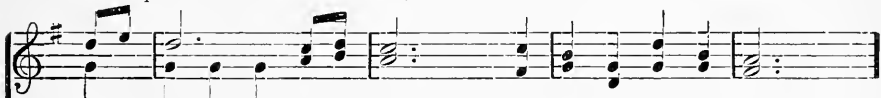
our King!



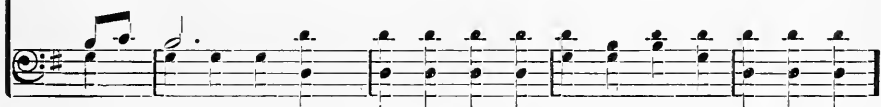
We hail thee as the Christ of God, Our Proph - et, Priest and King!  
our King!



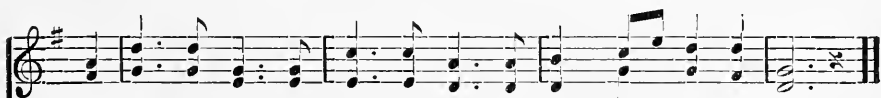
The power we own,



The power of grace re - ceived we own, For fu - ture grace we pray, we pray,



The power



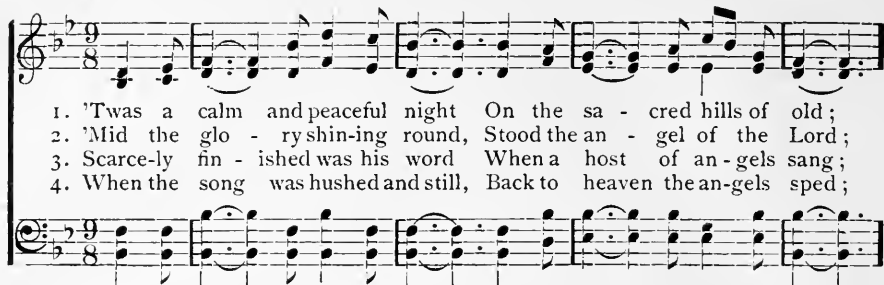
And sing of thee with joy - ful hearts, This glad - some Christmas day.



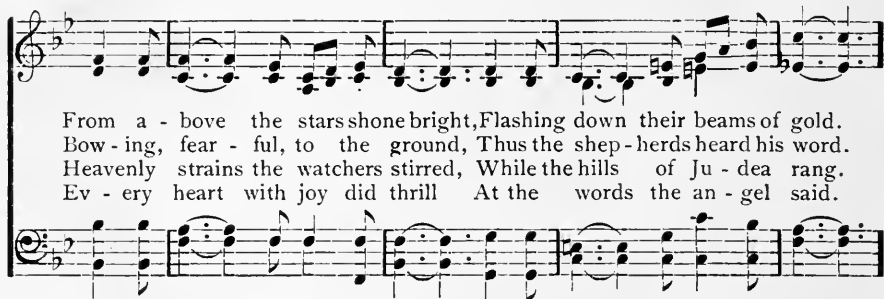
## The Song of Peace.

C. M. S.

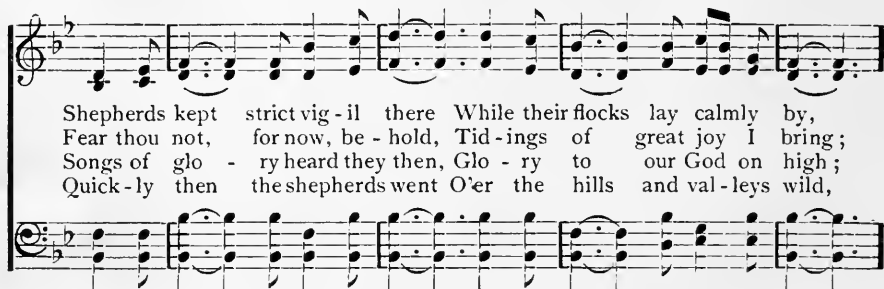
C. M. SEAMANS.



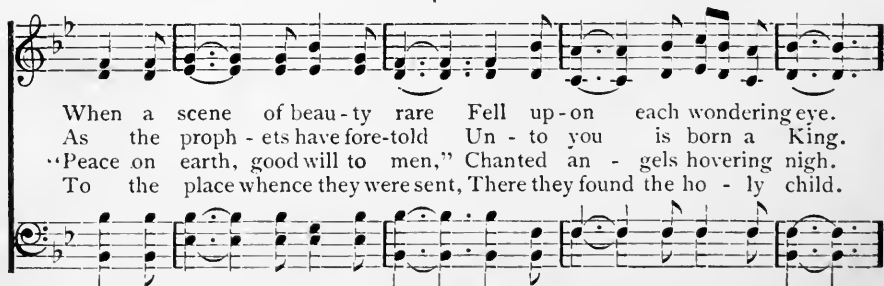
1. 'Twas a calm and peaceful night On the sa - cred hills of old ;  
 2. 'Mid the glo - ry shin-ing round, Stood the an - gel of the Lord ;  
 3. Scarce-ly fin - ished was his word When a host of an - gels sang ;  
 4. When the song was hushed and still, Back to heaven the an - gels sped ;



From a - bove the stars shone bright, Flashing down their beams of gold.  
 Bow - ing, fear - ful, to the ground, Thus the shep - herds heard his word.  
 Heavenly strains the watchers stirred, While the hills of Ju - dea rang.  
 Ev - ery heart with joy did thrill At the words the an - gel said.



Shepherds kept strict vig - il there While their flocks lay calmly by,  
 Fear thou not, for now, be - hold, Tid - ings of great joy I bring ;  
 Songs of glo - ry heard they then, Glo - ry to our God on high ;  
 Quick - ly then the shepherds went O'er the hills and val - leys wild,



When a scene of beau - ty rare Fell up - on each wondering eye.  
 As the proph - ets have fore - told Un - to you is born a King.  
 "Peace on earth, good will to men," Chanted an - gels hovering nigh.  
 To the place whence they were sent, There they found the ho - ly child.

CHORUS.

Ho-ly an - gels from the realms above, Came to earth . . . on wings of  
Ho - ly an-gels Came to earth

love; Singing glo - ry o'er and o'er again, "Peace on earth, good will to men."  
Singing glo-ry

Holy Ghost, With Light Divine.

ANDREW REED.

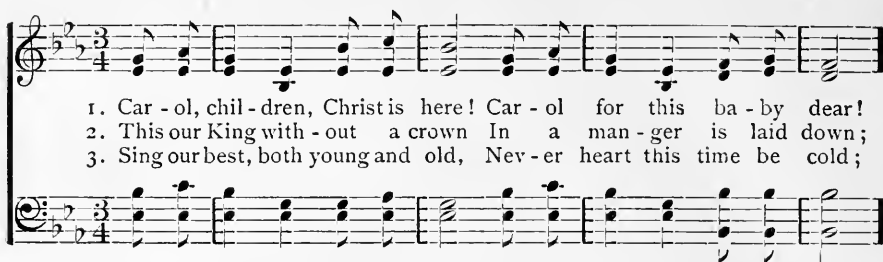
LOUIS M. GOTTSCHALK.

1. Ho - ly Ghost, with light divine, Shine up - on this heart of mine;  
2. Ho - ly Ghost, with pow'r divine, Cleanse this guilt-y heart of mine;  
3. Ho - ly Ghost, with joy di - vine, Cheer this sadden'd heart of mine;  
4. Ho - ly Spir - it, all di - vine, Dwell with-in this heart of mine;

Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my darkness in - to day.  
Long hath sin with - out con - trol, Held do - min - ion o'er my soul.  
Bid my man - y woes de - part, Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.  
Cast down ev - 'ry i - dol throne, Reign su - preme and reign a - lone.

ROBERT LOWELL, adapted.

F. A. BLACKMER.

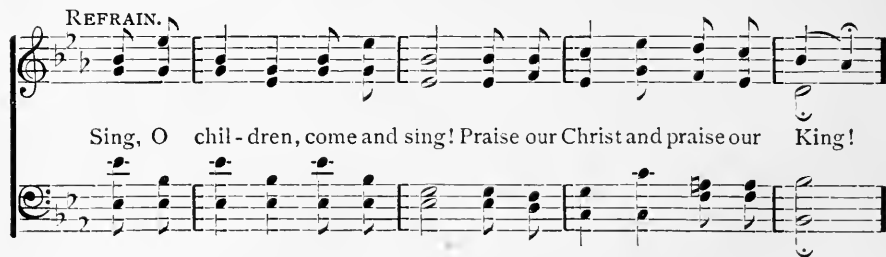


1. Car - ol, chil - dren, Christ is here! Car - ol for this ba - by dear!  
 2. This our King with - out a crown In a man - ger is laid down;  
 3. Sing our best, both young and old, Nev - er heart this time be cold;

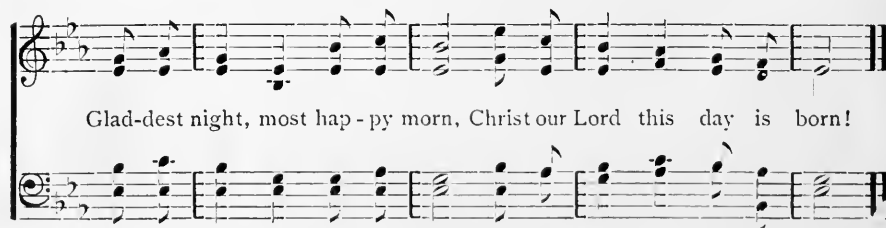


This is man, but God the more; Sing be - side the sta - ble door!  
 As the maid with meek - est hands Wraps him all in swath - ing bands.  
 Nev - er eye of faith be dim, Come and love and wor - ship him!

REFRAIN.



Sing, O chil - dren, come and sing! Praise our Christ and praise our King!



Glad - dest night, most hap - py morn, Christ our Lord this day is born!

# Bethlehem.

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REV. PHILLIPS BROOKS,

LEWIS H. REDNER,

1. O lit - tle town of Beth-le-hem, How still we see thee lie!  
 2. For Christ is born of Ma - - ry; And gath-ered all a - bove,  
 3. How si - lent - ly, how si - lent - ly The won-drous gift is given!  
 4. O ho - ly Child of Beth-le-hem, De-scent to us, we pray;

A - bove thy deep and dream-less sleep The si - lent stars go by;  
 While mor - tals sleep, the an - gels keep Their watch of wond'ring love.  
 So God im-parts to hu - man hearts The bless-ings of his heav'n.  
 Cast out our sin and en - ter in,—Be born in us to - day!

Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing Light;  
 O morn-ing stars! to - geth - er Pro-claim the ho - ly birth,  
 No ear may hear his com - ing; But in this world of sin,  
 We hear the Christ-mas an - gels The great glad ti - dings tell,—

The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night!  
 And prais - es sing to God the King, And peace to men on earth!  
 Where meek souls will re - ceive him still, The dear Christ en - ters in.  
 Oh, come to us, a - bide with us, Our Lord Em-man - u - el!

## The Babe of Bethlehem.

MRS. E. F. S.

MRS. EMMA FISK SMITH.

*Tenderly, with expression.*

1. Re - peat the dear old sto - ry Of the roy - al Babe who came,  
 2. Tell how the shepherds watch - ing, As Dav - id watched of yore,  
 3. Tell how the wise men fol - lowed The beauteous guid - ing star  
 4. The Babesoon left the man - ger, The shep - herds might not stay,

His throne a low - ly man - ger, In far - off Beth - le - hem.  
 Heard wondrous songs of an - gels Men nev - er heard be - fore.  
 Which led them to the man - ger, From coun - tries strange and far.  
 The wise men to their coun - try Re - turned an - oth - er way.

Tell how the sweet girl moth - er Watched o'er the sin - less one,  
 Tell how they has-tened quick - ly To see the Babe whose birth  
 Tell of their low - ly wor - ship, The roy - al gifts they bro't,  
 'Tis a - gessince the Christ-child Slept in the man - ger low,

*rall.*  
 And in her pure heart pon - dered The strange things that were done.  
 Could bring from heaven the an - gels To sing of "peace on earth."  
 There-by to fit - ly hon - or The king - ly Babe they sought.  
 But still we love its sto - ry: That Christ-mas long a - go.

## CHORUS.

Oh! tell the sto - ry o - ver, Its charm grows nev - er, nev - er dim;

The sto - ry of the Christ-child, The Babe of Beth - le - hem.

## Jesus, Keep Me.

MRS. E. E. MILES.

F. S. STANTON, Mus. Bac.

1. Je - sus, keep me day by day In the straight and nar - row way;  
 2. Je - sus, help me when I call, When I fear that I may fall;  
 3. Je - sus, make me pure with - in, Wash my heart from ev - ery sin,  
 4. Je - sus, save me by and by, When thou comest in the sky,

Snares a - round my feet are set, Watch me, lest I may for - get.  
 Guard my steps lest I should go In the downward path to woe.  
 So each tho't and act may be Pleas - ing, bless - ed Lord, to thee.  
 May I see thy glo - rious face, With thy peo - ple have a place.

1. "Glo-ry to God!" the ho-ly an-gels sing,  
 2. "Glo-ry to God!" the King of Peace is born,  
 3. "Glo-ry to God!" how sweet the heav'nly strain,

With peals of joy the heav'nly arch-es ring; "Peace on the earth," how  
 Let prais-es ring to God this hap-py morn; Bright Star of Hope, we  
 Let earth re-ply and join the glad re-frain; All hail the King, the

sweet the strains of love, Peace and good will from him who reigns a-bove.  
 hail thy wel-come light, Day dawns at last to drive a-way our night.  
 Christ of Beth-le-hem, Place on his head the roy-al di-a-dem.



CHORUS.

Glo-ry! Glo-ry! Glo-ry to God! Glo-ry! Glo-ry! Glo-ry to God!

“Glo-ry to God in the high - est!” “Glory to God in the high - est!”

Glo-ry to God! Glo-ry to God! “Glory to God in the high - est!”

*a tempo.*

Peace from heaven, Peace from above. Peace from heaven, Oh, matchless love!

Peace on the earth and good will to men ; Peace on the earth and good will to men.

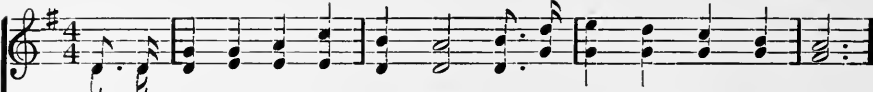
Glo - ry be to God!

Glo-ry be to God in the high - est! Glo - ry be to God!

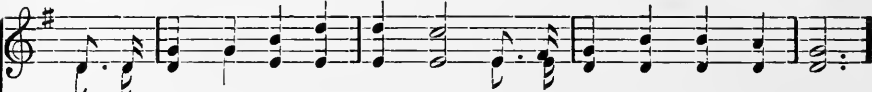
Glo - ry be to God! Glo-ry be to God in the high - est!

ANON.


G. H. P. Arranged.



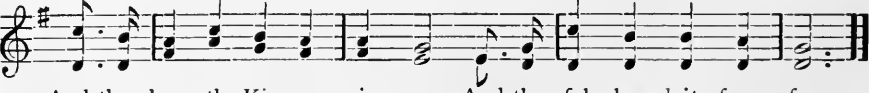
1. Saw ye nev - er in the twi - light, When the sun had left the sky,  
 2. Heard ye nev - er of the sto - ry, How they crossed the des - ert wild,  
 3. Know ye not that low - ly ba - by Was the bright and morn - ing star,



Thro' the gloom the bright stars shin - ing, From their dis - tant home on high?  
 Jour - ney'd on by plain and mountain, Till they found the Ho - ly Child?  
 He who came to light the Gen - tles, And the dark - ened isles a - far?



So of old the wise men, watch - ing, Saw a lit - tle stran - ger star,  
 How they o - pened all their treas - ure, Kneeling to their in - fant King,  
 And we too may seek his cra - dle, 'There our hearts' best treasures bring,



And they knew the King was giv - en, And they fol - lowed it from far.  
 Gave the gold and fra - grant in - cense, Gave the myrrh in of - fer - ing.  
 Love, and faith, and true de - vo - tion, For our Sav - iour, God and King.

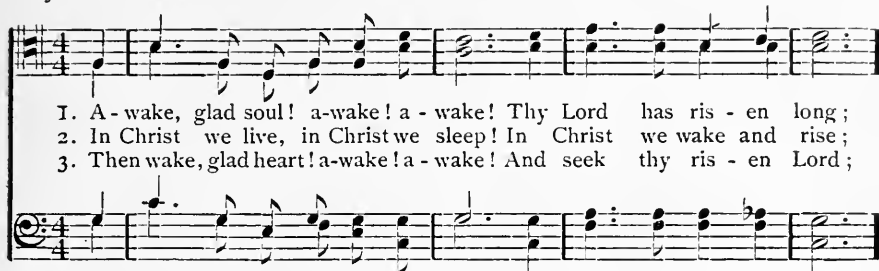
# The Lord Has Risen.

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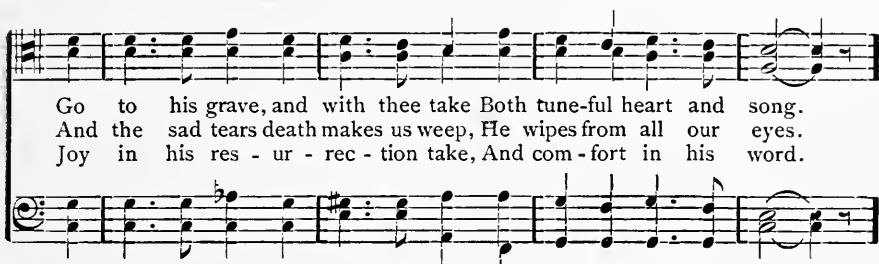
FOR MALE VOICES.

JOHN S. B. MONSELL.

F. A. BLACKMER.

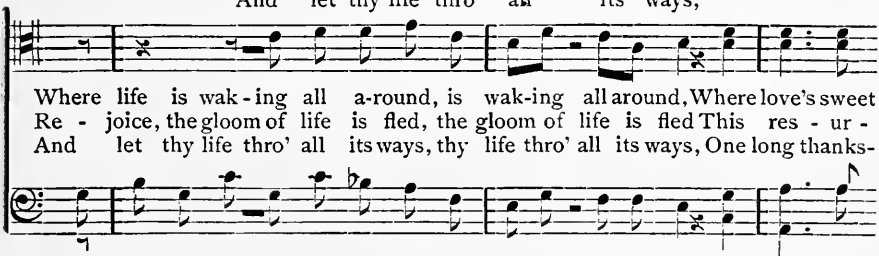


1. A - wake, glad soul! a - wake! a - wake! Thy Lord has ris - en long;  
 2. In Christ we live, in Christ we sleep! In Christ we wake and rise;  
 3. Then wake, glad heart! a - wake! a - wake! And seek thy ris - en Lord;

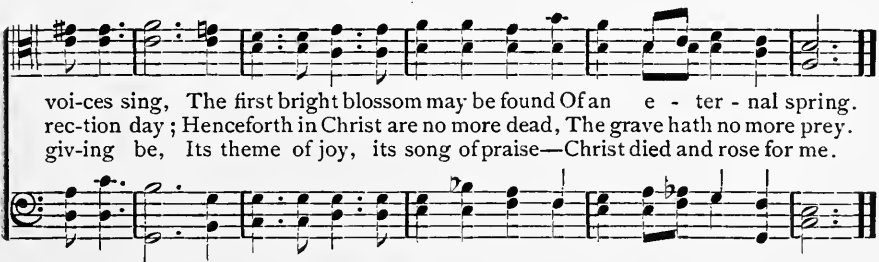


Go to his grave, and with thee take Both tune-ful heart and song.  
 And the sad tears death makes us weep, He wipes from all our eyes.  
 Joy in his res - ur - rec - tion take, And com - fort in his word.

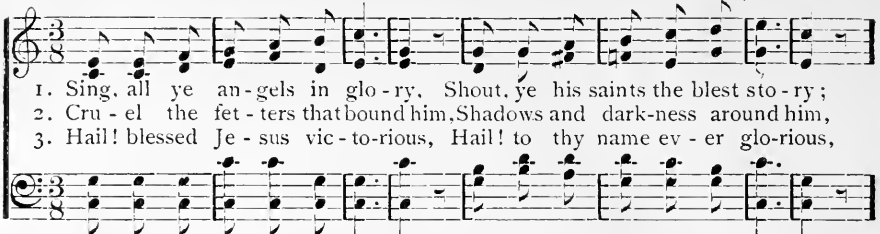
Where life is wak-ing all a - round,  
 Re - joice, the gloom of life is fled,  
 And let thy life thro' all its ways,

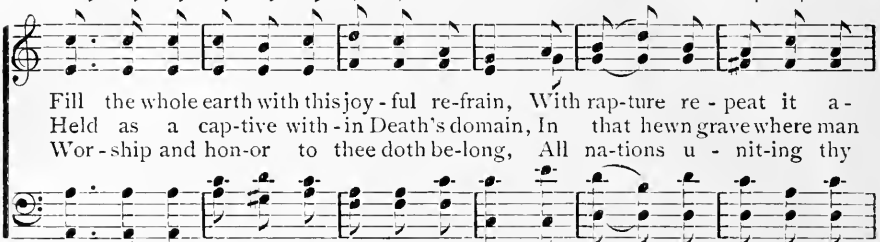


Where life is wak-ing all a-round, is wak-ing all around, Where love's sweet  
 Re - joice, the gloom of life is fled, the gloom of life is fled This res - ur -  
 And let thy life thro' all its ways, thy life thro' all its ways, One long thanks-

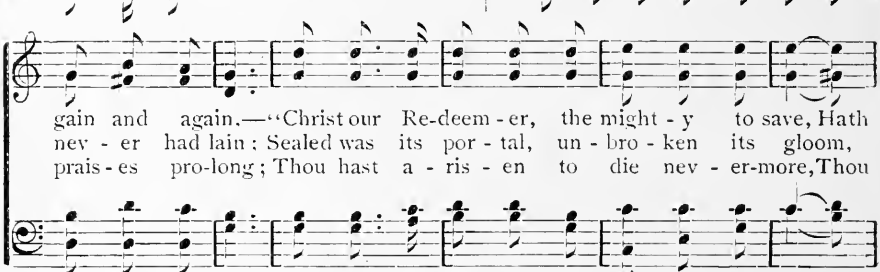


voi-ces sing, The first bright blossom may be found Of an e - ter - nal spring.  
 rec-tion day; Henceforth in Christ are no more dead, The grave hath no more prey.  
 giv-ing be, Its theme of joy, its song of praise—Christ died and rose for me.

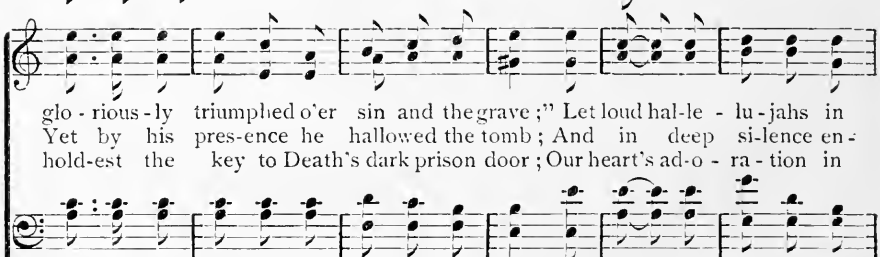
- 
1. Sing, all ye an-gels in glo-ry, Shout, ye his saints the blest sto-ry ;
  2. Cru-el the fet-ters that bound him, Shadows and dark-ness around him,
  3. Hail! blessed Je-sus vic-to-rious, Hail! to thy name ev-er glo-rious,



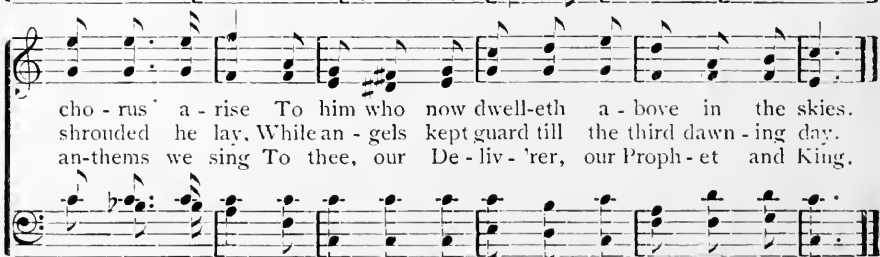
Fill the whole earth with this joy-ful re-frain, With rap-ture re-peat it a-  
Held as a cap-tive with-in Death's domain, In that hewn grave where man  
Wor-ship and hon-or to thee doth be-long, All na-tions u-nit-ing thy



gain and again.—“Christ our Re-deem-er, the might-y to save, Hath  
nev-er had lain : Sealed was its por-tal, un-bro-ken its gloom,  
prais-es pro-long ; Thou hast a-ris-en to die nev-er-more, Thou



glo-rious-ly triumphed o'er sin and the grave ;” Let loud hal-le-lu-jahs in  
Yet by his pres-ence he hallowed the tomb ; And in deep si-lence en-  
hold-est the key to Death's dark prison door ; Our heart's ad-o-ra-tion in



cho-rus a-rise To him who now dwell-eth a-bove in the skies.  
shrouded he lay, While an-gels kept guard till the third dawn-ing day.  
an-thems we sing To thee, our De-liv-er, our Proph-et and King.

# The Conqueror of Death.

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JAMES ROWE.

THORO HARRIS.



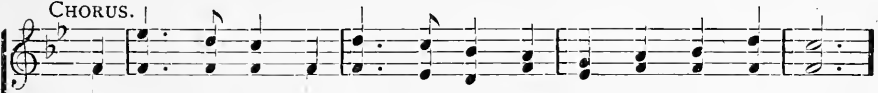
1. Be glad! re-joice! Hope's golden light Is ris - ing with the dawn ;
2. Be glad! re-joice! Be - hold the King! Tri - um - phant forth he comes,
3. Both sin and death have heard their doom, The stone is rolled a - way,
4. Be - hold the King! The strife is o'er, The Sav - iour lives a - gain!



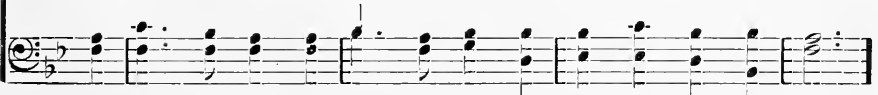
The gloom of death has tak - en flight, Its ter - rors are withdrawn.  
The glo - ry of his love to bring In - to our hearts and homes!  
And shines a light with - in the tomb Which dims the light of day.  
Be glad, and praise him more and more ; Re - joice, ye sons of men.



## CHORUS.



Be - hold the King, the glo - rious King, The con - quer - or of death!

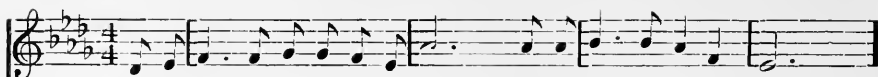


O make the whole cre - a - tion ring! The Lord has conquered death!



C. M. S.

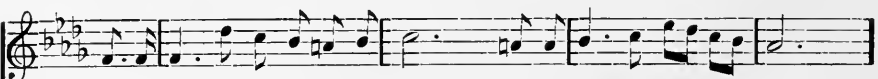
C. M. SEAMANS.



1. In a gar - den mid the fragrant flowers, There they laid our blessed Lord ;
2. As the morning light began to dawn, On the third day as he said —
3. From the portals of that silent tomb Came the mighty Lord and King ;
4. Mighty Victor oversin and death ! Let his name be now a - dored !



Soldiers stern, thro' slowly passing hours Watched the tomb with spear and sword.  
 Angels bright thro' heaven's curtains drawn, Came to wake him from the dead.  
 Life and glo-ry scattered death's cold gloom, Hope rose high on joyful wing.  
 Yea, let ev-ery-thing that now hath breath, Praise our ris'n and living Lord.



Who would dare despise the Roman throne ? Who would dare to break the seal ?  
 Clothed with power they left their glorious home, In the strength of God alone —  
 As in love the faithful women came, Joyful words they heard that day ;  
 In his hands he holds the mighty keys — Keys of death and of the grave ;





Who could roll a-way the mighty stone, And such wondrous power reveal?  
Car - ing naught for seal or guards of Rome Angels rolled away the stone.  
"Christ is ris'n!" go, quick the news proclaim—Come and see where Jesus lay.  
Hal - le - lu - jah! for the Prince of Peace, Christ the mighty One to save.



CHORUS.



Ho-ly angels dare to break the seal, Dare to roll the mighty stone away; "He is



ris'n" they cry with glad acclaim. "He is ris'n" the blessed news pro-  
claim; "He is ris'n," hear them cry with glad acclaim, "He is ris'n," now the



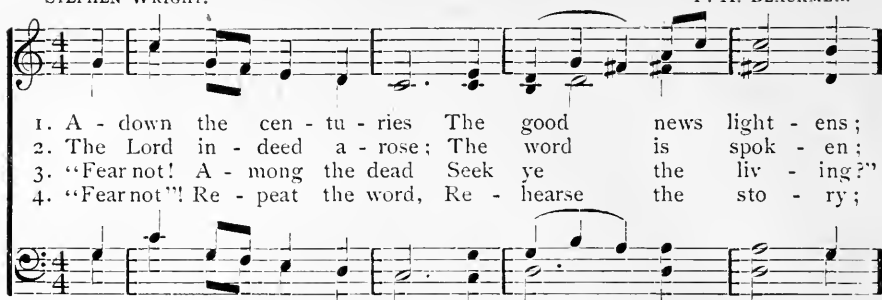
*f* *cres.*

*rall.* . . *mf* *a tempo.*



claim; . . Angels rolled the mighty stone away—Christ is ris'n this happy day.  
blessed news proclaim;





1. A - down the cen - tu - ries The good news light - ens;  
 2. The Lord in - deed a - rose; The word is spok - en;  
 3. "Fear not! A - mong the dead Seek ye the liv - ing?"  
 4. "Fear not"! Re - peat the word, Re - hearse the sto - ry;



The mor - al fir - ma - ment With glo - ry bright - ens.  
 His tomb was sealed by foes—Their seal is bro - ken.  
 "Fear not," the an - gel said, New cour - age giv - ing.  
 Tell what your ears have heard, Mes - si - ah's glo - ry.



Good news for souls that sigh In fear's dark pris - on;  
 The stone is rolled a - way 'Mid won - ders thrill - ing;  
 "Fear not"—need an - y fear Whom he be - friend - eth?  
 "Fear not," his vic - tory sing; His saints a - wak - ing,



Ye are not doomed to die, For Christ is ris - en.  
 Hear what the an - gels say, His word ful - fill - ing;  
 An emp - ty tomb is here; The Lord as - cend - eth.  
 Shall he in tri - umph bring, Their tombs for - sak - ing.




# That Sorrowless Country.

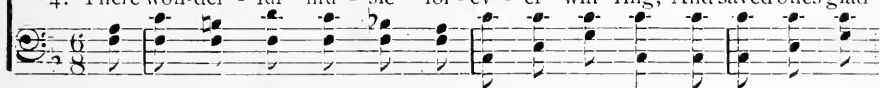
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JENNIE WILSON.

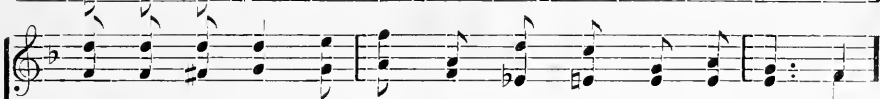
THORO HARRIS.




1. Our Sav-iour is wait-ing to wel-come us home, When we in time's  
2. The wea-ri-some tri-als of earth will be o'er At last when we  
3. Sweet flow-ers are bloom-ing in beau-ty un-told, Redeemed ones are  
4. There won-der-ful mu-sic for-ev-er will ring, And saved ones glad



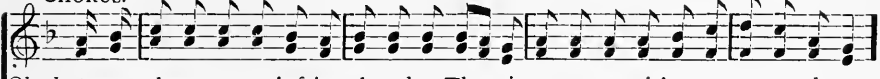

val-ley no long-er shall roam; And soon will his kind, lov-ing  
stand on that shad-ow-less shore; No grief or temp-ta-tion can  
tread-ing the streets of pure gold, And we shall those glo-ri-ous  
songs of re-demp-tion shall sing, And with them we'll wor-ship our

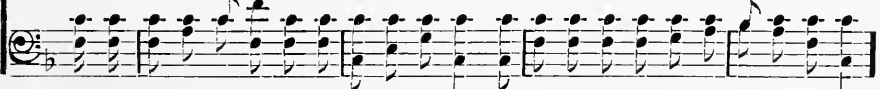
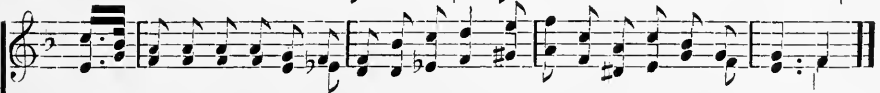
voice bid us come To him in that sor-row-less coun-try.  
come ev-er-more To us in that sor-row-less coun-try.  
vis-ions be-hold For aye in that sor-row-less coun-try.  
Sav-iour and King Who gave us that sor-row-less coun-try.



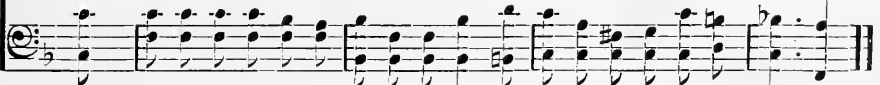
## CHORUS.



Oh, that sorrowless country is fairer than day, There joys never vanish nor treasures decay;

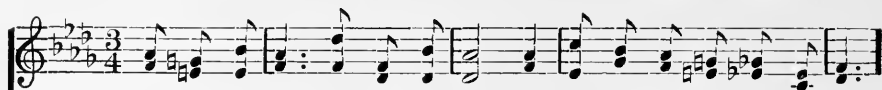



We'll go with rejoicing when summoned away, To dwell in that sorrowless country.

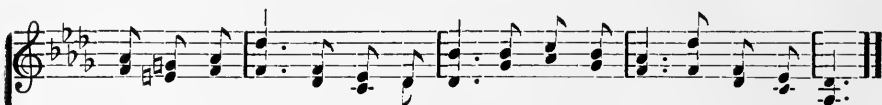
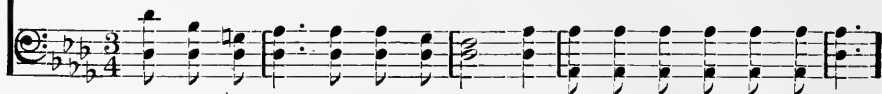


MRS. N. P. ENO.

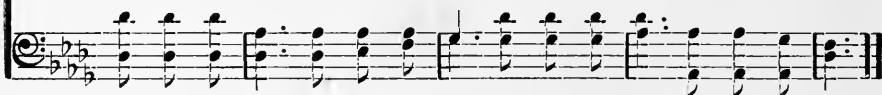
MRS. F. BARNES. Arr.



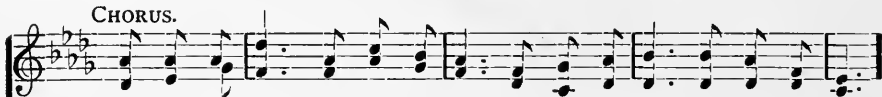
1. How can it be? How can it be? The sto-ry told on Cal-va-ry,  
 2. Why was it so? Why was it so? That Je sus' blood should have to flow  
 3. Why should he die? Why should he die? For sin-ners vile who him de-ny—



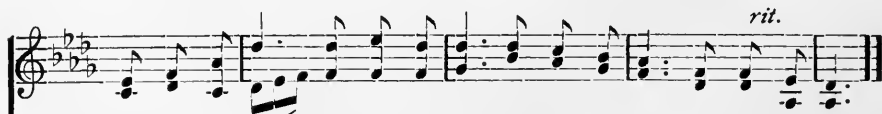
Where Je-sus died up - on the tree, From sin and death to set us free.  
 This sin-ful, fall - en race to save From death e - ter - nal in the grave.  
 When he was pure and knew no sin, Why should he die such souls to win?



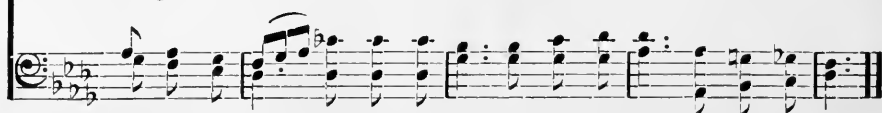
## CHORUS.



Oh, it was love, 'twas wondrous love, That bro't our Sav-iour from a - bove



To give his life up - on the tree, From sin and death to set us free.

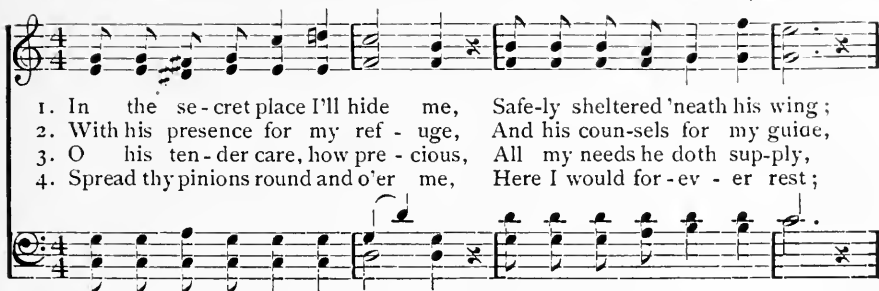


# The Secret Place.

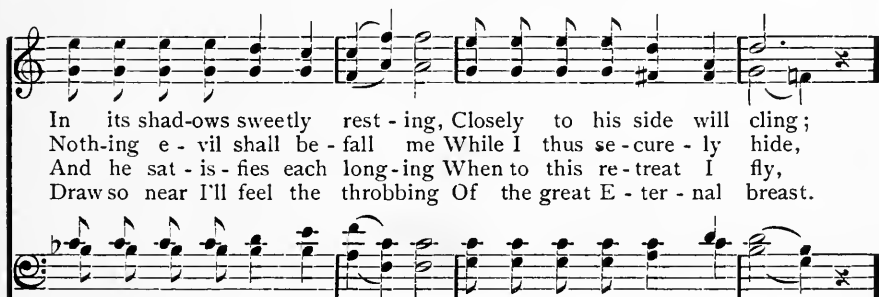
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MRS. E. E. MILES.

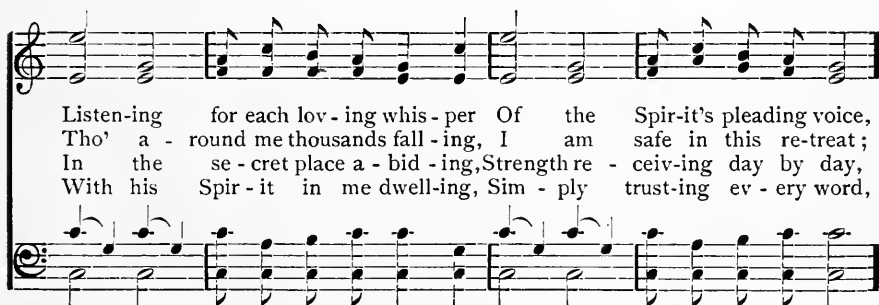
F. S. STANTON, MUS. BAC.



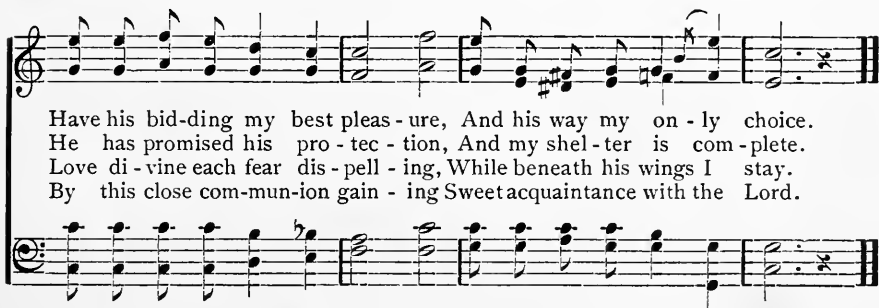
1. In the se-cret place I'll hide me, Safe-ly sheltered 'neath his wing;  
 2. With his presence for my ref-uge, And his coun-sels for my guide,  
 3. O his ten-der care, how pre-cious, All my needs he doth sup-ply,  
 4. Spread thy pinions round and o'er me, Here I would for-ev-er rest;



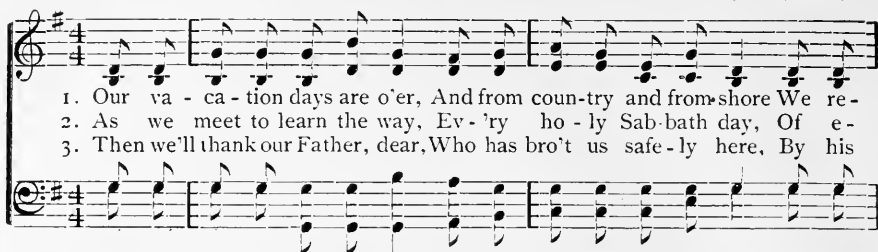
In its shad-ows sweetly rest-ing, Closely to his side will cling;  
 Noth-ing e-vil shall be-fall me While I thus se-cure-ly hide,  
 And he sat-is-fies each long-ing When to this re-treat I fly,  
 Draw so near I'll feel the throbbing Of the great E-ter-nal breast.




Listen-ing for each lov-ing whis-per Of the Spir-it's pleading voice,  
 Tho' a-round me thousands fall-ing, I am safe in this re-treat;  
 In the se-cret place a-bid-ing, Strength re-ceive-ing day by day,  
 With his Spir-it in me dwell-ing, Sim-ply trust-ing ev-ery word,



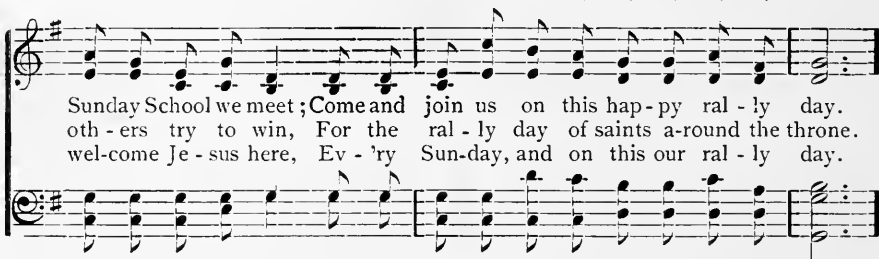
Have his bid-ding my best pleas-ure, And his way my on-ly choice.  
 He has promised his pro-tec-tion, And my shel-ter is com-plete.  
 Love di-vine each fear dis-pell-ing, While beneath his wings I stay.  
 By this close com-mun-ion gain-ing Sweet acquaintance with the Lord.



1. Our va - ca - tion days are o'er, And from coun - try and from shore We re -  
 2. As we meet to learn the way, Ev - 'ry ho - ly Sab - bath day, Of e -  
 3. Then we'll thank our Father, dear, Who has bro't us safe - ly here, By his

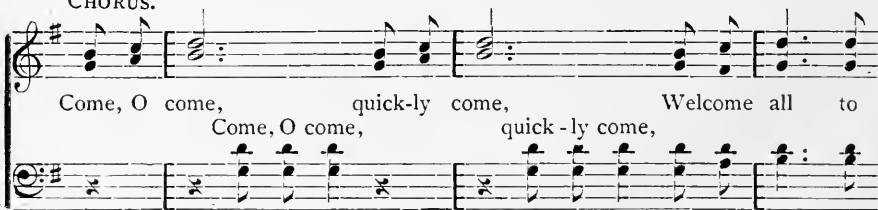


turn with health and strength renew'd to-day, Read-y for the service sweet, As in  
 ter - nal life thro' Je - sus Christ a-lone; May we give up all our sin, And then  
 grace we'll serve him tru - ly ev - 'ry day—May this Sunday School, so dear, Gladly

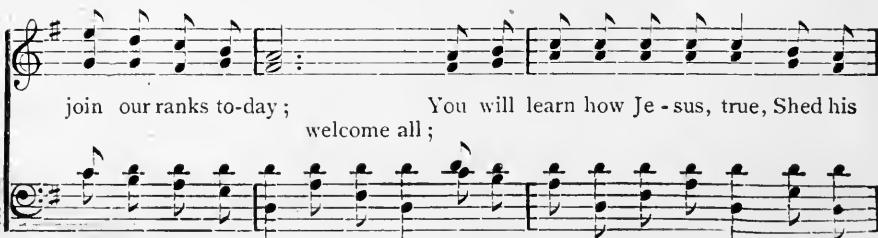


Sunday School we meet; Come and join us on this hap - py ral - ly day.  
 oth - ers try to win, For the ral - ly day of saints a-round the throne.  
 wel - come Je - sus here, Ev - 'ry Sun - day, and on this our ral - ly day.

## CHORUS.



Come, O come, quick-ly come, Welcome all to  
 Come, O come, quick-ly come,



join our ranks to-day; You will learn how Je - sus, true, Shed his  
 welcome all;

blood for me and you; Come and join us, then, this hap-py ral-ly day.

The Saviour Knocks.

F. A. B.

F. A. BLACKMER.

1. The Sav-iour knocks at thy proud heart, Do not his call de-ny;  
2. "I've wait-ed long-am wait-ing still," O hear him sad-ly say:  
3. This call of love, this plead-ing voice, Pass not un-heed-ed by,

Un-bar the en-trance, lost one, now, And quick-ly to him cry:  
"All night in dark-ness, damp and chill, Till al-most break of day."  
But in his ears of mer-cy pour Thy pen-i-ten-tial cry.

CHORUS.

"Yes, Lord, yes, Lord, I o-pen wide the door;

Come in, come in, and sup with me, And nev-er leave me more."

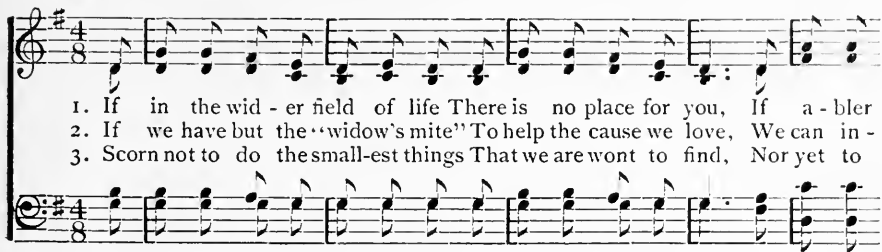


# Do the Best You Can.

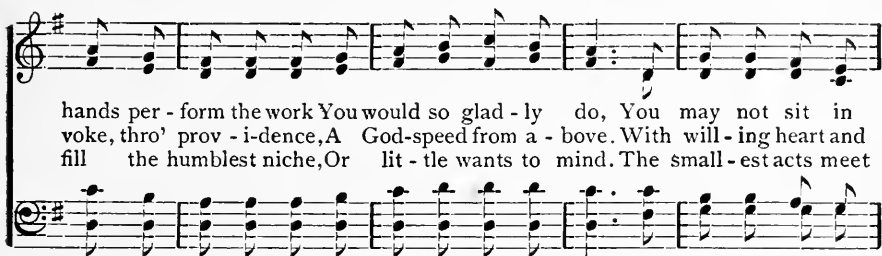
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ANNIE L. HOLBERTON.

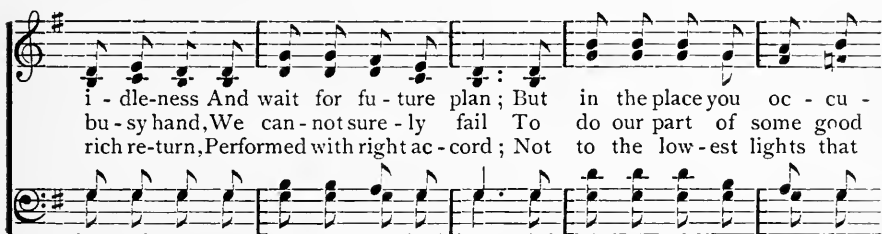
F. A. BLACKMER.



1. If in the wid - er field of life There is no place for you, If a - bler  
2. If we have but the "widow's mite" To help the cause we love, We can in -  
3. Scorn not to do the small - est things That we are wont to find, Nor yet to



hands per - form the work You would so glad - ly do, You may not sit in  
voke, thro' prov - i - dence, A God - speed from a - bove. With will - ing heart and  
fill the humblest niche, Or lit - tle wants to mind. The small - est acts meet

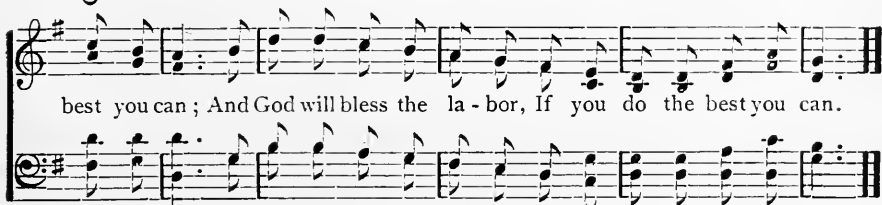


i - dle - ness And wait for fu - ture plan ; But in the place you oc - cu -  
bu - sy hand, We can - not sure - ly fail To do our part of some good  
rich re - turn, Performed with right ac - cord ; Not to the low - est lights that

## CHORUS.



py, Just do the best you can. Just do the best you can, Just do the  
work, That will some need a - vail.  
burn Is due the least re - ward.



best you can ; And God will bless the la - bor, If you do the best you can.

C. M. S.

OPENING HYMN.

C. M. SEAMANS.

1. We joy-ful-ly come on this hallowed day—This day of rest so sweet ;  
 2. We gath-er to-day in our Sunday School, And lift our hearts a - bove ;  
 3. Our su-per-in-tend-ent we'll help to-day—Our love to him we'll show ;

We gath-er to stud-y, to sing and pray—To learn at Je-sus' feet.  
 To-day we will prac-tice the Golden Rule, And show our Saviour's love.  
 The words of our teach-er we will o-bey, And strive the truth to know.

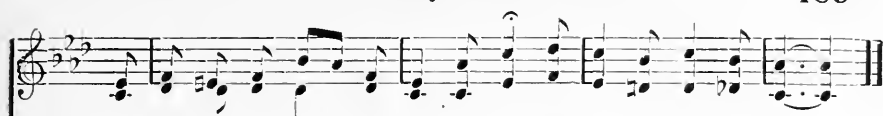
CHORUS.

Oh, bless-ed Sun-day School! Oh, bless-ed Sun-day School! Thy

wel-come voice we glad-ly hear, It fills our hearts with love and cheer ;

Oh, bless-ed Sun-day School! Oh, bless-ed Sun-day School!





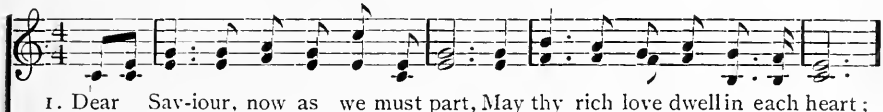
We joy - ful-ly raise, our songs of praise, Within thy gates so dear.

## Be With Us, Saviour.


C. M. S.

CLOSING HYMN.

C. M. SEAMANS.



1. Dear Sav-iour, now as we must part, May thy rich love dwell in each heart ;  
 2. What here we've learn'd from thy sweet word—Whatever good we may have heard,  
 3. If ne'er a - gain we here shall meet To hon - or thee by ser-vice sweet ;




Be with us till a - gain we meet To wor-ship at thy precious feet.  
 Help us to heed it ev - ery day That from thy side we may not stray.  
 Oh may we meet a - round thy throne When thou shalt come to claim thine own.

CHORUS.



Be with us, Saviour, till we meet To wor-ship at thy precious feet ;



Oh lead us gen-tly all the way . . . Un-to the realms of end-less day.

## He Liveth.

THORO HARRIS.

1. How sin - less the life of sor - row and strife Which Je - sus once  
 2. The Might-y to save, whose voice calm'd the wave And quelled the tem -  
 3. Thou Friend of man-kind, give sight to the blind, O quick - en the

lived a - mong men! . . . What fel - low - ship sweet, what  
 pest - u - ous sea, . . . In sor - row and need gave  
 life - less in sin; . . . Re - buke all our foes and

rap - ture com - plete Of those who a - dored him then! .  
 suc - cor in - deed And made Sa - tan's cap - tives free. .  
 heal all our woes And grant us thy peace with - in. .

## CHORUS.

He liveth, heliveth, our Teacher and Friend, In all who his precepts o - bey;

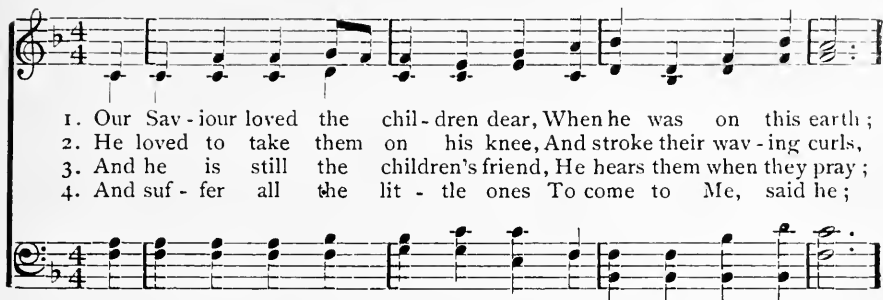
His love is the same e - ven un - to the end, And Je - sus is with us to - day.

# Open Wide Each Heart.

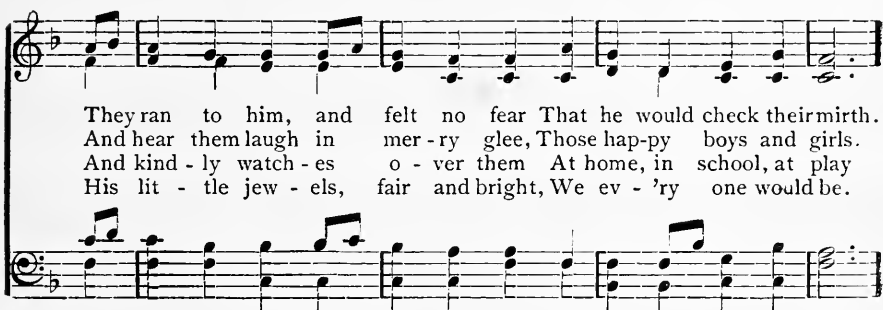
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FRANCES J. HALLGREEN.

F. A. BLACKMER.

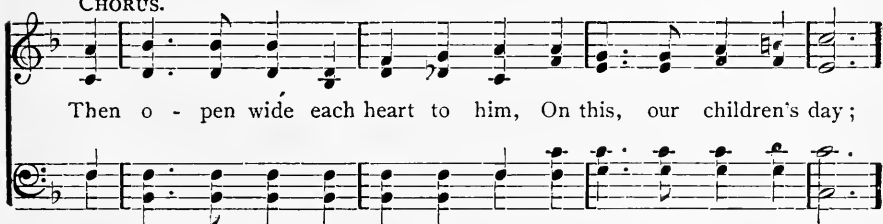


1. Our Sav - iour loved the chil - dren dear, When he was on this earth ;  
 2. He loved to take them on his knee, And stroke their wav - ing curls,  
 3. And he is still the children's friend, He hears them when they pray ;  
 4. And suf - fer all the lit - tle ones To come to Me, said he ;

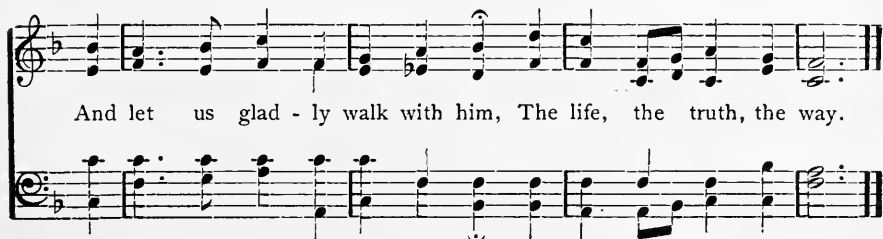


They ran to him, and felt no fear That he would check their mirth.  
 And hear them laugh in mer - ry glee, Those hap - py boys and girls.  
 And kind - ly watch - es o - ver them At home, in school, at play  
 His lit - tle jew - els, fair and bright, We ev - 'ry one would be.

## CHORUS.



Then o - pen wide each heart to him, On this, our children's day ;



And let us glad - ly walk with him, The life, the truth, the way.

1. I'm on-ly a lit - tle Chris - tian; But as I on-ward go, . . .  
 2. I'm on-ly a lit - tle Chris - tian; But as I go a - long . . .  
 3. I'm on-ly a lit - tle Chris - tian; But if I do my best . . .

I do my best for Je - sus, Be - cause I love him so; . . . I  
 I cheer my lit - tle play - mates By smile or cheer-ing song; . . . And  
 To please my Sav - iour dai - ly, Each day I shall be blest; . . . And

les - sen care and sor - row As of - ten as I may, . . .  
 of - ten when they sor - row I try to dry their eyes . . .  
 when this life is end - ed, If I have served him well, . . .

And make the world look bright - er For some one ev - 'ry day. . .  
 By tell - ing them of Je - - sus Who watch-es in the skies. . .  
 With Je - sus, my Re-deem - er. In glo - ry I shall dwell. . .

## CHORUS.

I'm on-ly a lit - tle Chris - tian; But as I on - ward go, . . .

I do my best for Je - sus, Be - cause I love him so. . . .

## My Refuge.

F. L. P.

FRANK L. PARSHLEY.

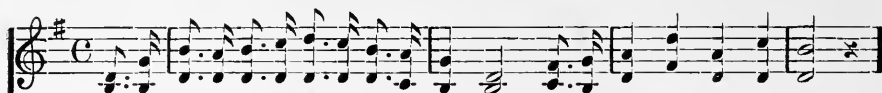
1. I will hide in Christ my Sav - iour When the storms a - bout me roll ;  
 2. When my heart is crush'd with sorrow, Bur - dened down with care and grief,  
 3. There I find a ho - ly ref - uge, There the troubled waves are still'd,  
 4. I will hide in him for - ev - er, Pre - cious Je - sus, what a friend!

I will seek the bless - ed har - bor Where no harm can reach my soul.  
 In his lov - ing arms I'll hide me, There he gives a sweet re - lief.  
 There he speaks sweet words of com - fort Till my heart is warm'd and filled.  
 He a - lone can keep me safe - ly Till I reach my jour - ney's end.

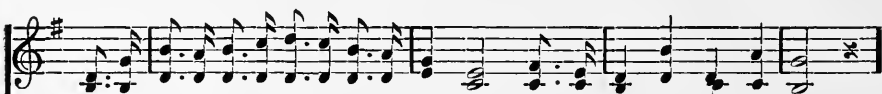
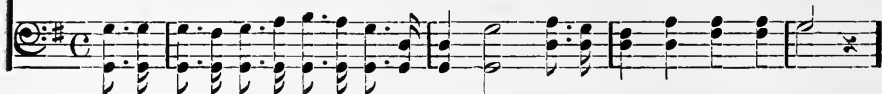
## CHORUS.

I will hide me, I will hide me, I will hide me ev - er - more;  
 ev - er - more;

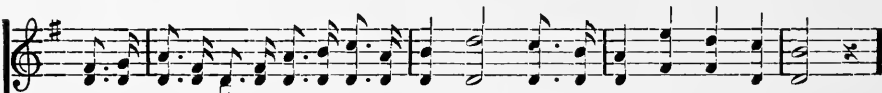
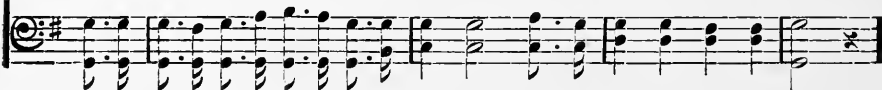
Safe with - in the Rock of A - ges, I will hide me ev - er - more.  
 ev - er - more.



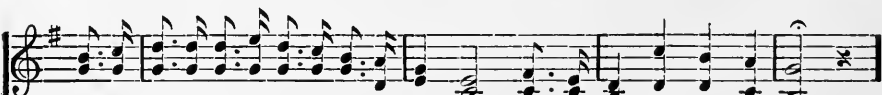
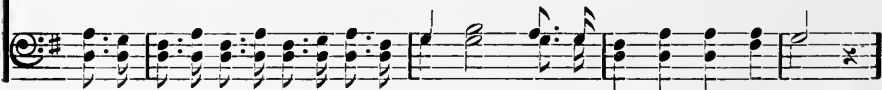
1. In the service of the Master we are waiting For the promised grace to fall ;
2. From the dying souls in depths of sin about us, Comes the call to you and me ;
3. So we bow before the Lord in deep petitions, And we search our hearts to-night,



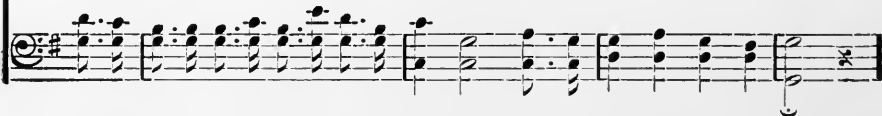
We have left the past and all the world's allurements, At his feet we've laid our all ;  
We are waiting, but the blessing of the Fa-ther, And the o - pen door to see ;  
Lest we fail to reach the heights that he appointeth, Or to read the word a - right ;



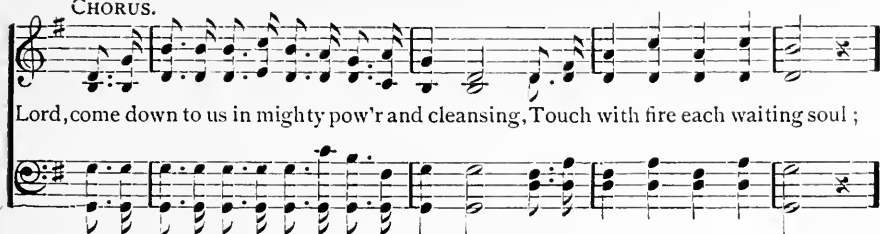
He is asking not the sacrifice of tem-ples Where the poor can have no part ;  
Tho' the word may lead us over moor and mountain, Or in patience bid us wait,  
For the souls that lie in sin out there beyond us Are the pearls he bought with blood.



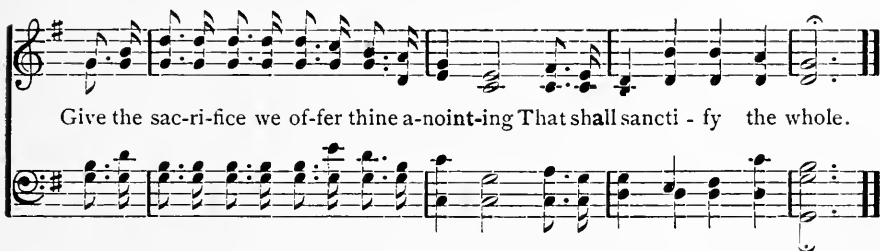
No, the offering in which the Lord delighteth Is a pure and contrite heart.  
Yet we know the way the Master bids us follow Leads to yon-der pearl-y gate.  
And our mission is to lift them from the darkness To a-dorn the throne of God.



CHORUS.

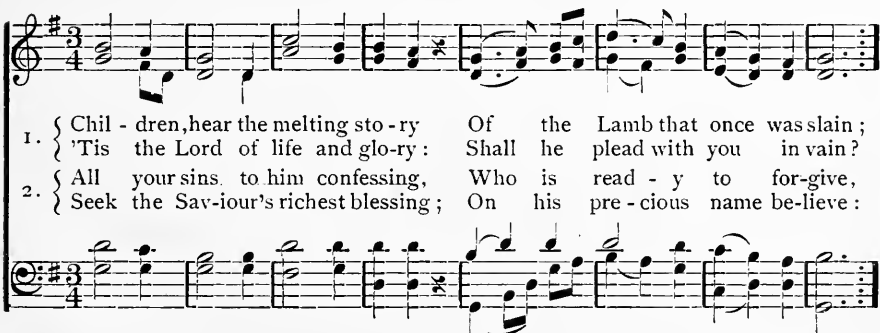


Lord, come down to us in mighty pow'r and cleansing, Touch with fire each waiting soul ;



Give the sac-ri-fice we of-fer thine a-noint-ing That shall sancti - fy the whole.

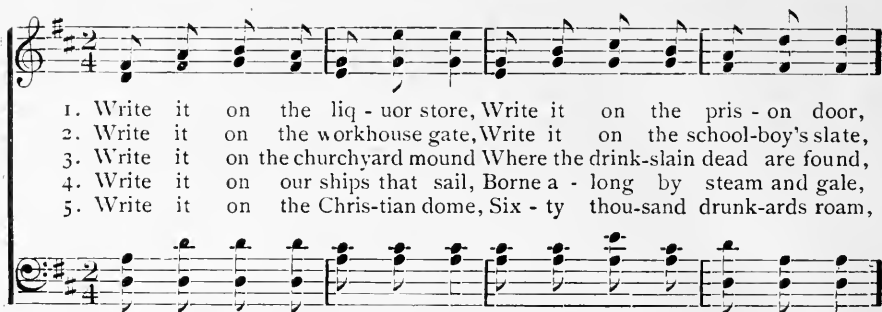
Children, Hear the Story.



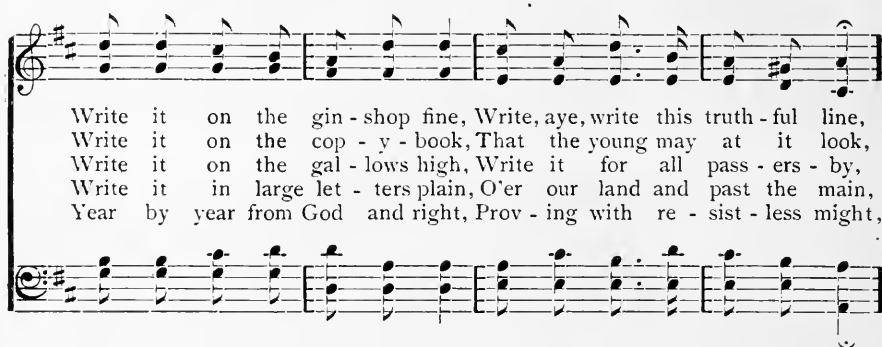
1. { Chil - dren, hear the melting sto - ry Of the Lamb that once was slain ;  
'Tis the Lord of life and glo - ry : Shall he plead with you in vain ?  
2. { All your sins. to him confessing, Who is read - y to for-give,  
Seek the Sav-iour's richest blessing ; On his pre - cious name be-lieve :



Oh, re - ceive him, And sal - va - tion now ob - tain.  
He is wait - ing ; Will you not his grace re - ceive ?

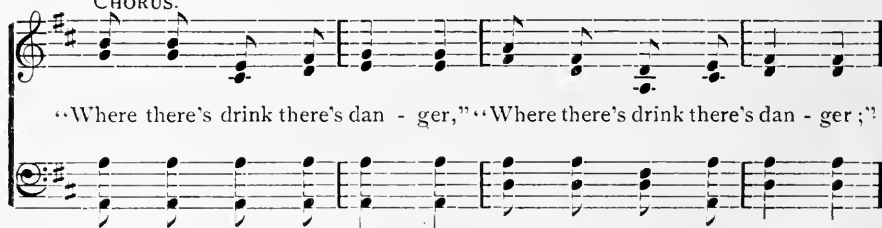


1. Write it on the liq - uor store, Write it on the pris - on door,  
 2. Write it on the workhouse gate, Write it on the school-boy's slate,  
 3. Write it on the churchyard mound Where the drink-slain dead are found,  
 4. Write it on our ships that sail, Borne a - long by steam and gale,  
 5. Write it on the Chris-tian dome, Six - ty thou-sand drunk-ards roam,

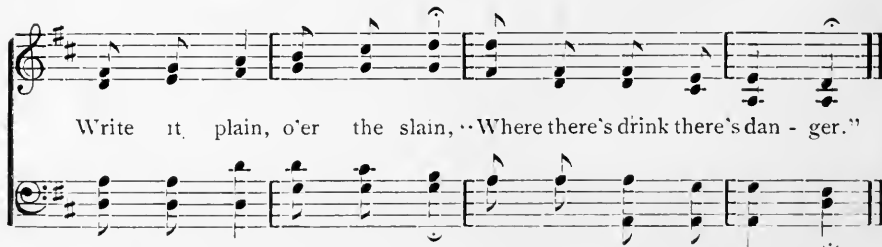


Write it on the gin - shop fine, Write, aye, write this truth - ful line,  
 Write it on the cop - y - book, That the young may at it look,  
 Write it on the gal - lows high, Write it for all pass - ers - by,  
 Write it in large let - ters plain, O'er our land and past the main,  
 Year by year from God and right, Prov - ing with re - sist - less might,

## CHORUS.



“Where there’s drink there’s dan - ger,” “Where there’s drink there’s dan - ger;”



Write it plain, o'er the slain, “Where there’s drink there’s dan - ger.”



# Praise Ye the Lord.

193

ADA BLENKHORN.

THORO HARRIS.

1. Praise ye the Lord! let the glad car - ols ring! Sweetest in-cense of  
 2. Praise ye the Lord! while the fir - ma - ment high, Wondrous work of his  
 3. Praise ye the Lord! let the grand an - them swell Like the sound of the

praise while we wor - ship the King. Praise ye his Name and his  
 hand, ech - oes back the re - ply. Let his great Name from re -  
 sea, all his glo - ry to tell. Hon - or his Name, laud and

good - ness a - dore, Let us sing and re-joice ev - er - more.  
 joic - ing lips fall, Bless-ed Sav - iour and Mas - ter of all.  
 wor - ship the King, While the joy - bells of vic - to - ry ring.

## CHORUS.

Hallelujah to him who is Lord over all, Let his glorious praise from rejoicing lips fall ;

Hallelujah ! proclaim he is coming again, He is coming in glory to reign. . .  
 in glory to reign.

F. L. PIPER.

F. A. BLACKMER.

1. They say there's a land where the saints gath-er home, Who out of our  
2. Then wel-come, thou land of the un-fad-ing flow'rs, Earth's night for thy  
3. Here dark are the clouds which now roll o-ver-head—Tho' light thro' their  
4. Be-yond thy bright-ris-ing, be-yond the dark vail Grown thin by the

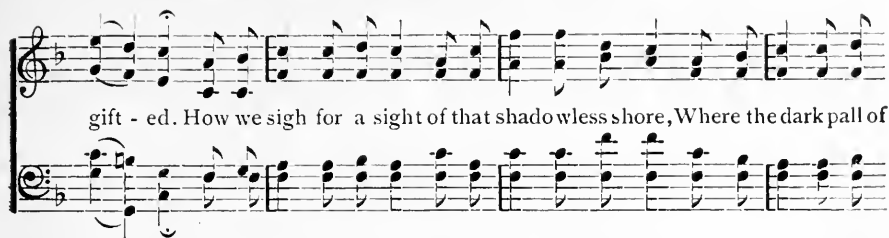
lives here have drifted ; Where life's vexing problems shall yield up their sum, And problem and glo-ry be shifted ; We think of the might of thy world-to-come pow'rs, The calm of thy fold - ing is sift - ed— And deep are the waters that cover our dead ; Yet, bright is the glo - ry oft rift-ed, The 'all's well' we hear of the deck watches' hail, The last furl we

mys-tery shall nev-er-more come, Wondrous land where the curtain is lift - ed.  
 peace-ful and joy - 1a-den hours—Blessed land where the curtain is lift - ed.  
 promise; thy proph-ets have said, There's a land where the curtain is lift - ed.  
 see of the storm-beaten sail, In the port where the curtain is lift - ed.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

O that land, blessed land, Oft described by the seers heaven-  
O that land, blessed land,



gift - ed. How we sigh for a sight of that shadowless shore, Where the dark pall of

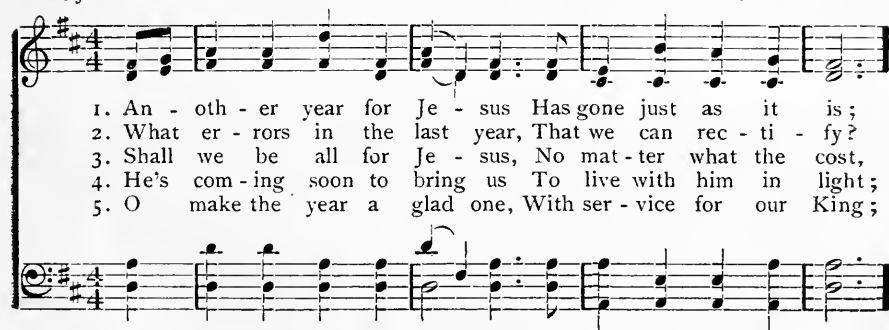


sor - row shall fall nev - er - more, Blessed land where the cur - tain is lift - ed.

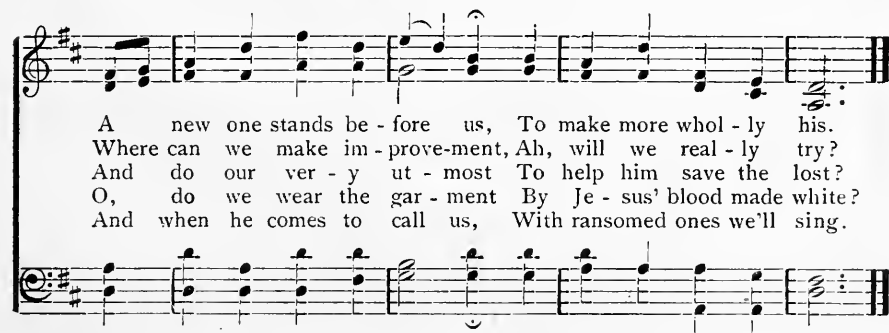
## Another New Year.

F. J. HALLGREEN.

F. A. BLACKMER.



1. An - oth - er year for Je - sus Has gone just as it is;  
 2. What er - rors in the last year, That we can rec - ti - fy?  
 3. Shall we be all for Je - sus, No mat - ter what the cost,  
 4. He's com - ing soon to bring us To live with him in light;  
 5. O make the year a glad one, With ser - vice for our King;



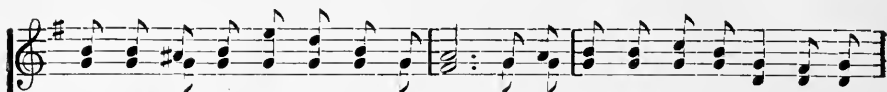
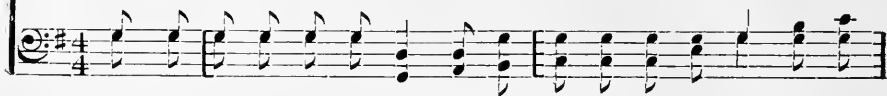
A new one stands be - fore us, To make more whol - ly his.  
 Where can we make im - prove - ment, Ah, will we real - ly try?  
 And do our ver - y ut - most To help him save the lost?  
 O, do we wear the gar - ment By Je - sus' blood made white?  
 And when he comes to call us, With ransomed ones we'll sing.

JAMES ROWE.

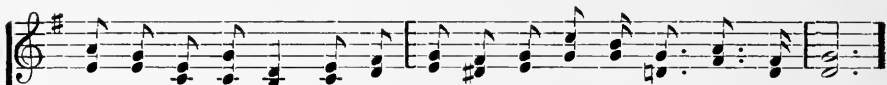
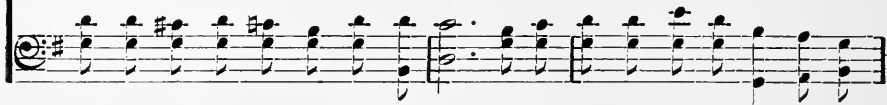
THORO HARRIS.



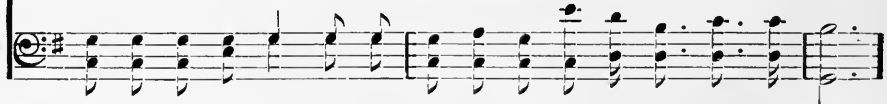
1. Tho' the path grow rough and steep, Still your faith in Je - sus keep, Close-ly  
 2. Tho' the world up - on you frown And your tri - als weigh you down, To the  
 3. Oft - en foes will strive to harm, Tempests fill you with a - larm, Oft - en



fol - low him wherev - er he may lead, For on him you can depend, Day and  
 whispers of the tempter give no heed; Keep your eyes up - on the Lord And be  
 rocks and bri - ars will your path impede, But a - long the rugged way, Christ will



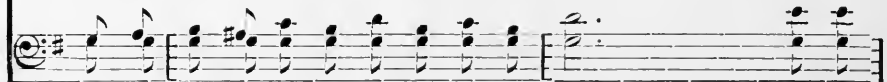
night, un - til the end; He will give you ev - 'ry bless - ing that you need.  
 guid - ed by his word; He will give you ev - 'ry bless - ing that you need.  
 help you ev - 'ry day; He will give you ev - 'ry bless - ing that you need.



## CHORUS.



He will give you ev - 'ry bless - ing that you need, And your  
 blessing that you need,



faint-est call he'll answer when you plead ;      Therefore bravely go a -  
his dear name you plead ;

long, Keeping faith and courage strong : God will give you ev'ry blessing that you need.

## Trust in the Lord.

ANON.

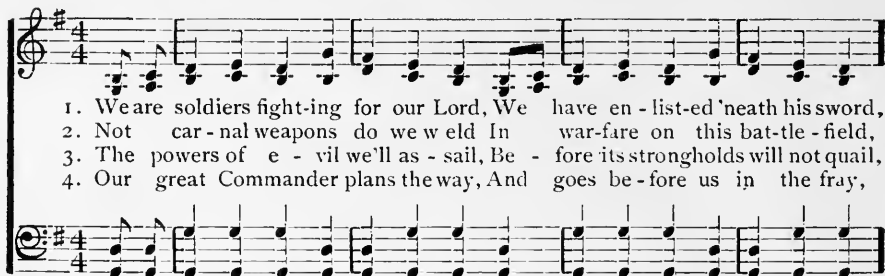
F. S. STANTON, Mus. Bac.

1. Trust in the Lord with all thy heart, If thou his love would know ;
2. Trust in the Lord, his ways are right, His judgments all are just ;
3. Trust in the Lord, whate'er be-tide, Af-flic-tion, sor-row, care ;
4. Trust in the Lord in death's dark hour, His love thy so-lace be ;

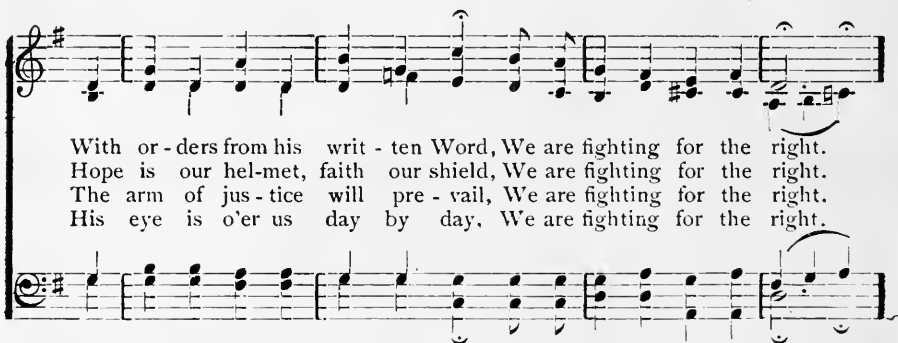
A - bide in him, so shall thy soul In end - less rap - ture flow.  
His word is truth, his prom - ise sure, To all who in him trust.  
Cast all thy bur - dens at his feet, And he will hear thy prayer.  
Thy soul shall shout o'er Jordan's flood, "I'm trusting, Lord, in thee."

MRS. E. E. MILES.

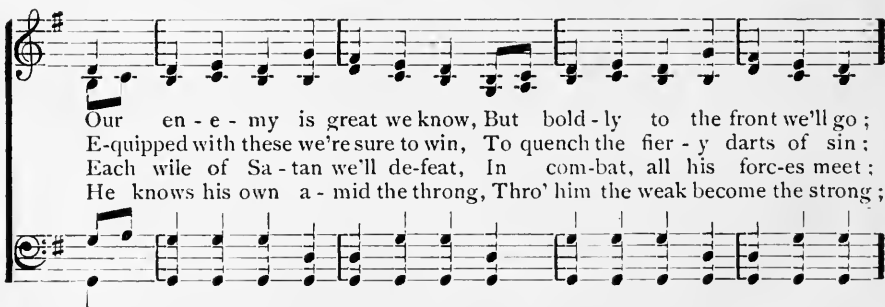
F. A. BLACKMER.



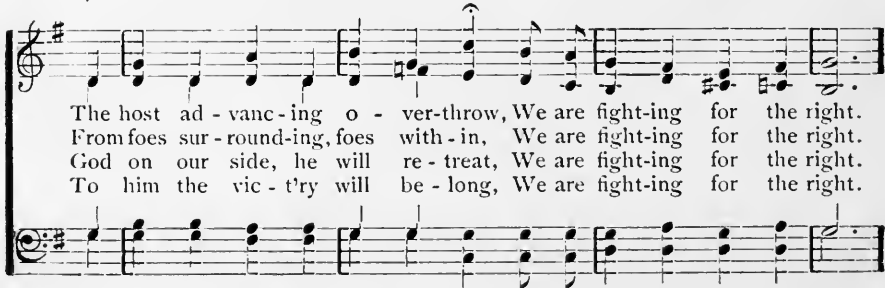
1. We are soldiers fight-ing for our Lord, We have en-list-ed 'neath his sword,  
 2. Not car-nal weapons do we wield In war-fare on this bat-tle-field,  
 3. The powers of e-vil we'll as-sail, Be-fore its strongholds will not quail,  
 4. Our great Commander plans the way, And goes be-fore us in the fray,



With or-ders from his writ-ten Word, We are fighting for the right.  
 Hope is our hel-met, faith our shield, We are fighting for the right.  
 The arm of jus-tice will pre-vail, We are fighting for the right.  
 His eye is o'er us day by day, We are fighting for the right.



Our en-e-my is great we know, But bold-ly to the front we'll go;  
 E-quipped with these we're sure to win, To quench the fier-y darts of sin;  
 Each wile of Sa-tan we'll de-feat, In com-bat, all his forc-es meet;  
 He knows his own a-mid the throng, Thro' him the weak become the strong;



The host ad-vanc-ing o-ver-throw, We are fight-ing for the right.  
 From foes sur-round-ing, foes with-in, We are fight-ing for the right.  
 God on our side, he will re-treat, We are fight-ing for the right.  
 To him the vic-t'ry will be-long, We are fight-ing for the right.

## CHORUS.

We are fight - ing for the right, In God we trust for might ;

With him we go to meet the foe, We are fight - ing for the right.

## Shepherd of Tender Youth.

Attributed to CLEMENT of Alexandria.

F. A. BLACKMER.

1. Shep - herd of ten - der youth, Guid - ing in love and truth  
 2. Thou art our ho - ly Lord, The all - sub - du - ing Word,  
 3. Thou art the great High Priest, Thou hast pre - pared the feast  
 4. Ev - er be thou our Guide, Our Shep - herd and our Pride,

Thro' de - vious ways ; Christ our tri - um - phant King, We come thy  
 Heal - er of strife ; Thou didst thy - self a - base, That from sin's  
 Of heav - en - ly love ; While in our mor - tal pain None calls on  
 Our Staff and Song ; Je - sus, thou Christ of God, By thy per -

name to sing, Hith - er our chil - dren bring To shout thy praise.  
 deep dis - grace Thou mightest save our race. And give us life.  
 thee in vain ; Help thou dost not dis - dain, Help from a - bove.  
 en - nial Word Lead us where thou hast trod, Make our faith strong.

HENRY W. BAKER, T. H.

THORO HARRIS,

*Allegro.*

1. Lord, thy word a - bid - eth, And our footsteps guideth ; Who its truth be -  
 2. When our foes lurk near us, Comfort thou and cheer us, Mes - sage of sal -  
 3. Word of mer - cy, giv - ing Suc - cor to the liv - ing, Word of life, sup -

liev - eth Light and joy re - ceive ; Who can tell the pleas - ure Or re -  
 va - tion. Shin - ing all the way. When life's storms hang o'er us And dark  
 ply - ing Joy and peace di - vine ! Lord, thy truth dis - cern - ing, Of thy

count the treas - ure That thy word im - parts to All who will be - lieve ?  
 clouds be - fore us, Let thy light di - rect us To the realms of day.  
 pre - cepts learn - ing, Send thy light to guide us, Make us whol - ly thine !

## CHORUS.

Sav - iour, be thou near us, Send thy word to cheer us, May its rays il -  
 Be thou near us, Bless and cheer us. Lord, il -

lu - mine all our pil - grim way ; All its truth be - liev - ing,  
 lu - mine all our pilgrim way to glo - ry : >



*cres.* *ff*

Hope and joy re-ceive-ing; We will fol-low on-ward to the land of day.

## Jesus Knows.

PEARL.

F. S. STANTON, Mus. Bac.

1. When the twilight's soft - ly steal-ing O'er the bus - y scenes of day,  
2. Je - sus knows the deep-est long-ings And the sor-rows of thy heart;

Qui-et shad-ows near me lin-ger, And I long to steal a-way  
Why dost thou not ful - ly trust him—Cease thy weep-ing, do thy part?

Where the whip-poor-will is call-ing And the evening's sweet re- pose  
What tho' clouds may round thee gather— Dark-er tri-als day by day?

Seems to whis-per soft-ly, gen-tly, "Child of sorrows, Je - sus knows."  
In thy dreams bright an-gels whis-per, "Child of sorrows, watch and pray."

ADA BLENKHORN.

THORO HARRIS.

1. When a shad-ow fall - eth At the close of day On the wea-ry  
 2. Bless - ed words of Je - sus, Ban-ish-ing our fears, Shining like a  
 3. "Come," in love he plead-eth, "Come to me to-day," Waiting not a

spir - it, Dark'ning all the way; Like a gold - en sun - beam  
 rain - bow On our fall - ing tears. Full of joy and com - fort  
 mo - ment Glad - ly we o - bey. Sat - is - fied while lean - ing

Light-ing up the west Are the words of Je - sus, "Come to me and rest."  
 Full of peace so blest, Are the words he speaketh, "Come to me and rest."  
 On his gen - tle breast; Praising him for say-ing, "Come to me and rest."

## CHORUS.

Bless - - - ed words he speak - eth To the heart op -  
 Blessed words he speaketh, Blessed words he speaketh To the weary heart by

prest; . . . O hear him! "Come. . . ye heav - y  
 sin and care op-pest; "Come, ye heav - y la - - den,

la - - - den, Come to me, and I will give you rest."  
Come, ye heav - y la - den,

## The Wanderer's Return.

H. L. HARRINGTON.

F. S. STANTON, Mus. Bac.

1. I have wandered, dearest Je-sus, Far from thee ; I have steeled my heart a-  
2. I have sinn'd against thee, Jesus, Scorn'd thy Word ; I have shunn'd the light thy  
3. Nevermore to wander, Je-sus, Far from thee ; On my path a plenteous

gainst thee, Call - ing me ; I have heard thy sweet voice pleading, I have  
grace And love afford ; I have mock'd thee and de-fied thee, I have  
light thou Shed'st for me ; Nev-er-more o'er sym-bols mop-ing, Not in

turned a-way unheeding, But now do-cile to the lead-ing I shall be.  
scourg'd and cru-ci-fied thee, Lo, I come, repentant ; guide me, Gen - tle Lord.  
man's vain pow-er hop-ing, Nor in darkness fee-bly grop-ing—I am free.



1. How much do you love Je - sus? Your dear - est friend and true ;
2. Oh, how much do you love him? What have you done to show
3. Will you be all for Je - sus, And let the vain world go?
4. It is not hard to serve one Whom we do real - ly love ;
5. Oh, may we love him ev - er, And show him that we do,



How much do you love Je - sus? He gave his life for you.  
 That you do real - ly love him, And want his works to do?  
 Oh, how much you do love him The dai - ly life will show.  
 The lov - ing makes it eas - y Our grat - i - tude to prove.  
 By liv - ing in and for him A God - ly life and true.



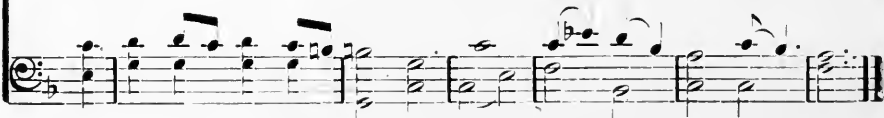
## CHORUS.



How much do you love? How much do you love?



How much do you love Je - sus, Who gave his life for you?

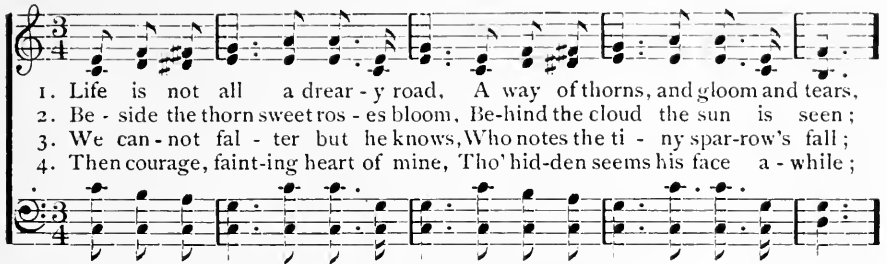


# For God is Good.

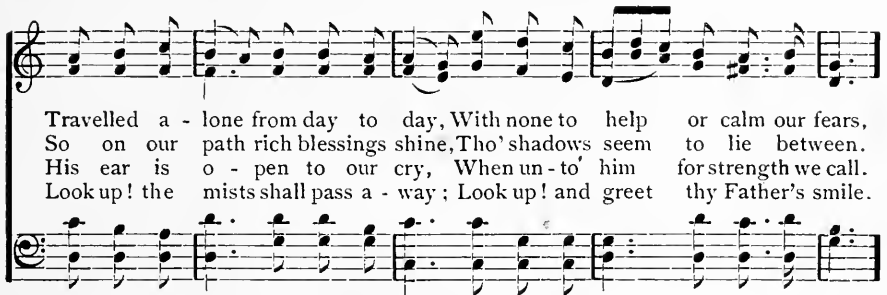
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Mrs. E. E. Miles.

F. S. STANTON, Mus. Bac.



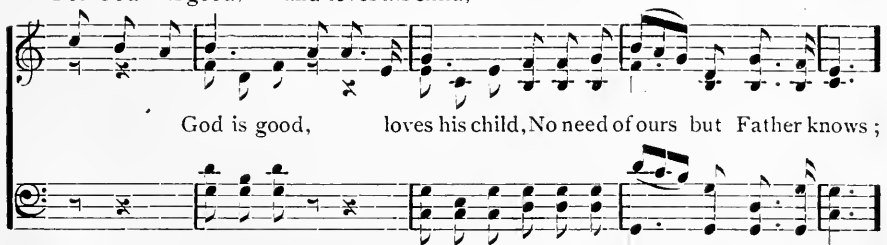
1. Life is not all a drear - y road, A way of thorns, and gloom and tears,  
 2. Be - side the thorn sweet ros - es bloom, Be - hind the cloud the sun is seen;  
 3. We can - not fal - ter but he knows, Who notes the ti - ny spar-row's fall;  
 4. Then courage, faint-ing heart of mine, Tho' hid - den seems his face a - while;



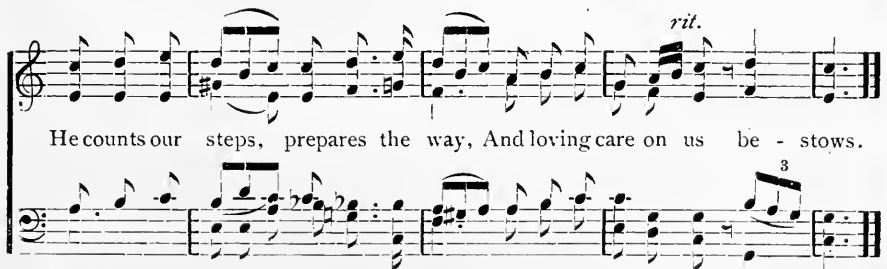
Travelled a - lone from day to day, With none to help or calm our fears,  
 So on our path rich blessings shine, Tho' shadows seem to lie between.  
 His ear is o - pen to our cry, When un - to' him for strength we call.  
 Look up! the mists shall pass a - way; Look up! and greet thy Father's smile.

## CHORUS.

For God is good, and loves his child,



God is good, loves his child, No need of ours but Father knows;



He counts our steps, prepares the way, And loving care on us be - stows.

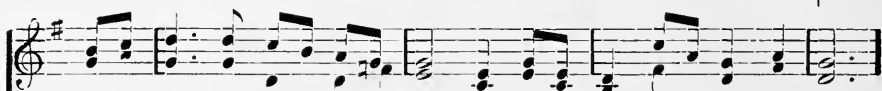
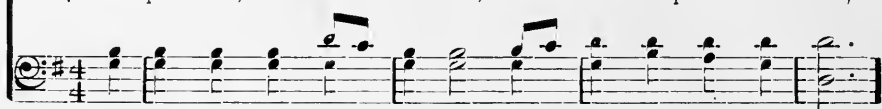
He counts our steps,

## O I Know.

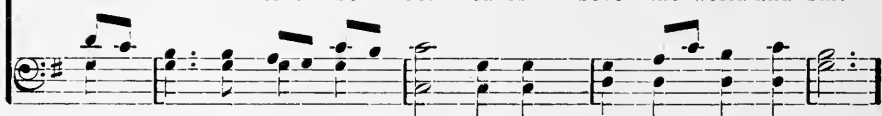
F. A. BLACKMER.



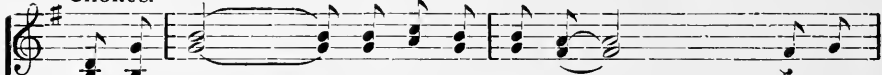
1. I know that Je - sus saves me, O won - drous, wondrous thought!
2. Tho' long I went not know - ing "The rich - es of his grace;"
3. How blest the Spir - it's wit - ness To have with - in the soul,
4. How pre - cious, in this war - fare, To feel that power with - in;



And by his Spir - it leads me Where sin can harm me not.  
 His love at last has brought me Un - to this bless - ed place.  
 That by his blood, dear Je - sus Now saves and makes us whole.  
 And in his love be lift - ed A - bove the world and sin.



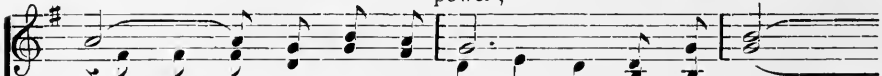
## CHORUS.



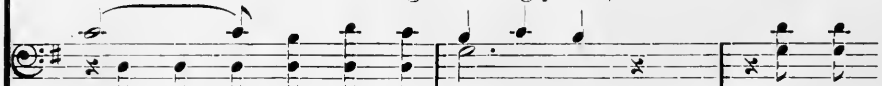
O I know . . . that Je - sus saves me, Now I  
 O I know that Je - sus saves me, Je - sus saves me,



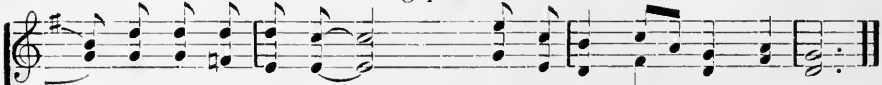
power;



feel . . . . . the cleans - ing, cleans - ing power; Yes, I know . . .



Now I feel the cleans - ing power; Yes, I



. . . that Je - sus saves me, Saves and makes me whole each hour.  
 know that Je - sus saves me, Je - sus saves me,

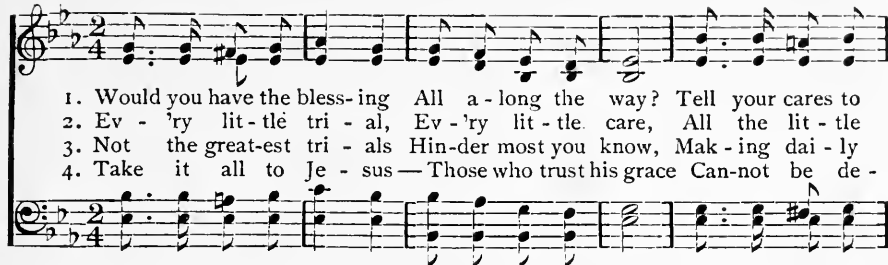


# Tell It All.

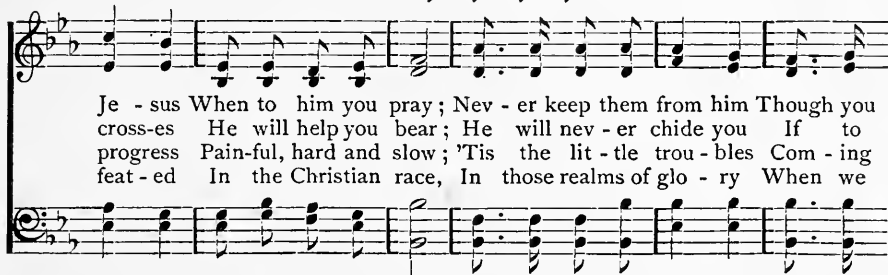
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C. M. S.

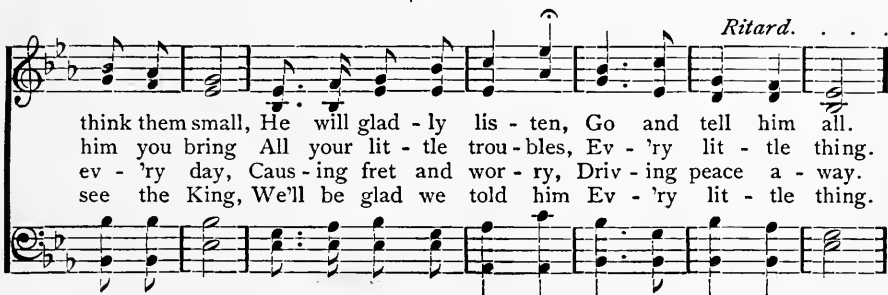
C. M. SEAMANS.



1. Would you have the bless-ing All a-long the way? Tell your cares to  
 2. Ev - 'ry lit-tle tri - al, Ev - 'ry lit-tle care, All the lit-tle  
 3. Not the great-est tri - als Hin-der most you know, Mak-ing dai-ly  
 4. Take it all to Je - sus — Those who trust his grace Can-not be de -



Je - sus When to him you pray; Nev - er keep them from him Though you  
 cross-es He will help you bear; He will nev - er chide you If to  
 progress Pain-ful, hard and slow; 'Tis the lit-tle trou-bles Com-ing  
 feat-ed In the Christian race, In those realms of glo - ry When we



*Ritard.*  
 think them small, He will glad-ly lis - ten, Go and tell him all.  
 ev - 'ry day, Caus-ing fret and wor - ry, Driv-ing peace a - way.  
 see the King, We'll be glad we told him Ev - 'ry lit - tle thing.

## REFRAIN.



Tell it all to Je - sus, To him ev - er bring



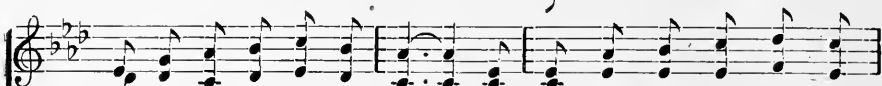
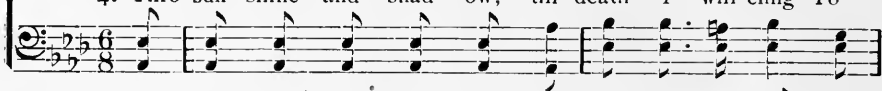
*Ritard.*  
 All your care and wor - ry, Ev - 'ry lit - tle thing.

JAMES ROWE.

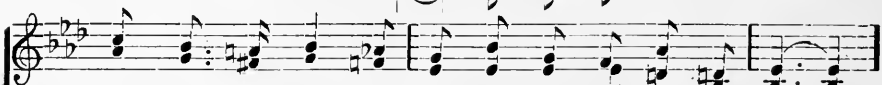
THORO HARRIS.



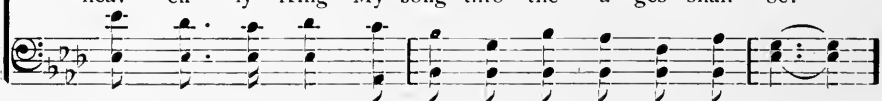
1. I cling to my Sav-iour's dear hand all the way That  
 2. Oh, sweet - er each hour are his whis - pers to me, And  
 3. I walk in the light of his glo - ry di - vine, And  
 4. Thro' sun - shine and shad - ow, till death I will cling to



close to his side I may be ; For dear - er he grows to my  
 brighter each moment his smile ; More love in his eyes ev - 'ry  
 heed not the thorns that I meet ; The hand of the Cru - ci - fied  
 him who has suf - fered for me ; The won - der - ful love of my



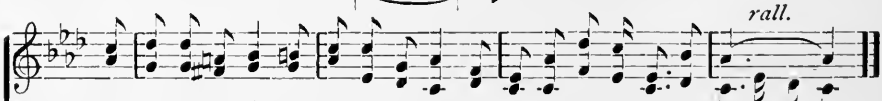
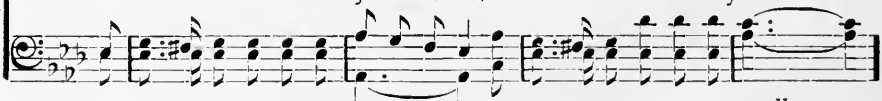
heart ev - 'ry day, Un - speak - a - bly pre - cious is he.  
 hour I can see, For dear - er he grows all the while.  
 One is in mine, He guid - eth my wan - der - ing feet.  
 heav - en - ly King My song thro' the a - ges shall be.



## CHORUS.



Un - speak - a - bly pre - cious is he, . . . . Un - speak - a - bly pre - cious to me ;  
 Je - sus to me, you and to me :



His life for my life he gave on the tree ; Unspeakably pre - cious is he.  
 Je - sus to me.





# Working Loyal-ly.

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F. S. S.

Dedicated to the L. W's.

F. S. STANTON.

*Lively.*

1. Working for the Mas - ter, In his vineyard now ; For the work he
2. Take our hearts and ef - forts, Bless them to thy praise ; That we may bless.
3. While the moments lin - ger, Ere the day de - parts, Help us call the.

gives us He will grace be - stow. Tho' the work be hum - ble,  
oth - ers, Thro' life's changing ways. Help us not to wav - er  
lost ones ; Mas - ter, touch their hearts. And when thou shalt gath - er

We can loy - al be ; If we're al - ways faith - ful, We shall fruit - age see.  
In the way of love, But when clouds shall gather, Ev - er look a - bove  
All thy peo - ple home, May we there greet ma - ny We have urged to come.

## CHORUS.

Work - ing for the Mas - ter, Work - ing day by day ;  
Work - - ing for the Master, Work - ing day by day ;

Loy - al to his bid - ding, Faith - ful all the way.

S. S. BREWER.

F. S. STANTON, Mus. Bac.

1. O world of pure glo-ry! I long to behold thee, Where sin, death and  
 2. O glo-ry e-ter-nal! in groves ev-er ver-nal, The war-blers of  
 3. O cit-y transcendent, with glo-ry resplendent, Thy gates and thy  
 4. O time, hasten swift-ly! Lord Je-sus, come quickly, Come ran-som thy

sor-row, can en-ter no more, Where all are im-mor-tal, 'neath  
 par-a-dise chant in thy trees; While an-gels are sing-ing, and  
 walls are all spar-king with gems, And ho-ly of-a-ges are  
 jew-els from death's dark do-main; Trans-late them to glo-ry, im-

heaven's bright por-tal, And voi-ces of mel-o-dy cease nev-er-more.  
 mel-o-dy ring-ing Is waft-ed in con-cert a-far on the breeze.  
 shouting God's praises While way-ing their palms and their bright di-a-dems.  
 mor-tal be-fore thee, Come, King, in thy beau-ty e-ter-nal-ly reign.

## CHORUS.

O glorious choir whom God shall inspire! While anthems of glory gush forth from each soul,

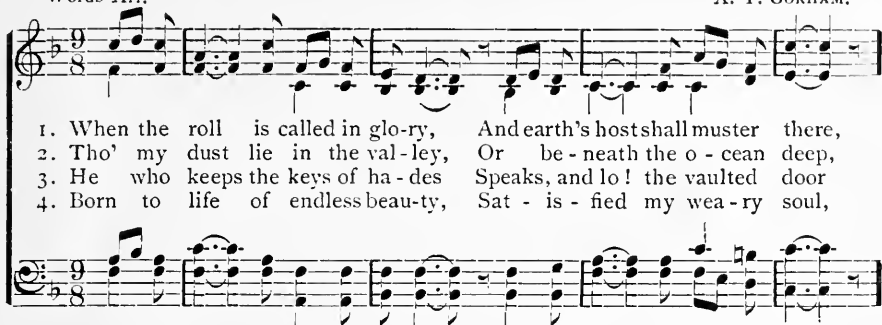
Till valleys and hills, and streamlets and rills, Re-echo the joy and the praise as it rolls.

# The Roll Call.

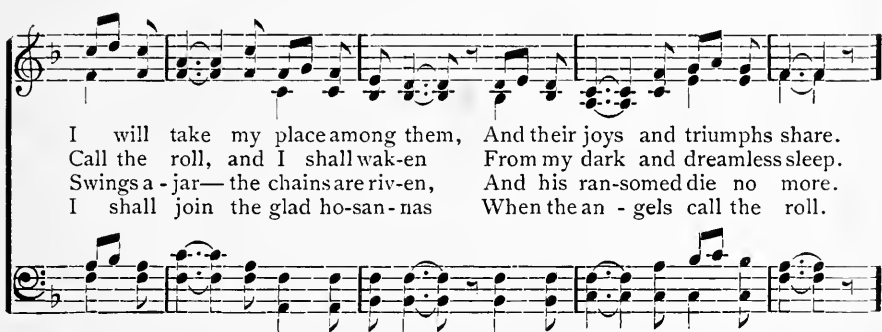
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Words Arr.

A. T. GORHAM.

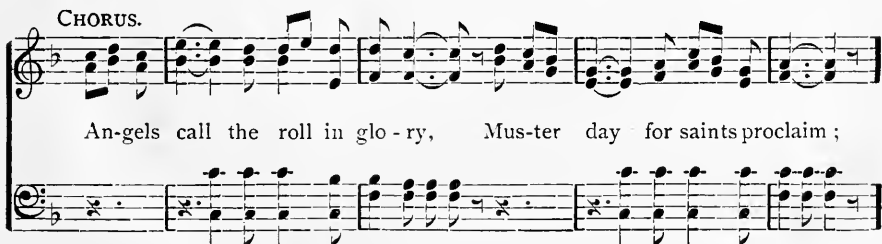


1. When the roll is called in glo-ry, And earth's host shall muster there,  
 2. Tho' my dust lie in the val-ley, Or be - neath the o - cean deep,  
 3. He who keeps the keys of ha - des Speaks, and lo! the vaulted door  
 4. Born to life of endless beau-ty, Sat - is - fied my wea - ry soul,

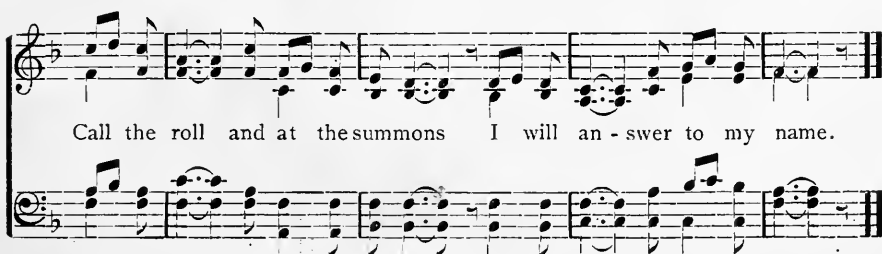


I will take my place among them, And their joys and triumphs share.  
 Call the roll, and I shall wak-en From my dark and dreamless sleep.  
 Swings a - jar—the chains are riv-en, And his ran-somed die no more.  
 I shall join the glad ho-san-nas When the an - gels call the roll.

## CHORUS.



An-gels call the roll in glo-ry, Mus-ter day for saints proclaim ;



Call the roll and at the summons I will an - swer to my name.

F. A. B.

F. A. BLACKMER.

1. Now will I praise thy name, And sing thy won-drous fame ;  
 2. For me thy blood was spilt ; Thou didst re - move my guilt :  
 3. Tho' men may mock and sneer, For thee I'll suf - fer here.  
 4. Till then for this I pine, To see thy face di - vine,

Thou who for sin - ners came, My cru - ci - fied Lord.  
 And save I know thou wilt, My cru - ci - fied Lord.  
 For thou wilt soon ap - pear, My cru - ci - fied Lord.  
 And in thine im - age shine, My cru - ci - fied Lord.

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## "Faint, Yet Pursuing."

LYDIA BANKS.

F. A. BLACKMER.

1. We are walk-ing on the wa-ters Of a dark and troubled sea,  
 2. Fainting at the storms that gath-er, Tho' a - bove thy voice be heard—  
 3. Yet we know, since thou hast bidden Us to walk, thou wilt sus - tain,  
 4. And if dan-gers so en-com-pass That thy form we scarce-ly see,

And our hearts, O Lord, are faint - ing That we can-not come to thee.  
 Fainting in thy ver - y presence, Tho' we ven-ture at thy word.  
 Thro' a way as rough and path - less As the storm-toss'd watery main.  
 We may still press surely on-ward, For thou bidst us come to thee.

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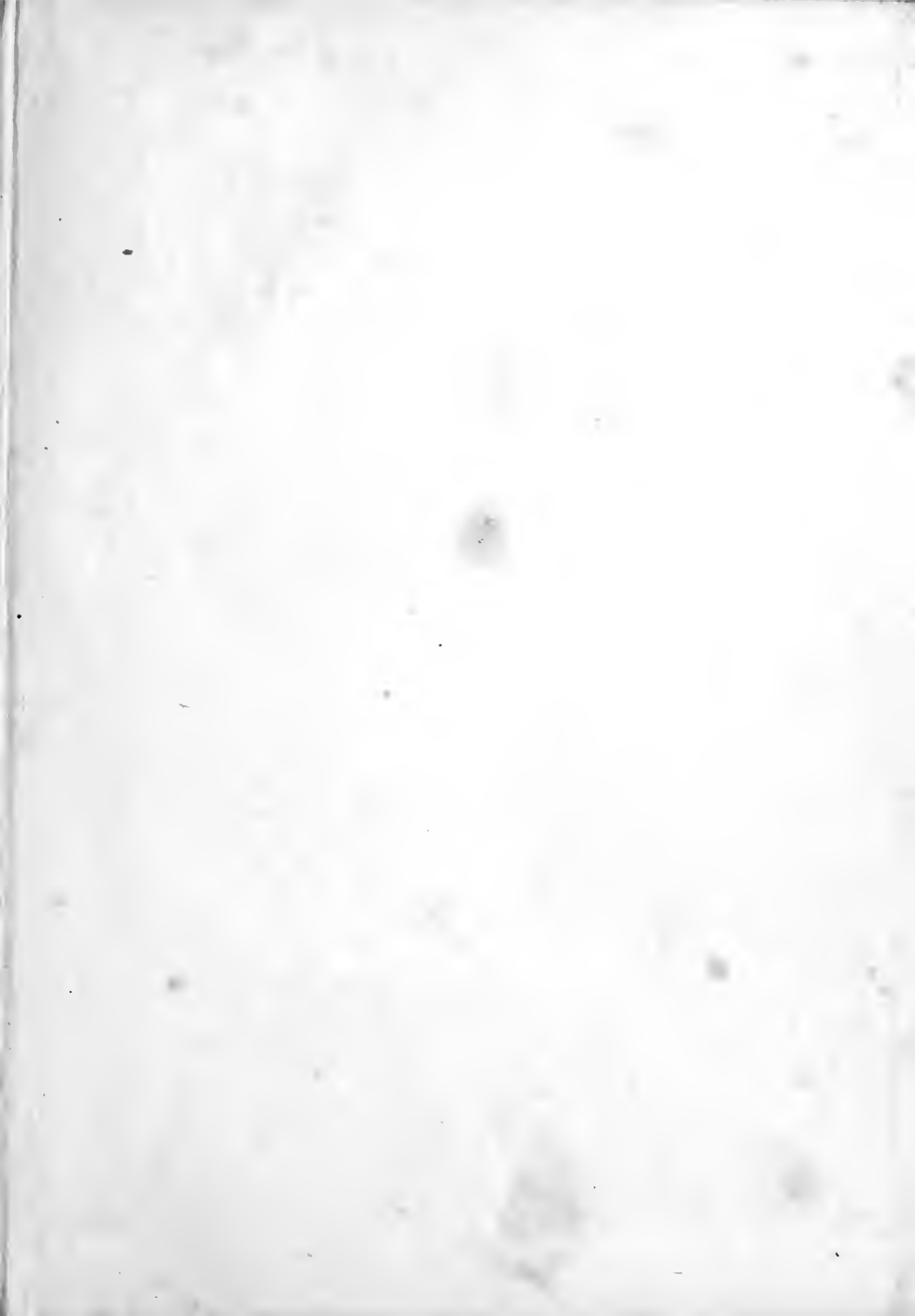
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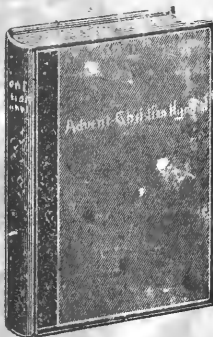






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